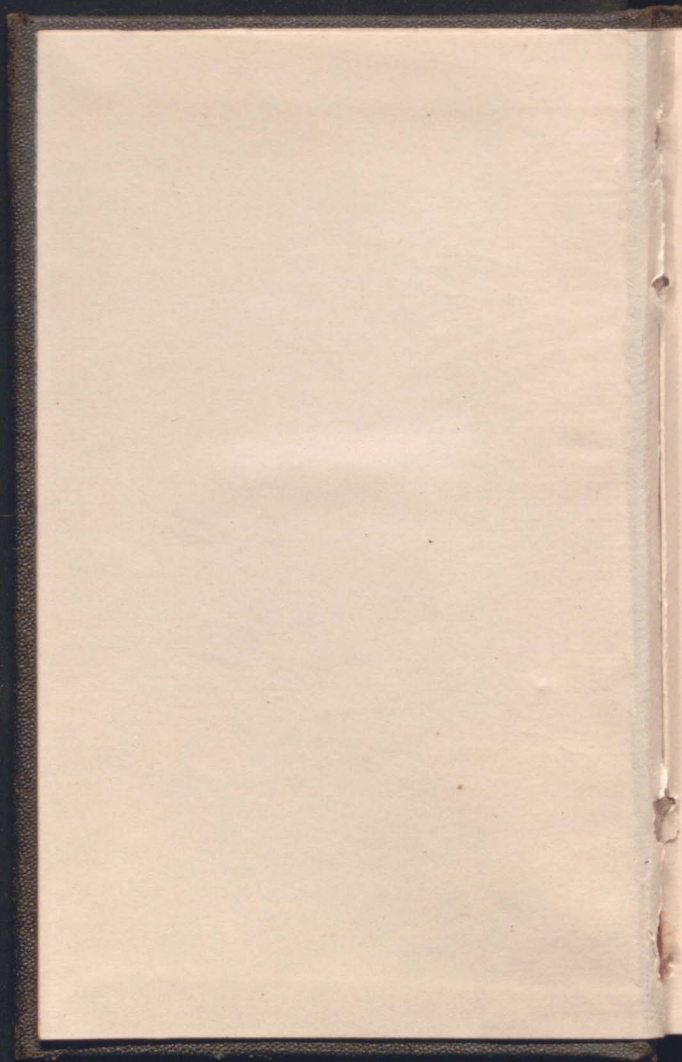


2









REV. SIMON GABRIEL REUTE

(BAPTIST MINISTER)

IN HIS CONNECTION WITH THE
COMMUNITY.

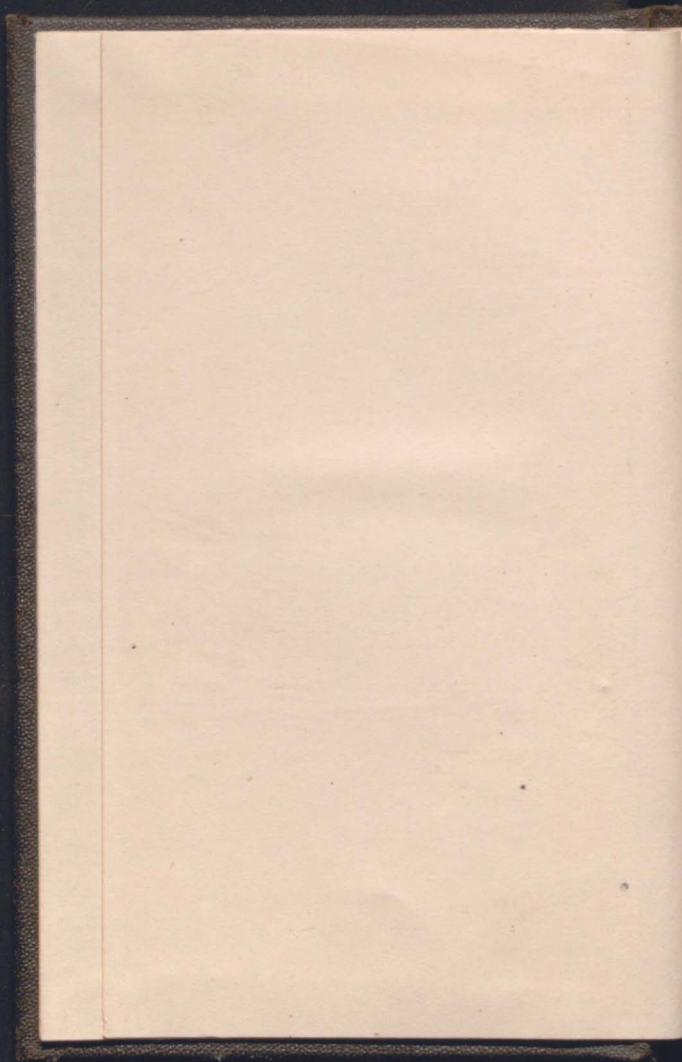
1817-1832

With a view of his labors between 1817
and 1832. By John G. Gorton.

Not to be reprinted without consent.

1832

Printed at the Office of the American Baptist.





REV. SIMON GABRIEL BRUTÉ

(BISHOP OF VINCENNES.)

IN HIS CONNECTION WITH THE
COMMUNITY.

1812---1839.

"The spirit of Bruté fluttered between earth
and heaven." *Bishop Quarters.*

Not to be communicated to externs.

1886.

WITH PERMISSION OF THE SUPERIOR GENERAL.



REV. SIMON GABRIEL BRITTE

(BISHOP OF VINCENNES.)

IN HIS CONNECTION WITH THE

COMMUNITY.

1812--1838.

The spirit of love uttered between earth
and heaven. W. Bishop's Quaker.

Not to be communicated to others.

1886.

WITH PERMISSION OF THE SUPERIOR GENERAL.

To MOTHER SERIES.

My dear Mother,

We have perhaps, one and the same, the same trouble of soul, with

"**FATHER BRUTE** had great difficulty to the last in expressing himself well in English; hence the style of the following letters may be considered rather stilted. But that slight defect will be forgotten in the beauty of the thoughts they contain."

Lady Herbert (Life of Bishop Bruté.)

"FATHER WHITE had great difficulty to the
last in expressing himself well in English; hence
the style of the following letters may be consid-
ered rather stilted. But that slight defect will
be forgotten in the beauty of the thoughts they
contain."

Lady Herbert (Life of Bishop Hurd)

✠

TO MOTHER SETON.

My dear Mother,

We have perhaps, one and the other, the same trouble of soul, without communicating it to each other. Let us then bring it to the Adorable Bosom where all should be lost and resigned. Drawn from nothingness, overwhelmed with His benefits, and with incomprehensible hopes in view, *eternal* life, and even resurrection of the *flesh*, let us abandon all to Him, and let us weep until the end, in our Lord, for our sins, and the sins of the world. Drawn from nothingness, yet His images, His children, redeemed even by the Blood of our Lord made man to die on the Cross for us,...what happiness! But, sin, sin on all sides,...what horror! The soul is rent! Let us be humble, and let us persevere by His grace alone. Let us persevere for Him, to render Him what

we owe Him, the love and praise of
Heaven....of Eternity!



Seventy years a long life...six thousand two hundred, and fifty days!

Seventy millions of years, not a moment of Eternity.

O, *Eternity!*



Patience even for six thousand, two hundred and fifty days!

Ah! patience with Communion, every day, or every week, is it patience? Yet, what a sense of infirmity. These four years a priest. One thousand, five hundred, and thirty times at the altar.

The 12, June 1808 said Mass the first time. Then one thousand, five hundred, and thirty times this St. Elizabeth's day 1812...But, before, how many hundred Communions since 1791.

*Sister Maria Burke. **

"I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon, and aromatical balm; I yielded a sweet odor like the best of myrrh."

"GOD hath elected and pre-elected her; He hath made her to dwell in His tabernacle."

Few will be blessed with such a premature death. If GOD grant to some the greater number are rather to *serve*. To the first, intentions are enough.

* Sister Maria Murphy, the daughter of Captain Murphy. Her mother afterwards married Mr. Burke, and Maria was more commonly called after her step-father.

"Amongst those most distinguished for their virtues in St. Joseph's House," writes an old Sister, "was Sister Maria Murphy, the second person who had joined the Community. Possessed of a singular sweetness of disposition and of great personal charms, she beheld a bright prospect before her in the world; but the grace of God inspired her with

How immense and charitable those of Maria were!—but for the others intentions will be put to the trial of execution.

Let us be courageous, and accept with love, and zeal, the *will* and *order* of Providence. Let us not refuse to like the longest life...nothing to Eternity!

The most generous saints desired to remain.

aversion for its empty enjoyments, and led her to seek a more perfect happiness in religious retirement. From the day on which she assumed the habit, she was conspicuous for the holiness of her life. Such was her gentleness of manners that Mother Seton gave her the name of Dove. Although a lover of silence from her habit of recollection, she always met her companions with a smile. By the assiduous practice of the virtues of her state she soon became ripe for heaven...During her last illness, when the holy Viaticum was brought to her, such was the transport of her joy in beholding the Sacred Host before her, that she almost fell from her bed in an effort to go and meet her heavenly Spouse. Her countenance beaming with inexpressible delight she exclaimed: "O my JESUS,



St. Felix Day, Eve of the Presentation.

I pursue, my dear Mother, the useful task which our father imposes upon me, but I cannot succeed without many corrections, or even compositions anew. Be so good as to give hands for that to your brother. I substitute the word *children*

my dear Lord!" and then, as if recollecting herself she fell back on her pillow, and received with great composure and fervor, the adorable object of her love. She calmly expired on the 15th. of October 1812, leaving her memory in benediction among all who knew her. In alluding to her death Mother Seton exclaimed: "What a delight for poor Mother to have been, to be still her Mother. The natural one was present but the spiritual one who had all the little secrets of her soul was the dearest."

It is of Sister Maria the little incident is related: The Sisters entering the Mountain Church one day, found a large snake in the sanctuary. Fearlessly, and without hesitation she took it up in her hands and carried it out.

to *young men*, that the blessing may be for the Valley as well for the Mountain. I leave a large interval between the lines, that you may blot out, and write down better, principally when this poor French-English will be quite unamendable. Join this little exertion to your many others. I offer the morning task as a part of my preparation to the Holy Sacrifice. I will offer for both. I will be most encouraged if you can spare this day, the time for these two lectures, and return them through our dear father.



I don't know how to express, "*retraite de corps, et d'esprit.*" I would ask to Rebecca who practises already both for her happy Christmas. O, for her—for innocent children Bread of Angels,—for us under the heat and the weight of the day, the food of travellers "*cibus viatorum.*"

But a moment I will, you will receive

it sent down by Him, Himself to whom we are going for a union of Eternity.

Glad expectation, morning bliss!
Hasten happy hour! Blessed Mother
MARY! assist most kindly this day of
your own Presentation to Him.

J. M. J.

Eternity.

St. Catharine. 3. Evening.

1. Where you see two translations proposed blot out the worse,—except you may be obliged to blot out both, and contrive a new.

2. I have affected something too much of the spirit of poverty which becomes a poor priest, and a Mother of the poor. You will be at a loss where to write your corrected translation but I know how small a character you can use, and so you will do for this time. The next I will write more at large.



Friday. You will have Mass this morning,—we shall not have it, but I am too unworthy to complain. No, I do not dare to tell you the pain which this gives me. You would not be at all edified; and you would have been more so by my silence than by these six lines of first complaint. Ah, may you see my weakness, and may you ask for me this meekness of soul, and simple obedience which our Master prefers to sacrifice, and without which it is far from being pure. Too far, dear Mother, too far yet infinitely.—Let us pray. Eternity!

.....

O, my dear Mother, one thought on this sad world! One can pass over mountains and rivers, brave the most horrible hardships to go, and cut to pieces, one hundred thousand men, and ravage their country, but to go to the altar, to unite themselves to GOD, to go to Heaven—O, no!

This time it is without murmur, but with great sadness of heart, and this is permitted.



1. The characters—conditions,—remember to blot out the worse, in these doubtful cases, or both, and put better.

2. My dear Mother, I would accept immediately the proposition of the book of this soul, who did, in her simple letters to her little one so full, and persuasive instructions for this great affair. I would accept the second proposal to procure the copy to be made in your blessed house from the hands of some of the good angels there. But, I prefer to have at first the whole translated, and reviewed and changed a little. Some propositions seem to me too hard, and as it were, exaggerated. O, let us not, to prevent sacrileges trouble and chill sincere souls.

My brother and father * goes away

* Rev. Mr. Dubois.

suddenly. I have no time to read again and fill some blanks left for dictionary questions. Try, dear Mother; guess and fill.

I go to meditation. I will go the moment after, up the hill. St. Andrew's Mass is granted.



Mr. Tessier has received the package from Mr. Carron. * Would you wish me to keep for you, 1, one copy of the Christian Heroines, one of the Virtuous Scholars, another similar work; 2, one copy of Ecclesiastical History by Reeves in three volumes.

"The secretary whom I employ to transmit the sentiments of my heart," writes my good father to me, "is a young girl whom I have raised since she was eight years old. She has completed her education, and consecrates herself entirely to works of charity. How happy

* The Abbé Carron.

would I be, if like another Mrs. Seton, she would found here an asylum of St. Vincent de Paul. Do not fail, by the first good opportunity, to send me the rules of our gray Sisters." You laugh at the mistakes, over the sea. I had not said that you wore gray, like our French Sisters: neither had I said that you had yet but *one* asylum. My good father compromises my veracity. I had not either, sent him the plan of St. Joseph. We must agree that he has not made a bad attempt at it in his book, page 104. Here is the house, the little wood, and the fence. The chapel is not there, but instead, there is a large bell to ring well, when the rule calls for it.



J. M. J.

True Piety, page 227.

The meditation of our Saviour in the womb of MARY, pleases much to me.

You may find a proper matter for meditation on our Saviour in this True Piety. I do not mean it will give the meditation at full, but will sufficiently open the way to further contemplation. How profound, extensive, and also full of tenderest love may be this contemplation of JESUS, the Word made flesh in MARY...

JESUS, our JESUS in MARY...O, amiable preparation, and thanksgiving for the Communion of Advent, in union with MARY!

To-morrow I will get up the hill...*ad montem sanctum et tabernacula.*

I pray you give to Clauzel the little big book of Prayer, in which you have in English the Offices of the Church for every day in the year, in which you read me the prayer of St. John Calas Sanctus. I want it to-day.



In twenty-three days your poor little Rebecca at the Holy Table. It is an an-

gelic sight for me, and infinitely, infinitely more dear to Him, who loves so much our souls. O, how consoled am I in my misery, when He is received by hearts truly innocent, and how truly He makes Himself the Bread of Angels.—O angels of earth, of poor little children yet wholly innocent. I admire the conduct of the primitive Church who wished that her smallest little babes should mix with their mothers' milk, the Blood of her Spouse. O! the charming spectacle for the angels, who are so much pleased, it seems to me, near the cradle of little children, and who see them afterwards with such tender solicitude disengaging themselves from their swaddling clothes to advance in the sad career of this life in the footsteps of their parents. I admire, I say, dear Mother, without regretting this order, for I am so happy in the entire abandon to the wisdom of the Church, and supreme wisdom of her divine Spouse, that I find all well, all good, except our abuses and our scan-

dals, which alone disfigure this holy mother. O Eternity! O Church of Heaven, triumphant in this Eternity!



12th. 7 o'clock.

Ah, ah, Mother! Shall you complain of the little? Oh, no! but of the precipitation. It is another idleness, and will cause you more pain than the first.

Eh, you, Mother! Do you know that we have only one more reading of the good Father Avrillon? O! this day is a day of hope.

A day of hope!..



Wednesday evening.

Mr. Elder comes from Moraviantown. The organist has lately moved from thence to Hagerstown where he keeps a school. He will come to Moraviantown at Christmas. Perhaps possible to call for him in that time. They say he is very handy.

Thursday morning.

I forgot to send you this paper for the last octave of our Mother. Now it is gone to Eternity! Has it carried improved graces? Will it return? Shall it be the last this year 1812, as well as 1811's had been the last, but so bright, and pure to Anina! Oh, for the same thought of preparation for Christmas! If the last time to go to Bethlehem! Then to *die*, and be *there* before Christmas 1813! Most happy, comforting, inciting uncertainties!



O my GOD! my days are numbered. I know not their end. What have I done in your service? What shall I do before quitting this world? Hardly dare I ask when I have so badly fulfilled the little confided to me. I feel nevertheless the obligation, and the desire of serving you. O, may I have the grace of doing so with fidelity. I am sensible of no other ambition.

That perhaps of a sweet and tranquil life? No, my GOD; I am as though affrighted at it, finding myself too happy here. If I saw only crosses and labors in the order of divine Providence over me, I would ask to abandon myself to them, for what misfortune not to employ well the time destined to acquire our treasure for eternity. O my GOD! may I know only how to fulfil faithfully your holy will each day. What treasure, —what treasure!

Prayer, holy Sacrifice, holy Office, instruction, and edification of the Seminary, spiritual life of the Sisters, destined to serve as models to those who shall follow them for centuries, care of their children, of the poor negroes, etc. O my GOD! may I be faithful. O! that I may be.

And, the virtues to be acquired, which I see so clearly wanting in myself, after so many years: my career already so advanced—and yet, perhaps still to be accountable for so many days and years remaining which should be employed in

a better way. O! what reflections,—what emotions of the heart! My GOD, O my GOD! deign this time to draw me to Thee!

Dear Mother, the important part which I take in the work of St. Joseph's is well present to my mind, and on that side also, I feel that I am full of defects and omissions of good. To love and respect you all, I could not more, but every one must love you thus, the point would be to serve you better, abandoning yourself, however, to our Lord Himself to whom you all offer yourselves with all your hearts. O! offer yourselves incessantly to Him. He will supply you with all sorts of instruments. It is the whole hope of my love for you and your Sisters.



...Yet, O my GOD! as miserable, blind, and naked as I am, I go up your mountain. I go this very moment. Joe. comes and says: "The horse is ready."

A horse! Well, but the horse is *ready*—
Are you *ready*!



Communion before Mass.

1. If immediately before, the priest dresses as usual.
2. If an interval: 1, a surplice; 2, a stole, white, placed on the credence, side of the Gospel, over the vestments, no inconvenience.
3. Candles lighted.
4. The box where are the vessels, and purificatory for the fingers.
5. A Sister may say the Confiteor; it is not regular that the priest himself says it, but the anxiety with which I looked about to have it said before I begun, it was not also regular enough.



Mother, pray, pray... Happy Anina! . .
but the Will...await a little...Eternity!

...Life a moment, yet how long! All earth an atom. .I, an atom...JESUS, infinite Love...infinite! I, destined to love eternally. O Eternity! O Anina there, ...O Eternity! Eternity! The thought of HeavenCommunionsilence, love, Eternity!



My Mother, I entreat you to enable me to fulfil my sacred and happy duty to your soul, and all the others of that precious family. I entreat you help me by all advices, and an utmost freedom of every remark. O! if my true love is not yet worthy enough of all yours, and your trust, do try me again, and see how willing I will be to mend every thing in order to assist you all.

.....

"Using all their endeavors with the assistance of GOD not to commit deliberately any venial sin"... O my blessed Lord! how am I obliged to the same!...

O, how more highly, and sacredly too!
O Altar!...

"No attachment to any thing created
...nor to their confessors." O Mystery of
grace! The strongest possible attach-
ment, a soul in a soul, a soul to "bring
forth," as St. Paul says so tenderly; and
for all, no attachment... "Ready to part,"
this the explanation! yes, to part for-
ever, one dying before the other, both
cheerfully willing.

"Abandoning themselves to divine
Providence as an infant to its nurse."
O infancy!... O my God, my nurse!...
O abandon and rest!...



1. You desire for morals, but no
morals more pressing than a lively sense
of the mysteries of our religion.

2. What spirit of penance like the
centurion on Calvary,—of union to
JESUS CHRIST,—of purity, and desire
for Communion.

3. Preparation till Credo.

4. Offering till Sanctus.

5. Canon, Consecration,—antiquity.
6. Communion.
7. Thanksgiving.
8. Faith. O faith of our Fathers to announce the death of CHRIST—to commemorate His love.



*Spiritual Retreat according to
St. Vincent de Paul.*

Here is the idea which he had formed of it as found in one of his manuscripts:

“By this word, Spiritual Retreat, or Spiritual Exercises, we must understand, a *disengagement* from all temporal affairs, to apply ourselves seriously to *know well our interior*; to *examine* the state of our conscience; to *meditate*; to *contemplate*; to *pray*, and thus to prepare our soul to *purify* itself from all its *sins*, and from all its *evil inclinations* and *habits*; to fill our souls with the *desire of virtues*; to *seek* and to *know* the *will of God*; and having recognized it, to *submit* ourselves to it, to conform ourselves to it, to *unite*

ourselves to it, and thus to *tend*, to *advance*, and in fine to arrive at our perfection. The *end* of the exercises is to render us perfect Christians, each one according to his vocation."



Suffer no clouds of any exterior import to trouble the beautiful, though humble union of peace that we should try to keep yet at the tomb of our Lord, duly occupied interiorly with that great rest of all our present little bustle of exterior trial, duty, temptations, tribulations of any kind which that poor angel in exile, our soul, has to resign to for awhile.

"Yet a little while," as our beloved Lord said to His afflicted apostles, "and you shall see me!" Indeed, a little, and very little while. It might be literally so, a few days suffice, but what if some years! But what are years, but days after days? But if days of love and peace, it will make years of love

and peace, on our way to the eternity of love and peace.

I do try so my poor words, and impotent suggestions of love and peace, but the true love from the cross of your JESUS, and the true peace from His tomb, and true joy and alleluia from His heaven be with you all, my dear Mother, and Sisters, as so well pledged it is to you all that after his little happy duty of a moment, this holy week, your confessor and humble assistant, now retires with his portion of joy too, to his mountain. Pray that GOD may prepare there worthy priests for His Church. This is one of the most pressing thoughts and prayers for true Daughters of His Charity.



Friday, 9½ o'clock. Anina.

Anina, and my friends.

The heart of my Mother...of my two mothers.

France!

My brother Auguste, so loving, and his pious, sweet, good Camilla.

Ah, to-morrow! ...in eight hours my breast once more a tabernacle!

My JESUS in His blessed state under these veils ..

My Mother, Sunday morning!..

Ah! this world, atom disappears, or we retire from it like dying Anina!..

What then?...

O immense Eternity!

Beautiful Eternity!

Glorious... Never-ending...

Delights... peace... love...

And what society!

O MARY!

Joseph, the two Johns, Peter, Paul... the myriads, the angels of orders known, and unknown, our dear friends already there.



The kingdom of GOD is within ourselves,—His throne in our hearts, and we continually free to come to Him, and cherish His blessed presence. Let us

then try to keep it better and offer Him along the day all our thoughts, and all our feelings, and all our trials, and all our temptations. Extremely humble, as it becomes poor sinners, but also full of peace, and joy, and confidence as become children, and Daughters of Divine Love.



O my Mother, how good he is!—how good! I have made my sacrifice, but what a letter!

No words. You will have plenty there.

I desire much you could have two copies,—(but all within rules and possibility.)

1. of the page nine and ten.

2. of the page twenty three to thirty.

Then a general copy at leisure, which could be done by many, the sheets being loose and free.

I wish to send it to my dear Bishop Flaget who knows him well:—and Mr.

David who can do so much good with it, to his young men.

One to Mr. Dubourg would surely be most acceptable, passing the things too personal and useless, though I consider such a letter like a common good, I unworthy of it.

Make that copy, page nine, and page twenty three, on an infolio, and small writing, that through the post mail to Bishop Flaget, it cost less.

.....

Then, my Mother, alas! alas! 79!... Send them me back to-morrow, but take time for the rest: if ready Wednesday next, well.

If translated...and by you...

Nothing for me, nothing for Auguste, but for GOD, what we might suppose to His glory and love.

Sin.

It is not permitted to do the least evil to procure a greater good. O my GOD!

grant to your poor servants here to seek only to please Thee. I believe with all my heart that your friends here seek it. I shall seek it also, and that alone.

POINTS OF EXAMINATION.

1. *Venial sins committed with reflection.*

Secret esteem of one's self perceived.

Desire of appearing, and of being praised.

Affectation in the exterior, appearance and manner.

Little excesses, and self-seeking at repast.

Words of bitterness, of reproach, of pride, of contempt, even though slight, etc.

Jealousy, displeasure, desire of humiliating, of contradicting.

Want of sincerity, of simplicity, exaggerating, etc.

Distraction, preoccupation at time of prayer, at the Sacraments, etc., etc., etc.

2. Sins committed through negligence.

Dissipation, immoderate laughter, unbecoming raileries.

Little detractions, or mockeries at natural defects.

Precipitate and misplaced answers, flattery, etc.

Loss of time, want of order, of punctuality.

Want of preparation for prayer, adoration, etc.

Failure of profiting by crosses, reproaches, contradictions, etc., etc., etc.

3. Sins of surprise.

Idle words, sudden curiosity, useless questions.

Misplaced zeal.

Time lost.

Disorderly appearance.

Little maliciousness.

Impatience of the heart, or in the exterior.

Attachment to one's own judgment.



Coming home.

I thank you for the notes; give me others.

I feel anxious, yet not troubled or alarmed at my new duties.

Our Lord may bless, and enlarge their influence. His will, our duty to try well.

1. I will excite more and more my devotion at the Holy Sacrifice, at that altar which you all surround with your angels.

2. I will improve the going and coming by a more attentive spirit of meditation, prayer, and union to God.

3. Again and again I will watch my light French manners, even this morning too much of them.

4. I will watch most carefully for peace with my blessed brother, and not forget that he is, and must be all in the house.



O altar! If they had known it, says St. Paul, of the mystery of our Lord, and can it not be said of this mystery of His altar, they would never have crucified the Lord of glory. Alas! should so many, many of the protestants know, how would they bless, adore, receive; not deny, reject, crucify, and make common bread, the Bread of Life, and of Angels.

O Altar, be known!

But, if I know, may I improve the unspeakable grace, and may my Mother so, till she go, and I go, and we see face to face.

Our JESUS.

Who "delivered Himself for me," and for her.

.....
Beautiful thought of St. Chrysostom, speaking in the fourth century to the people of Antioch. "If JESUS CHRIST considered our want of dispositions for

such great mysteries, and not His infinite goodness which has given them to our earth, He would long have withdrawn His presence and graces."

O my Mother! how this touches, and agitates me. About fifty thousand priests, about forty thousand at least in my poor France, and so many tepid, and without doubt, many altogether unworthy. O Goodness, infinite Goodness, truly divine!



O Mother! I bless our Lord for this press of thoughts towards my altar, and your Communion, our best pledge of love eternal.

Love for Him.



A resolution in the grace of the moment.

My God! my God! my beloved God!
Let me live for Thee here below, and
mind better Thy awful, ah! awful, and
so dear presence.

O! O! In Him live, move, be, and

mind it so little. Not you so, I hope. Pray for me. Alas! even that you do more, than I for you, though so often. O dearest Eternity! But, here below, *fidelity*, which ought to be so dear. Fidelity...Eternity!

Tuesday Night.

O my Mother, to read with a holy filial fear those verses 20. 21. 22. of the Second Chapter, Second Epistle of St. Peter. Alas! how often we return to faults and imperfections so wholesomely vomited away in the happy moments of grace. Alas! alas! how far our many beautiful landmarks at Communion!... in retreats!—Courage! come, let us begin again. Try against my pride, levity and...and...and, no end to *ands*! A wretched pun this! O dear Eternity!



Eve of St. Catharine, Half past ten.

You see I am very obedient, and that is all, for though I feel great pleasure to

write these rhapsodies I am not the fool who imagines any thing good to be there, but the words themselves, GOD... Love... Eternity, repeated, and heaped up and down, so as to give occasion to your truly motherly exertions, and strike the loving hearts to which the least whispering of the words is always exceedingly good because they judge it not (*paper torn.*) till I stop for pity of you, or disgust of words, where indeed, would be rather the silence of these few years to be passed on this earth till the going there.....there, *there!* you know the *there*, my Mother! It will be *there* the time of utterance; now we sing *Alleluia*, and stop *Alleluia*, that is, Sing, praise ye: but we stop, alas! "*Quomodo cantabianes in terra aliena!*"

O! translate, my Mother. It is of this Psalm. *Super flumina* of which the sweetest, and delightful melancholy never possibly methinks will sound so powerfully to my heart as in this admirable old Latin. I would weep almost sometimes on a sudden with one only of

the most tender, sorrowful words, and that does to me this, my old friend Latin version these twenty years past! *O flumina Babylonis!* O Sion! O Eternity! Anina!

P. S. I chanced this evening to open my good Father Berthier, and lo! just the dear psalm, "How beloved the tabernacles!" Some lines in his reflections have so moved my heart that I desire you read over, and find the same places, I need not point them to you, but the four little marginal dots at these happy words of weakness and strength, etc. O yes! so infinite weakness of ours, infinite strength, and as to imply Eternity itself from *Him*.....Him our Creator, Redeemer,.....Comforter.....the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!



Octave of the Ascension.

Hearts on high...The triumph...The right hand...The Pontiff now...The watch over His Church,...over the soul...The visit of the altars...The receiving

to ourself that union...Alas! alas, my soul! where is thy love and care of preparation, enjoyment, thanks, and improvement. O, to-morrow!—to-day, perhaps, to die,...to go,...to ascend,...to sit at the Right Hand! O, now to live with Him, in Him, for Him!...



Plunged in Him...wrapped up in Him! O, our JESUS appears and says to His disciples, my peace I give to you, but ...O...here He is, my GOD, He appears incessantly, speaks to me incessantly. O faith of the universal Presence! Yet, don't think I cherish less His adorable presence in His sacraments. O blasphemy! No, my GOD! My GOD! all Thy inventions of love are equally dear to me. I would have thousand means to rouse my heavy heart. But of all which could equal Thy divine Eucharist. O Eternity, indeed!

Mount St. Mary's Seminary,

June 25.

Ten o'clock at the Mountain.

I remind you of your promises, my dear Mother, to-morrow morning if possible,—possible only if already half done when you read this, otherwise for Baltimore.

First: Rules for Anina's decury children. Second: last word written after Anina's extreme unction. Third: Anina's letter for first Communion, etc. I am going to look for English expressions for these divine words which would require only silence, heart and practice. "*Un bon arbre fait de bon fruits.*"—fruits of Eternity—fruits already reaped for some! O happiness! happiness! Fruits which have so much trouble to come out and to ripen for others. Alas! a puff of wind, a storm, would destroy all, and then the tree cut off...O divine Master! good Master! Infinite Goodness Infinite Goodness! In a moment, on this mountain, for this good people—parched

—harassed all the week—the freshness and the abundant waters, and the eternal repose of the divine Word; then JESUS Himself upon the altar.

This morning, octave of Sts. Peter, and Paul, at quarter past five in the morning, upon the tomb of Anina.

A white rose.

Peace, repose, eternal happiness.

JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH.

Her soul in your blessed company forever and ever. May my soul obtain the same death as the saints. May my last end be like unto theirs!

For your last common resolutions, dear Mother, peace, patience, humility, sweetness, conformity, perfect fidelity to daily duties.

JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH, ETERNITY.

The Holy Sacrifice, Communion, the Tabernacle, and the thought of Heaven, Love.



...Be a Mother of desires and prayer, and personal sanctification. May I be a priest of the same kind! Desire, pray, sanctify the instrument; above all, adore, adore, adore and humbly unite to His only thoughts.....

Oh! the only thoughts of God, and any one of mine renounced that could be out of the order of His true faith, true love, and true service.

.....

After I had studied pretty far, (some especially) all the human sciences, and perceived enough of their bearing. I—O, perpetual thanks!—surrendered my whole soul to the invisible and eternal things, as says St. Paul. 2 Corinthians iv, 18.

O Mother! how grand and overwhelming the least glance at the immense display each object presents continually to the mind. I cannot express, I cannot. I feel as in a little boat in the midst of the ocean delighted, but tremb-

ling to be overset. No, I am in the bark of Peter. Enchanting image!.....



J. M. J.

10. November.

My Mother, my dear Mother, and my child of Heaven,—of *Eternity*.

Charged with your soul, at least, with all the Lord disposes in His providence for it, in my quality of spiritual father. My Mother, my dear Mother, what am I doing to help you to sanctify yourself with a purity, and fervor always increasing.

But what can I do? What better than *simplicity, peace, abandon, daily fidelity, upright intentions, all* and entirely each one of them directed to *God alone*, in our Lord.

What better,—what more, than to be myself simple, peaceful, cordial, loving and respectful at the same time towards this soul so dear.

My Mother, I shall try, and pray also for me. *Peace, love, abandon, simplicity!*

These letters which I amuse myself in showing you, is a grace very pure in itself, if I use it well. All is dangerous on this inexhaustible side of *self-love*.

For me...

For you...

But this should not deter, when the end is good.

Think of your holy children, henceforth born for heaven: what is this, but to aspire to it?—to aspire to join them, and I with you?—perhaps before you.

O, the holy and only Will, my Mother,—my child! What folly,—what foolishness even, is all that does not relate to it, and is lost for *heaven*.

O, to love God,—to love God, and to love nothing but for Him, and in Him. O JESUS! JESUS! JESUS! my JESUS, and my *Eternity!*



This evening. Ten o'clock.

One first day passed.....The abundance of graces.....this holy Name.....this divine Blood...this humiliation so strange, but so tender, of His Circumcision!... This first Mass, and your first Communion of the year....Our resolutions.....These views so high,.....so pure,.....so immense! These poor children! O, what a day!.....and yet how many faults,..... but sweet, and complete abandon.

You, and I,—I, and you, simplicity, fidelity, silence, sincere humility in our ways.

Govern thus in the absence of the Superior, frankly, uprightly, confidently, loving, supporting, and cherishing each one;—answering according to the grace of the moment. Our Lord will do the rest.

Deign to admonish me for every thing, if I can speak thus. I make it a duty of your charity. Do not be discouraged;

I have a greater desire than ever, at least for that.

Although I feel how unfaithful I shall still be, it is always a great grace of my good Master who penetrates me with good desire.

I owe this, I think, in good part, to your motherly prayers, and to those of the holy souls whom I serve so badly.

Pray for me: I do for William.

I have forgotten, quite involuntarily to have special prayers said for our Archbishop, and Mr. Dubois. Say how much I have it at heart. Commence.



2. Thirty-sixth Letter of St. Theresa. She congratulates her dear Sister Mary Joseph, Superioress of one of the convents, on the happiness of one of her deceased daughters. She regulates the order of burial, etc: "I envy the happiness of your little angel," (O Anina!) "who has merited in such a short time to go to enjoy her Sovereign Good. She died so holily that I have no doubt tha

GOD has had mercy on her. May He be praised forever! The conviction of her happiness has not prevented us from praying for her, etc."

O happy Mother! Already three of your daughters are in Heaven, without counting the two first ones, those affectionate sisters whom your example has also conducted there. Give, give thanks, and redouble your zeal to follow these celestial souls. Anina, Anina so full of submission, and union in her sufferings, —Maria,* so simple, and fervent—Helena,† good and peaceful Helena.

O happy Mother! render, render

* Sister Maria Murphy.

† "Sister Ellen Thompson," writes Sister Margaret George, "sister of our dear Sister Sally. Her family resided in the neighborhood. Ellen was among the first who joined the Community. She was always of a delicate constitution,—had great simplicity of manners, solid and unaffected piety. Her gentleness, humility and meekness edified all around her. She was a constant, and patient sufferer for some years. She received holy Communion about ten minutes previous to her happy death. It was thought she had never lost her baptismal innocence. She was about twenty-six years old."

thanks and follow; O delightful little wood,—happy little corner of the world! Cecilia, Magdalena the first there! Silence, love, heavenly hope, sweet recollection, tender thanksgiving to the good, so good Master, in approaching this holy, and happy, abode of the dead. O Mother! O Eternity!



O my Mother! the delights of piety on earth, and the hopes of Heaven one moment after. Shall we ever be sad again! Shall we not enjoy our happiness, trying solely to have others enjoy it also. Ah! the psalm of yesterday is the good psalm. Say it ten times for penance! Sing joyfully to God all the earth! Serve ye, oh, ye Sisters and Mother! serve ye the Lord with gladness.

1814. Eve of St. Joseph.



O beautiful Heaven! O Eternity! But even now, O admirable Altar,

delicious Communion! Bread of Angels, support of the weak, true life of souls, which makes us say truly, each one according to his weakness, but at least with desire and with love—Ah! I live, but it is not I, the miserable I, it is my JESUS who lives in me.—O life of JESUS in us, dear Sister, and by us, in others, according to our employments.—You, yourself—by yourself in your dear novices, the hope so holy of the present and future of the Community, of the service of GOD in time—then,...O thought, which absorbs, in the immense Eternity, the *Eternity* of praise and love—Be blessed, may all be blessed.—

To Sister Mary Xavier.—(Mother Xavier.)



O My Mother,

What shall I do?
If I pour all that comes to my heart in regret of so often adding pains to your pains, affliction to tribulation, I will

appear to you in the other excess. Alas! how bad the bad excesses of this morning The good ones would pour now, I say. But, all excess must displease a pious heart, and a soul of sense as yours; forgive then, only. And if this also is tedious, being so often requested, remember our Lord tells you to forgive by the seventy times and over!.....

How pleasing that Mr. Moranville's letter after the heart-breaking news of that poor young N.

Now I read of St. Francis of Assisi's opusculè,—a feast of devotion and light in these times of darkness, they say, but for the true saints, of pure light, and exquisite real sense, I assure you. I would it were rather in English for you. It is the very suavity and unction of St. Francis of Sales, with something of a higher heaven, as it were;—but we, O too well off if we could follow the ease and *humanity*, as it were, of our late Francis!



EVE OF CORPUS CHRISTI, 1814.

Rainy day. My tears flow in torrents for the calamities of my country.

I was just returning through the woods, after tormenting again a sinner of old date, whom nothing can move. I was sad. I heard some one trotting lightly behind me, then, "Hem! hem!" in a half voice. I turned; it was the poor little negro of Mrs. Mc Atee who looks like a stunted shrub that nothing serves to nourish, who though all young has an old air, but the eye so good, so simple. He was looking at me from below, his piece of hat in hand, and drawing his foot backward, but with such an air!

I would have laughed, had I not thought of the great Abraham who looked in this manner, I think, at our Lord when He came to pray for Sodom. He remembered our other Sunday evening together, and the cow.

"My child, have you said your prayer this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"With all your heart?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must do so every morning, and every evening."

"Yes, sir."

I continued my route. He ran more lightly than before, and this time I heard his little voice. "I go to church every Sunday."

"That is right,—that is right," and I continued walking with my thoughts.

"Every Sunday, sir, I go to church."

"O well, my child! You must love the good God much," and I drew forth a medal and gave him, and he drew the foot backward with a look, and an inclination. I turned back, and at four steps from me he was kissing his medal. He ran all the way after me. I arrived at the house with the same thought I had in the beginning, my eyes ready to shed their big tears. It was, said I to myself, like Abraham with the Lord

Poor little one! he is more agreeable to Him than I am. I should have stopped longer with him, and taught him some catechism. Poor child! barefoot, in rags, and with a piece of hat, black, ignorant, without mother, without father, without friend, no one to nourish its broken stem, abandoned, sleeping upon the floor on rags, running morning and evening after the cow, that is all! But he is baptised,—his heavenly Father is infinitely good. Heaven will be opened to him,—will be closed, alas! for so many rich ones, learned, opulent masters of negroes...

O heaven! *this little child*—flow my tears!



Tenth of June, 1814.

Anniversary of sacerdotal ordination.

June 10, 1808.

O my GOD!

I have said Mass...How you were with me, my divine Master, at meditation, at the prayer of the children at the

foot of the altar, on a day so memorable for my eternity, and that of so many others.

You were with me, my Master, at the *Gloria in excelsis*,—at the touching *Lauda Sion*, of which not a word seems, escaped my heart;—at the *memento*, a moment so solemn, so delicious! I desired ardently that you should be loved, and honored in my feeble hands. Ah! how well I was with you at Communion, and still more when I gave you in the holy Communion at half-past five, this morning to five virtuous souls. Oh! the thrill of pleasure in approaching them.

Kitty Linn...M. B...Mary B...Mrs Keepers...Mrs. Thompson and her spectacles.

I see them again this moment!

My Master! I have taken you with me on my breast,...I descended the mountain towards Aloysius Elder's. The vivid remembrance of my Francis seized me, when for the first time I carried you thus through the country. Ah

we sang, and I commenced to sing all alone *Adoro te supplex*, as if that might please you! You caused delicious tears to flow in abundance. O my Master! I sang it all the way to the house of poor Beard,...no one there...four little dogs... I resolved to sing it to the Sisters,...ah! if I had a voice! I remembered that I used to sing at concerts,...regrets for myself and for my poor mother who consented to it perhaps through tenderness, and we displeased Thee!

Arrived, my heart swelled as I placed you on the little table. Tears flowed all the while I was hearing the confession, and exhorting...Then an infant upon the bed which I baptised a month since. They wanted to take it away... O no! O no! It is the angel, and perfect praise. I spoke upon the thought that Thou hadst in Thy Divine Sacrifice, and in Thy tabernacle even in this very house.

I came away, and commenced to say my office amongst the undulations of the wheat which I traversed. Tears in

abundance redoubled as I raised my eyes towards the church suspended above the trees, and Mr. Duhamel at that moment at the altar. Ah! said I to myself, I enjoy then a happiness the most pure, the most exquisite which can be found on earth! And then only, did the thought of the anniversary of my holy ministry come back to me, and rolled vaguely and sweetly as I returned.

O beautiful and pure morning! O my GOD! so good! so good! What shall I render Thee! Call me to Heaven!

I resolved on Simplicity.

This thought has more and more charmed my inebriated heart.

Be blessed...andandand

My GOD! bless our earth.

And the spiritual friend of my heart.



The created a point and a moment.

Himself the infinite and eternal abyss of bliss. From that first summit of desires you thought you were to plunge in the abyss. No; another station still re-

ceives you; resign...offer...watch...pray
...do good...be thankful for all...bless
His will...humble yourself as not pre-
pared...though, indeed, even but to trust
His tender and infinite mercies.

O Life! O Eternity!

Your retreat Sunday. My soul now
so dry, so different it seems from 1813,
yet, my resolution is to go in utmost
simplicity, and emptiness, trusting in
the grace of the moment. To be here, I
ought to prepare, and I will try, and I
request your many prayers, but in fact,
I abandon all to Him, and to your excel-
lent souls all, only pray, tell them pray.

Poor young Hickey came prostrate
entering my room to receive my bless-
ing. I did not know who he was, but
felt it as a mother her pang for a child.

Explained this evening to the children,
the Creed, and the Offertory, (now ex-
plaining the Mass.)

Et homo factus est. This beautiful
prostration at High Mass. O, if all the
earth in the face of Heaven would pros-
trate itself thus, at once, on Sundays!

How much the Church has multiplied this beautiful inclination of the *Verbum caro factum est!* O my JESUS!...

At the Offertory, recall the tears ready to flow, one single drop of this blood. Ah, a single tear of those which He shed at the sight of Jerusalem... a drop of His sweat! O my JESUS, in Gethsemane, is an ocean, and if I love Thee, and trust, all my sins a drop lost in its immense merits. O Mother! sweetness, calmness, immense!



Why to care in trouble for your dear retreat? God provides a harvest from a few grains, and a little of dust and moisture.

That night, Monday, I traveled to Gettysburg, the fire-flies which in some places lighted the woods, truly in prodigious numbers, became my delight as a whole illumination of Goodness and Delight.

Nox illuminatis in deliciis meis!



O! then that I had true humility, and humility is so gentle! That I might come to think only of my own misery, and easily "give up" every dear Brother's and Sister's little trial, I myself give them in life as little as possible.

A stillness of expectation of that grand, grand Eternity I hear, meseems, drawing near, with its only praise, only love, only peace, and no more of offence; a silence and forgetfulness of our puny troubles in sight of that grand, beautiful, magnificent, Eternity, filled with God alone, His majesty, sweetness and goodness.

O Eternity! O my God alone!
Still now to *act*, and now in peace.
Help, O help, my Lord!



How glad at the reading of your note!
Prepare that review with great *simplicity*, for, with an humble, very humble sense of one's self,—so weak, all of us,—

with *humility* I say, and *charity*, real love of all your Sisters, be sure that any way you will make your review, it will be well made before your merciful Lord. You first pray, the heart laid before Him for *examen*, and for *contrition* with the necessary resolution. You proceed then, to that review of so many faults and failings of the heart, and of course, many, many exterior faults; against the commandments, each reviewed, the capital sins, the sacred vows, and duties and rules. Next, you carefully, humbly, affectionately, offer your sincere regret and contrition for all that you see amiss. You do it in a resolute, peaceful manner, and come to that review with that blessed *simplicity* so much at heart to your holy father, Saint Vincent. God is all. I help you badly in this answer. Come, I will try for the best.

S. Bruté.



Sisterhood.

Second day of retreat, 1814.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Mr. Dubois gone to Mr. Jamison.

On divine Grace.

Light and impulse to do well ; liberty ; combat ; remorse ; dangers ; *a trial !*

My Sisters, I was with you yesterday night in spirit at nine o'clock trying to represent to myself the state of your souls after a first day of retreat.

I tried to anticipate what it should be at the end.

O, O, what is the house of St. Joseph in the Valley, near the little wood* at this time in the full night, but every soul so bright and shining like a lamp, or like a star before the angels beholding from heaven,—before GOD !

O ! that all the souls of this earth would thus shine forth in purity, innocence, and love...

And what is their awakening...that first bursting love of all?...

* "The little wood"—The graveyard.

And what are those souls in their first contemplation?...

And what are they during Mass?...

And what are they now, panting and longing for good things from the messenger of GOD?...

Alas! what a messenger,—how unworthy!

I come from the mountain to the valley, O! that the glory of my GOD would brighten on my face in their presence like it did in the desert on that of Moses.

What shall I declare to them out of the infinite treasure of truth and grace which is entrusted to me for them?...

Alas! what I said yesterday would be enough for all our life.

To be in solitude and see GOD...see our souls...see the souls of others...O endless contemplation!

And to consider our end on earth...our consummated end in heaven...GOD enjoyed there!...

O enough! We could remain in solitude with our dear JESUS and MARY—in Bethlehem, in Nazareth, in the desert.

on Thabor, alone at night, on the mountain, in the garden, on Mount Calvary, in the sepulchre, in the tabernacle, at the right hand. Ah, who would leave ever an end through so many goodly stations to be reviewed in a delightful succession, and profit enough for life.



Alone in my little confessional, two or three persons in church, you all in your *choir*. The moment approaches... you before me, the atoms of an atom world. Infinite Goodness has made them so great. O thoughts, thoughts! they put me beside myself. The more I follow them, the more they overwhelm me.

O prodigy, my Mother, thoughts in which one loses himself!

Our nothingness, and His goodness—our nothingness made so great by His goodness,—our nothingness made so great!

O! goodness, goodness of my God.
O my soul, my soul! I succumb at

times to these thoughts, my Mother, particularly after having entertained you with them for a whole week.

O Incarnation!... O Communion!... Eternity, for my soul of nothingness,—my atom!

O! what purity of life, what zeal to do well, what regret of having done wrong! What a sweet sadness!

A GOD so good, who pardons me, loves me, redeems me with His blood!... Made my Brother here below, and dying on the cross, and giving Himself to me! Overwhelming thoughts! My heart is full of tears which it cannot shed.

I have passed the night with one of the sick children. I feel weak, but it is a languor so sweet, of thoughts, of desires, of regrets, of love, of union, views of that beautiful Heaven of St. Vincent, confusion, desolation of doing nothing for it.



JESUS, MARY.

Once more Eternity.

Epiphany, 5 o'clock.

"Thy Kingdom come."—Beautiful!

"Hallowed be Thy name."

O JESUS! O Abba, Father! Let the poor little atoms finish here their ephemeral career of a day, crying thus with their little voices till they may join the great chorus of their brother angels, and elect above. Let not a wrinkle remain on the smooth surface of their little loving hearts,—all loving, all simplicity! True children without any harm to any possible being; even as little dogs, kindly, gently, sweetly licking any hand of offence—all love, all peace, all heavenly abandon, and indifference because they see incessantly their dear eternity so nigh, and so bright as to absorb every momentary concern. Ah! yes, Mother, Mother! let the coming Kingdom, and already

faint presence of the King under so light, and pure veils leave but peace, joy, love, in the hearts of all His little ones.

Communion, and then all abandon, heavenly amiableness to all!

Amen, and Amen.



...Silence, and be strong and earnest on true business of love, for the mighty Word of last Sunday told us, in vain would we cry, Lord! Lord! Beloved! Beloved! dear, dearest JESUS! except we serve Him indeed!...O JESUS! give then such a service to your poor longing, lingering lovers of this earth...O Eternity!



I see surely also through Providence what I said on the first little page, what can still be waiting for you and that simple beginning of beginnings of Saint Vincent's spirit and work...O futurities and ages! But, O! profound abandon, the blessing or the ruin equally given up

to the Beloved Himself. Only your intentions, my poor, unable, momentary help and His own Mighty Will unknown. That is order; that is blessing enough for us, the rest, abandon.

Abandon, Communion, Eternity.

Each of us dropping in a moment, or only after the twenty, and thirty, and forty years more! O, if so! What if so?

Abandon day after day, three hundred and sixty-five multiplied by...

What all this? A holy blissful abandon through the innumerable, and inestimable graces of the moments.



All in union with the Apostle.

J. M. J.

1. Simple perseverance in the very simple and very pure grace of the moment.

2. A profound and calm union in the bottom of your soul to your All and only One. My soul, He is all! be the continued cry or whisper.

3. The heart, and even the look, as often as possible to the tabernacle, piercing the crowd of angels to keep yourself at His feet;—they standing, and surrounding you. They love so much their sister-soul in her misery. They do not restrain her as did St. Peter the children.

4. A tender love of MARY resting your head, and your breast on her bosom, as in the picture of Mr. Olier, so dear to Mr. Nagot.

5. Every pain accepted,—and also, every tender attention to your Sisters. Universal abandon.



Going... Where?...

Oh! just to your altar...

O ALTAR!

.....

One hour after.

One hour gone to Eternity,—registered!

My graces improved or not...

Improved! Alas, how little in proportion to your grace, O my JESUS!

.....

What grace, my Mother?

The ALTAR'S.

.....

HIMSELF received.

.....

Consecration...adoration...reception...

Of whom?

JESUS.

Born in Bethlehem from MARY!

Bleeding and dying upon a cross for me!

Here laid in my hands, in my breast!

Waiting for me in eternity!—

O Eternity!

My Mother,—more than ever so, though more than ever free and detached, —to-morrow may be dead,—may be recalled,—may be sent anywhere.

O Providence! sweet Providence! sweet abandon! delightful uncertainties!

Only grace of the moment—delightful, overflowing grace!

My friends gone!

Time going,—I going!

Delightful, fleeting days of life!

Magnificent immobility of our Eternity!

Yet, a service, O my Lord! How shall I serve worthily? Love, it seems I can. I do serve; I see not how. How more? But, is not what is *now* and *so and so* granted, more than we deserve? O my good Mother!



To-morrow, our blessed blind man near Jericho...our JESUS passing by...the *crowd* hurrying him away...but *He* stops..."O Lord; that I may see!"

The blessed cry! Eternity answers so soon!

Alas! now on the road...

My GOD, *all around* not seen.

My JESUS *received*, not seen.

My crown *in heaven*, not seen.

My soul felt, not seen.

My sanctification *in it*, not seen.
My graces *impressed*, not seen.
My love, my desires, not seen, but—
Death may be so near, not seen,—
O! give, give, give, O my JESUS!
May I heartily prepare! Hell, alas! as
true as heaven, no more seen. O, never
I hope!...

O Mother! the blind man cried, and
saw; let us cry, yet wait patiently,...
We will see! says the blessed blessed
Epistle,—your great *charity Epistle*, O
Daughters of Charity!—I, the *priest!*

The Epistle of to-morrow, to aim at
that beautiful, complete charity, you as
a mother, I as a priest, both in unwear-
ied patience, tenderness, and taking
more on ourselves, than leaving others
to suffer.

O, tenderness of support in our JESUS!
Be a Sister,—a Mother of *charity*,—I, a
priest!



My Mother,
Some dear images,—dear as the

wooden one. The whole expression is in the heart.

Some also, from our good old father; and his own beautiful prayers.

The indulgence, most plain thing; and what if the *eternal* pain, the pains of an *Eternity* are forgiven, cancelled at one glance of perfect repentance,—at one cry: “O Father!” “O JESUS!”—(as do protestants, believe.)—Is it much, that one hundred days, or years, of our further trial in purgatory?... Even in simple reason, any pain, and any time compared to Eternity,—that is, to *infinitude*, is exactly, and mathematically nothing.

O Mother, my dear Mother, how does the heart swell at such big word, my old word, and ever new word, *Eternity*!

Ah, poor protestants, how thoughtless, and little children with their big reasons, and *whys* and *hows* to their GOD!.....



Dear Mother, have I spoken too much of myself to you, to-day? Have I done wrong to give you this paper of the full

sea? * Do you think I mean to tell you, think as I think, do as I do, be generous as I am in sacrifice? Sad horrors all these to overwhelm a suffering heart! No, no! you tell me *yours*, I tell you *mine*. All is common, and all in the Heart of JESUS. O adorable Heart! O Mother! let us love each other therein. Let us forget all, suffer all, hope, expect all...joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost, and no fever.



FORBEARANCE.

The many, many, cases of it.

"Bear ye the burdens of one another." This is a most blessed word. O my soul! in our present condition upon earth, and a most necessary lesson for Sisters of Charity in their common vocation of perfection. For how many are the burdens of nature, of temper, of ancient habit, of sensibility, of inexperience, or want of ability in certain duties, of young age, and old age, quickness and

*Written probably while at sea.

slowness, levity and melancholy, boldness, and timidity, too much of bodily activity, or weakness of the same. How many still the burdens of one another, from different turns of manners, of country and language, of conversation, of recreation, common life, devotion itself; one pleased to commune with herself alone and her GOD, another to impart many little things that please her soul, and not always so much another, for so various are the ways of divine grace in the souls. And who has not experienced even in this last point, as well as in the others, that to be truly charitable, and to show kindness, comfort, and satisfy the soul of another, we must be ready in a great many things to give an attentive ear, join with affectionate regard, suppress improper marks of tiresomeness and unwillingness, in a thousand occasions sacred to a sincere virtue, but in which nature would give way, and refuse the gentle and proper measures of a forbearance as necessary as it is meritorious before our Lord. Let us then en-

treat His grace to bless our sincere and complete resolution to cherish and improve faithfully every call and duty of our mutual forbearance in His family here.

2. One case more of forbearance we do single in our resolutions, and wish to be well guarded. It is the very reproach to one another that we want forbearance. Alas! we must expect that in many, many occasions we will not meet precisely with that degree of it which our weakness or self-love could wish to enjoy. We must expect it, be ready for it; but shall we then forget to bear with that fault, and return our very fault of the same kind, having no forbearance for that want of it, which for a moment betrays our Sister's best resolutions. No! let us forget our own; let us remember we should return even a new degree of affection, and good proceedings, the moment something of them is missing towards us; this being the particular request of our Lord, that we should bless with a new blessing those who treat

us not well enough, saying that otherwise we would be no better,—we, the children of His love. Let us on such occasions know well the blessing and the grace of the moment; watch our weakness, and say not a word, show no countenance that might displease on our own side the divine Master, who Himself is ready to pity the fault of our Sister, and perhaps sees in her heart, that there is no real fault, but a suddenness, or simple awkwardness, that does not amount to any real guilt. Sweet Lord! teach us the whole beauty, excellence and extent of our duties of mutual forbearance.

3. Another case may arise from the fault or mistake of our dear Sister. It is for some occasions, the necessity of giving her an advice, a direction,—may be even a kind of check and charitable correction for the better of what otherwise would go on to further and greater fault. O Saviour! teach well our soul in that case,—watch over it for that moment of grace, very particular and delicate grace;

for nature is ready to take the lead, and lead badly, do mischief, ruin our merit, increase the guilt in the Sister we wish but to bless. The great rule should be for us to keep immediately in mind the whole sense of our own misery and weakness, according to these words of the great Apostle, if any one "be overtaken in any fault...instruct such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted...For if any man think himself to be something, whereas he is nothing, he deceiveth himself."

Enough, O blessed Lord! the lesson is full: teach it now to my heart. Make it, O JESUS! a heart of true forbearance in all.



(Sisters with the children.)

Souls destined to partake His eternal inheritance, the dear objects of His love.

Go to Him with faith, love and confidence, He will help, fill you with His spirit, *and He Himself will govern.*

He wills you to be to them as a tutelar angel, to guide them in His *love*, defend them from their enemy, and as the beauty, purity, and sanctity of these souls contribute to His glory, He puts a part of His own glory in your hands.

He uses you as Pharaoh made use of Joseph, to watch over His house...*and forget not the account to be given if through your fault of vigilance, of goodness, of firmness.*

Your punishment will be proportioned *to the dignity of those souls, to God's love for them, to the glory they might have given, and the recompense reserved for them.*

To do violence on a thousand occasions, ...renounce all satisfaction in particular, ...endure the weakness of some, the murmurings of others...the delicacy of a third,...yet, forgetting no one.

But, your graces will be proportioned to your wants, and duties; the recompense proportioned *also.*

(Leaving the Mountain for the Presidentship of
St. Mary's College, Baltimore.)



St. John of the Cross. 1815.

Union special, the 22d.

A second time, farewells.
The heart more free than ever.
Farewells upon the knees to-day.
To-morrow again at the altar.
Gratitude for graces received.
An offering of gratitude, and abandon.
An offering without limitation.
Ask a heart of fidelity and abandon.
A celestial heart.
A heart of Eternity.
A heart of adoration and love through
all.
A heart of profound, continual, peace-
ful contrition.
Loving contrition.
A heart of union in all.
A heart of Calvary.
A heart of the Garden of Agony.
A heart of the Sepulchre.

A heart of the altar, of the holy table,
and of the tabernacle.

My GOD, once more, because it is the
most *difficult* and the most *decisive*, a
heart *faithful* in all, and to all during
this short life, and then, at last
Eternity.

1816.

Saturday, Jan. 20.

Heard the confessions of some children this evening; prayed afterwards, at the foot of the tabernacle in union with you, to whom GOD gives the particular grace of having so lively a horror for this monster of sin, so little known on earth, but which was so well understood by Anina. How much I think of this soul as March approaches! How she consoled herself of this life, and saluted with joy the land where she would sin no more!

I read afterwards Bourdaloue to prepare myself to speak to-morrow. What

beautiful Christian wisdom,—what light is there!

Alas! in what times are we living. What esteem do we have for the inestimable gift of faith,—of its pure light, of the plenitude of its integrity? Do we fear, with St. Ambrose, to lose the virginity of our faith? *Timebat ne virginitatem fidei perderet.* O my JESUS! the Gospel of St. John, and then our cries, and our tears towards you,—our blood if possible.

Faith, says Saint Bernard, is the first pivot upon which the whole system of the world revolves, the centre from which all the actions of our life should start,—the universal motive.

Sunday of St. Agnes. Preached my poor English on the Leper. Following of CHRIST, book third, chapter thirty-seventh, verse fifth.

Going to Vespers. The first cry. *Deus in adiutorium meum intende.*—My GOD, help me, and my friends to cross over to Eternity!



Octave of the Presentation: and our renovation.

Honest Nace on his way.

This *Esau* paper,—charming reconciliation.

Note: Then follows a characteristic pen and ink sketch. Our Blessed Mother, the words "Eternity, to JESUS," above her, and on the clouds beneath her "O MARY!" and the names "Joe," "Anina," "Bec, 9. Feb., 1816." "W. R." "E. A. S."

Remembrances a thousand,—thanks to GOD!—stretching towards futurities.

Ten minutes to four o'clock. To-morrow, Sunday, the rest of the Lord, ours by anticipation of the eternal Sunday.

"GOD is Love," *Deus charitas est.*

And we, "immortal spirits made for an eternal love."

GOD made man...dead on the cross... given in the Holy Eucharist for our love.

O Sunday! be thou sanctified to-morrow. My heart cannot express,—cannot even feel enough,—and this same day, every day, all days at the Altar!

Seven o'clock. A letter of Mr. Olier admirably well found at the moment. Why have I not written with the same sweetness. Letter thirty-second, page eighty-seven. My brother has them—I sent them to him lately.

Monday. Half past nine at night. Thirty-third letter of Mr. Olier: a good and profound instruction to a superior to form his seminarians: "Exhort them often to undertake their renovation with much *humility*, patience and longanimity. Teach them in this spirit to bear all painful states which GOD has left as vestiges of His justice, in all their exercises: for example in meditation, dryness, bitterness, abandonment, scruples and other temptations; in the exercise of *charity* for the neighbor, rebukes, contradictions, abandonment, ill-success, afflictions;—in their studies, obscurities of the mind, disgust, lassitude, weariness, confusions, inability of advancing, desire of understanding;—in the practice of virtue, resistance of the flesh, the violence to be offered to one's self, contra-

dictions and contempt of the world, the abandonment of the spirit, discouragement, cowardice, and other things of every day, of every hour, in this painful exercise of forming JESUS CHRIST in our corrupt nature. He cannot be born in us without great efforts. It is thus we must serve GOD, in a separation from all things, and a universal death to ourselves."

My dear Mother, how full of meaning is this, I refer it all with a loving glance to Him who alone can give me grace to profit well by it. O my JESUS! to serve you thus in the separation from all things. Ah, now more than ever! but union, ineffable union with you. The Altar above all. O my JESUS! what will be wanting to me,—what will be wanting to my Mother!

Wednesday morning. "How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob, and thy tents, O Israel!"

"As woody valleys...as watered gardens near the rivers...as tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched...as cedars

by the water side... He that blesseth Thee shall also himself be blessed."

Notes: Here follows a pen and ink sketch, a bird's-eye view taking in all these points of landscape. Two figures are seated under a cross by the river side on the waters of which are inscribed: *Super flumina Babylonis illic, etc.*

O Mother,—Mother! woody valleys, gardens, rivers, cedars etc., from this my lonely corner,—how sweet! because here by the *Will of my God*. Neither woody valleys, Mountain of Mary, Valley of St. Joseph, nor rivers, nor cedars would please if enjoyed against that ever blessed WILL.

I go on: "I shall see Him, but not now"—O my JESUS, I shall...yet even now at your altar.

Thee also, says my heart for every friend absent, "I shall see thee, not now, but Eternity, how long!...

And that "Blessed,—Blessed are ye that weep now: for you shall laugh."

Ah! is also the heart of my Mother dancing! How should mine dance too this moment in my lonely corner! Was

not her own dancing in the valley,—dancing as the day of Anina approaches. And Anina is dancing too, but O! in the heaven of heavens,—now truly as David before the ark... Well! I too, “I shall see,—but not now.”



Eternity—Eternity.

Anina is there. What thinks she of this little nothing of our earth? She remembers only the little Valley, her mother, her sisters, her dear children, and cries with a voice to be every where understood, in the room, the little choir, the little wood. Eternity,—Eternity—to love and serve Him, only to be loved and eternally loved, served and praised in Heaven.

O Mother! How much good to do in your blessed family. What a celestial commission entrusted to you, Mother of the Daughters of Charity to whom also, so much is to do for GOD and souls through their short life. Mother, with them of so many children, now the first

fruits of your charitable cares... A thousand thoughts, but not a word more... Eternity—Eternity—Eternity! JESUS, MARY and JOSEPH!

Note: By a happy coincidence the year 1809 that brought Mother Seton to the Valley of St. Joseph's saw Father Dubois unite himself to the Society of St. Sulpitius, and thus he became eligible as director of the infant community established under the care of the Sulpicians. Having succeeded Bishop David in 1811, he labored during the fifteen years of his directorship to impress upon the community the character and spirit of the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul as he had known them in France, in which country, to quote his own words, "he had himself forty Sisters of Charity under his care, and corresponded with, and visited the Sister-Superior"—He translated and wrote out the Rules which had been brought from France in 1810 by Bishop Flaget leaving a margin for such amendments as Archbishop Carroll might deem essential to adapt the Community to the wants of the United States at that time. For the rest he was a man of detail, and in community matters could descend even to the *shoes*, providing that "the strings be no other than leather,—the lining no other than linen, cotton or wool," and the remembrance of what he "had seen

in France' was ever before him to control his decisions. "Long may our Lord spare him to the Community" exclaimed Mother Seton; "for who could ever be found to unwind the ball as he does, and stop to pick out every knot!" Yet this was not the spirit of our Mother, though she bent herself to it.

He wrote out the regulations for the school,—the order of the day for summer and for winter. He was at home in every thing that regarded the education of youth, and he fully understood human nature. In a little word of advice written to Mother Rose, he says :

"Be assured I will not request you to appoint Sister N. head angel, or angel at all...But let me entreat you not to suffer yourself to be biased. They say Sister N. *did not know how to keep order*. Sister N. says she found the school *very much out of order*. Every one that succeeds others is apt to claim an exclusive talent, and to condemn her predecessors. I cannot say any thing about it. I did not find much to blame when Sister N. was in office, nor is it plain to me that she was to be blamed at all;—is it now all order? I know not, but I am pretty sure that there are abuses and imperfections every where. See yourself, and judge, but have no prejudice. For my part, here I never get any new prefect without hearing him say, he will reform,

and often-times the reformer does worse than the reformed. Pray for me, my ever dear child, and be assured you are foremost in the mind of your father at the altar."



Sunday.

Here is a passage of the twenty-first letter of Mr. Olier. I am reading his letters for the first time. I am charmed. "I cannot suffer, nor enjoy anything but JESUS in MARY, and MARY in JESUS, my all in Heaven, and on earth, and this constitutes my present life. All wearies me, all afflicts me, all inconveniences me, *this* alone makes all my life, all my joy, all my health, all my happiness."

Ah! we say so, you and I, with all our hearts, but let us endeavor to say it in a manner as pure as he did, that is to say:

1. Where there may be nothing of that human *ennui*, of philosophical disgust, of a sovereignly refined sloth which would resolve itself into the profound indolence of a disposition purely passive,

where all the duties and changes of life would be forgotten, and into the peace of a spiritual egotism for which we are not created here below.

2. Preserving an indifference courageous, and truly worthy of the servants of the Sovereign Master. As to the repose, and disengagement of the exterior which we feel inclined to *desire*,—O! no desire, His only *will*!

3. Making on the contrary, a continued effort of zeal against nature: to aspire to contribute to the glory of our Beloved, and to the salvation of souls covered with His adorable blood, and of His divine love *itself*. Alas! alas! so many of them, in vain! He is so little known, so little loved! Let us consider well in this regard the life of this worthy Mr. Olier; the excellent works with which it has been so abundantly filled as missionary, as writer, as curate of St. Sulpice, charged with the immense suburb Saint Germain, and having done immense good: in fine, as founder of Seminaries which have given so many

thousands of holy priests, and hundreds of good bishops to the Church of France. O, how pure must have been his abandon to JESUS, and MARY! May it be yours, my Mother, may it be mine for twenty-two, or twenty-seven, forty-seven, or fifty years, yet how little it will be for *Eternity!*

I bless a thousand, and a thousand times again, my divine Master for these first thoughts, and I am going to offer them for you, and for me, at the holy Mass in *one hour*,—in one hour *at the altar*.

Altaria tua! Domine virtutum!

Thy altar! What more could Mr. Olier desire? Labor or repose with this, either should be indifferent!

Altaria!

Be in the same indifference for Josephine. Fear infinitely to force by degrees her vocation. Leave her to her divine Master,—heavenly child, as well as Rebecca; and more than they, is now, Anina. O Anina!

Tell my good brother, Mr. Hickey, that if they have not yet sent my things, to keep the little portrait of Mr. Olier; and if he has one, to give it to you.



O my Mother! my Mother,—my friends,—souls I love! What is this life? How can we do with *words* for the *things* that fill our heart, that surround us.

GOD all present...JESUS in His blessed Host...Communion...Eternity ready to swallow us...Heaven above...and a hell...O! our old big O!

Hell itself, what a set of thoughts! A poor one was telling me: "I wont be in heaven, if grandfather is not!" "Hush!" I said, yet gently, "did not GOD love him, and loved Judas himself more than any tenderest mother could. O be satisfied with His own unsearchable *dispensations* whether"...

O JESUS! O Eternity!

Truly, as St. Paul says, we see in a mirror, and speak as children; but *Eternity* is at hand!



O Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!

Just from the corner of the railing,—
my psalm, and tears, pleasure and sadness exquisite.

Now my solitary fire, and a sense of reproach, that I had better to ramble from families to families to do good, and alas! this is none of my talents; or if it had been, I buried it, for I found no inclination, no power of good in that line. Timid, awkward, abstracted, no true interest in family things, but the old egotism of my dear one. No facility of common talk, even expressions utterly fail that line, and I am not understood.

Thus the tide ebbs from joys heavenly, to sadness and wretchedness of soul, for that impotence of real good, when I am sure that for feelings towards the least of these poor souls, I would say, let me spend, and be spent. Alas! that pride of feelings, nothing for real good. The hundreds of excellent, humble-

minded persons I have seen doing good wonderfully, beloved and loving, affectionate and also cherished.

Yet, do I not speak so, meseems, through envy,...so pleased whenever I see others doing on earth that good, all kind of good which would be my only passion. No, not envy, but that it seems Providence would have me to do good also, and I can't.

I can't enough, I mean; I am not ungrateful to my GOD to forget what He grants me;—infinitely more than I deserve. More! I deserve absolutely nothing; but, I say, how much more *ought* I, and methinks I *could* do, even here.

Here, you have no idea how much of evil I am obliged to see in a whole, and in sad details; but alas! how to remedy. Another would, much farther, and better. Woe to me, if it prove my fault.

Thus do I take a vain consolation saying to you that, in place of speaking more of it to my GOD. Yet, will I, for there I find consolation. I return then, to that railing, He, my own Lord, so

wonderfully near. I so soon, in a few hours, twice to go up to His Altar,—twice consecrate,—thrice give HIM, our JESUS to others!

O Eternity!...O Aloysia!...*



Saturday, twenty days before Christmas.

St. Theresa's Letters: "As for poor Theresa," she speaks of herself. "I know not how to express her pain, and her affliction. Every thing chagrins her: every thing displeases her: nothing satisfies her. She says, GOD alone can console her, and restore calm to her soul, or some one who, as can your Reverence, understand her language. Every thing else is a cross so heavy for her that she is almost overwhelmed."

Eighty-fourth Letter.

The whole of this Letter written to the dear Father of her soul, from whom she was then separated, is a touching picture of the state of trial in which she

* A wavering vocation.

found herself, and which other souls have experienced. She elevates herself towards GOD with ardor, and despairing of receiving consolation from creatures, she finds it in GOD alone, and in the view of His Eternity, etc.

Half past twelve. I was praying at this moment for your poor Al...a, while eating my potatoes, for remembering my promise I thought I had not done so enough for her. My dear Mother, the holy will of GOD in all things. I unite myself anew to your motherly heart for your dear daughters, all,—all in the most high, most holy, most amiable will of GOD. This earth is an atom,...our souls...GOD...Eternity!

My recreation in solitude. Half past one o'clock.

Letter Eighty-eight. "Please tell me what is the character of this Canon, and if one can trust him. I was charmed at his wit, at engaging manners; but was it not because he is one of your friends that I was so pleased with him? He does not wish, he says, to hear the con-

fession of any one; nevertheless, if my prejudice does not deceive me, he had a great desire to hear mine, and as he has a dislike for the direction of souls, I have suspected that there was a little curiosity in this. He avows that he is the declared enemy of visions and revelations, and that he does not credit even those of St. Bridget. It was not to me that he paid this pretty compliment, but to Mother Mary of JESUS. If I had still the pains of mind which I had formerly, I would be delighted to speak to him, and to communicate to him my interior dispositions, for I have much confidence in incredulous directors in what relates to extraordinary graces, being persuaded they would be better able to undeceive me, if I were in error; but being delivered by the grace of God, from so many alarms, I have not much desire to entertain him. I do not speak of my soul now that it enjoys peace, but to our old directors."

How we love to see the saints, in the

“négligé” of letters! It is the *pendant* of what one of our writers calls, “a great man in his night-cap.” May my recreation make also for a moment that of my Mother; and then the seriousness of eternal views and the burden of daily details, and the happy forgetfulness of all things else but GOD and our soul as all alone with Him in this world, and of Eternity!

End of the recreation.

To her dear Mother Mary of Saint Joseph. Letter 89.

“Your last letter caused me a heartfelt joy, which is not new to me, accustomed as I am to receive from those you write me, a consolation which compensates for the chagrin and weariness I experience from many other letters. You do me justice, my dear Mother, to love me a little. Our natural inclination impels us to desire some return of friendship. This cannot be wrong since our Lord Himself requires it of us: for though there

be an infinite distance between the love due to His supreme Majesty, and that which suits poor, feeble creatures, it is nevertheless an advantage for us to resemble GOD in something, were it only in this. I have written you a long letter from Sorie; I fear Father Nicholas did not send it to you. Pray to GOD for me: nature is so weak and wearies sometimes to suffer. Above all, to be prioress, and at a time when there are so many things to unravel. If GOD is glorified, I will esteem myself very happy, and will count all my pains as less than nothing."

Here again is some of that attractive "négligé."

Vespers over. Oh, what difference! To what prodigious distance from all that is human is this divine inspiration. Read, Mother, in expiation for my coldness this admirable psalm 144, *Exaltabo*, etc,—all these psalms of the Vespers of Saturday.

Foolish extract that! I would not send at first, but now, eighteen days only before Christmas this Monday, let

them go. Let us plague one another a little!



My dear Mother in giving you the third volume I experience a moment of consolation, in the hope the good your soul can draw from it, for yourself and for others. Let us not believe it is too late to commence. I say this to myself every day, in the extreme misery in which I find myself every time that I perceive that she * has been, even here below, the treasure of souls truly faithful. O! how present was our Lord to them, and with what application they raised themselves to Him! Read, consider, taste, pray, translate with affection, this will produce its good in time, as the poor care that I have taken at least to save these precious books.—This will be done every time that during my life, or after my death, they will find their favorable occasion. You are the occa-

* Referring to St. Theresa.

sion now, dear Mother, if you are faithful to your grace.

I have also her life worthy of her book.



The Travelings of our Lord.

Subjects of Meditation en route.

1. *Honor the Word.*

The Incarnation. Coming into the world.

2. *Travelings of Jesus Christ, in the bosom of Mary.*

First, to the house of St. Elizabeth.

Second, to Bethlehem.

3. *The travelings of Jesus Christ in the arms of Mary, and St. Joseph.*

First, from Bethlehem to the Temple.

Second, from Bethlehem to Nazareth.

Third, from Bethlehem into Egypt.

Fourth, from Egypt to Nazareth.

Fifth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem every year at the Passover.

4. *The travelings of Jesus Christ
with His parents.*

First, every year to the Temple, from Nazareth to Jerusalem to the age of twelve.

Second, to the desert to be tempted.

Third, to the Jordan to be baptised.

Fourth, from Bethany to Jerusalem in Scenopogia.

5. *The travelings of Jesus Christ alone.*

First, at the age of twelve to the Temple.

6. *The travelings of Jesus Christ with His
Apostles, by land and sea.*

7. *The steps of Jesus Christ during
His Passion.*

8. *The travelings of Jesus Christ
after His resurrection.*

First, the disciples of Emmaus.

9. *His coming upon the altars at
consecration.*

First, viaticum.

10. *His apparitions to His followers.*

11. *His last coming for judgment.*

1. Consider His departure in the presence of God, without hurry, etc.
2. His walk modest, courageous, supporting the heat, the wind, the dust, the rain, storms, tempests, dangers.
3. His conversations, or His silence, and His prayer.
4. His attentions to those who accompany Him, His forbearance.
5. The good example He gave to passers-by, or when He passed through villages.
6. His repasts, free from self-seeking, sensuality, complaints, His privations.
7. His arrival at places marked for rest or abode.



1816.

Bonaparte.

I had just read of his escape, and I was reading a chapter of the Revelations, xiv. "A voice from Heaven saying,

write: blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: for their works follow them."

"When shall that poor great man rest!" said I to myself. What awaiteth him? Shall he only die in the Lord, and be blessed!...Alas! what kind of works shall "follow" him?...to stand a judgment of GOD, and after this moment of life, its hard labor, prodigious agitations, and illusions so vain, receive at His hands an everlasting blessing or curse.

Twelve Catholic missionaries lately arrived here from France, and have left this city to proceed to the upper Louisiana, their destination.

.....
(On reading the escape of Bonaparte, which shook my poor soul,—yet, to Eternity, where all my thoughts in such a case would, more than ever fly...But I stopped, and it proved a miserable hoax. Yet, O Providence! who knows your thoughts! Poor, dear France! Pray for her.)

1816.

Octave of the Assumption.

Psalm 143, "Blessed be the Lord."

My mercy, my refuge...my support...
my deliverer...my protector...and I have
hoped in Him. So you say, so I say
now; this is all, and when it fills the
heart, so full; I think how little is any
thing else! How little this vain writing
to you, since its only merit is to write
over the blessed, heavenly word, and
unite my impressions to yours: yet, I
feel at least on my side that it favors
and increases them.

O my Lord!...my Mercy...my Refuge
...my Support...my All!

Psalm 144. That most magnificent
Exaltabo te, of which truly you taught
me better the rapturous beauty. O
Mother! for Eternity to enjoy better
every such verse, such word, magnifi-
cence...glory...holiness...abundant sweet-
ness...gracious, merciful, plenteous in
mercy...yet, even now to pour the whole
soul over them.

Sunday, Nativity of our Blessed Mother.

Our dear Missionary * said our High Mass.

Tuesday. At three o'clock and ten minutes I come from the gate with Messrs. Vespre, Cooper, and Xaupi. We have fixed in the stage of Pittsburg our good missionaries, Mr. De Andries,—(a saint, but why should not I add it to many of the others, GOD knows!) Mr. Rosati, and Mr. Acquaroni, two priests more of St. Vincent, Mr. Carretti and Mr. Ferrari, two other priests, the last only twenty-four years old, so amiable.

Mr. Tichitoli, † a charming youth in minor orders, and three more, all indeed the most amiable pack of men you ever saw. Then, Ross, one of our pupils who returns that way to New Orleans, very pious, given to them (O Providence) as their guide on the road....

* Mr. De Andries.

† Mr. Tichitoli afterwards exercised the sacred ministry in Donaldsonville, La. and there died. His humility was so great that he desired to be

O pray, pray, pray, the wilderness may flourish. A handsome collection has been made these last days by the good Owings, Mr. White, and some others.

O pray, pray also for my France. Alas! they announced yesterday night that Bonaparte is escaped from St. Helena. ...Ah, my dear Bec, go to heaven, the best portion!

trodden under foot, and at his own request he was buried in the pathway of the graveyard where the feet of the passers-by might press above his remains. He was revered as a saint, and the multitudes respected the lowly resting-place of the humble son of St. Vincent, reverently turning aside when they came to the grave. Later, it was proposed to enclose the remains in a tomb, but Rev. Mr. Bouillier, C. M., opposed the desire saying the dead priest's wishes must be respected.

Two Notes to little Rebecca.*Ten o'clock in the corner of Anna.*

"Bec no bed last night."

Then a standing or sitting watch, as the knights of old, on the eve they were knighted! Ah, well might we take this whole life, my Bec, for the meritorious watch of our eternal knighthood! But, where do I carry your fancy and mine? It looks nearly like Quixote, and it is too odd to go any farther that way.

Come then, my pen, seek for better; and since the hand has no rose to cull this morning for the beloved sufferer of my JESUS,—well! write her this name, better to her sight than any rose or lily—JESUS. Then write the other she likes so much, write quick—MARY. Write still the blessed Father of the house, she lives, or suffers in,—for her life is now but suffering,—write, little pen! write quick and soft, her nursing-father, JOSEPH!

Well, now, dear Rebecca, be pleased; and when poor, awkward creatures of this world try to soothe half a minute of your pain, look on high, and be delighted that it is your *Father*, your *GOD* of love and salvation, your beautiful Beloved Himself, who bids any of His creatures to speak to your soul of His goodness.

He, my dear Bec, not I, in any of these black little writing spots,—He, not the flower you admire,—the little food, which feeds your spark of life,—the soft bedding which tries to fit well, and cannot,—the warm flannel, which surrounds your lingering, little limbs. Ah! more, He even, in what only still truly pleases you, and makes you yet so happy in your pains and faintings—your Mother! He, Himself mostly seen in her smile. Her maternal voice, her quickening and animating look,—He in all my, Rebecca!

And, let the storm roar round the walls and the grates of this transitory, hard lazaretto of life; let sufferings

cruel and unrelenting, bid you stand and watch when the smallest bird enjoys his rest; let, let, let! The soul still knows how to cheer up, seeing, and feeling her God, her Father, and Almighty Lover in all. Ah, yes!—if I know your faith, and your love, my Bec, they will be as unrelenting and pressing, as the sufferings can be, and more. One look to your bleeding JESUS, will restore more strength and resolution, than the most wearisome night would have taken away. He loved me, and for me was patient upon His cross, so I love Him, and will be patient too. Blessed be the short patience of this *dolorous* life: that life is short, and the sweet fruit of that patience *eternal*.

Your Brother.



JESUS.

Rebecca, my sister,

You have again suffered much to-day, but your good Angel was at your side,

MARY, your tender Mother, saw your pains, their prayers spoke of them to the Beloved, and attracted His graces upon you—Ah! Rebecca, His grace is your patience all the day long and the sweet remedy for the impatience of poor nature. Poor nature! it is too blind, and too weak to relish the treasure of crosses, and the happiness of such keen sufferings; but faith, O Rebecca, what brilliant light does not faith shed upon your sufferings! Make flowers, it is very just, make flowers to decorate the altar of your Beloved, whilst He Himself adorns your soul with the richest and purest graces. Dear child, the martyrs envied the happiness which you now enjoy. The holy anchorets changed their lives, as yours, into a life of continual suffering—Ah, courage, humble, and loving courage.

It is a cowardly, the most cowardly of hearts which cries to you to have courage, but it is, in the name of your divine JESUS, pierced, bleeding, agonizing for you.

Make flowers for His altars; let it be for you a kind of prayer, and when too dejected, you can do nothing, not even articulate with your voice any prayer, let your silence, your peaceful abandon, your resignation without bounds, speak to His Heart, this Heart immensely tender, infinitely loving. Let us be lost and annihilated therein during this little moment of the present life; the beautiful Eternity will soon be opened for each one of us, as it was opened a little sooner for Anina, for Clauzel.....Eternity! Heaven! Does not the heart leap for joy, is it not inebriated by this word, Heaven! Please pray for my retreat! one of your sighs, one of your tears for me! To pray for others, what consolation for you, and what agreeable incense to burn on your heart, suffering in the eyes of the GOD of all love. Pray much for others, for all those whom you love, all who surround you, and have care of you, for poor sinners, for the souls in Purgatory. Offer to GOD, in the morning, all the suffer-

ings, all the languors of the day, as so many prayers, thus, you will be a true Daughter of Charity.



My Mother,

Not quite tears, but half so, and heart melting within, when reading these pure, angelical effusions, and timorous cases of conscience. My Mother, I cover every line with as tender, and abundant blessing for that dear child as old Mr. Ryr. could do...

On returning a letter of William.

St. Simon's day.

Dear Mother, I had sent this letter to Dick, by Mr. Chatard who brings it back to me, and informs me that Dick left so suddenly for Emmettsburg that he was not able to see either one of us. I fear he may have been called for poor Bec. I fear, and I fear not. My heart

is all in yours for this portion of pain, and at the same time of triumph. May our Lord support you as mother, console you as His servant of love, and of eternity.

S. Bruté.

Little Rebecca died and Father Dubois announced her death to Father Bruté in the following letter:



Monday morning, Nov. 4, St. Charles.

Dear Brother, 1816.

Our angel took her flight this morning a little before four o'clock to unite herself with the privileged band which follow the Lamb. She died as she had lived; in saying that, we say all. I leave to Mother the details, and above all to describe to you the truly heroic gayety with which she spoke at the moment of her death, as you would speak of a voyage to France. A quarter of an hour before she died, she asked with a smile to be placed on her bed, which she has not occupied for so long a time, "that I may die," said she, adding, that she had only a moment longer to live. And, in effect, she was no sooner taken from her chair than a crisis intervened which terminated her mortal life. What I admired most in this amiable child

in her last moments was the vivacity of her faith, of which her Mother can relate to you a thousand instances; the firmness of hope, which she feared might be presumption, but which did not proceed from any confidence in herself, but wholly in the merits of our Saviour, could not but be pleasing to God. Her charity was as pure as her beautiful little soul. She had no regret to leave this earth, and was even astonished that Josephine should weep; and only desired to die through the fear of offending God, by impatience in her sufferings. Her death was as sweet, as calm as the Autumn we are passing. We have one friend more in Heaven to pray for us. Ask, I pray you, a Mass from each of our confreres for this dear child.

Wholly Yours,

J. Dubois.

The Mother is a miracle of divine favor. Night and day by the bedside of her child, her health has not appeared to suffer. She held her child in her arms without shedding one tear, all the time of her agony, and even more than eight minutes after her death. *Mulierem fortem quis, etc.*



Thursday night, 7th.

To-morrow, Octave of All Saints.

My dear Mother,

Yesterdayafter Mass

To-day, I said it for her; Mr. Babade had said it even yesterday.

All adoration of our immense Beloved...immense...eternal..."infinite Goodness" (thrice said Anina!)

Our JESUS all mercy...His blood, and life upon the cross for her. Yea, for your own dear daughter, but also for you....for me!...

And thus prostrate in agony in the garden He had accepted for her the chalice of death....

And thus every day upon our altars...in her sight...and yours...and mine...

And again so often in Communion given her His glorious Flesh, the pledge of her immortality...of yours...of mine...

O, then, all adoration, love, peace, delight, and sweetest abandon! My Mother! is the word too much for you?

Even in such moments, but with four days of Communion.

O, no! and if the world would be indignant in its sad darkness of sorrow, Bec and Anina approve indeed when their poor brother comforts thus such a mother.

Yes, infinite, immense, eternal delights and thanksgivings at such graces as have been granted; and return now more fervor, and holiness of misery than ever, to so good a GOD. You understand, my Mother.

Only with such increase of peace and amiableness to all around you, trying so gently to gain every heart to so good a GOD. But, indeed, if I preach you, it is to preach me, the most distant from that happy point of duty, "to render piety amiable and desirable."

I showed to good Madame Chafard the little word.

I wrote to dear Richard; "Be good," to have his communion secured for her and with her in Heaven, at least, at Christmas.

Now, a piece of news, that our good Mr. Cooper went on foot,—my catching example,—this afternoon to visit you, but will, I think, arrive but Saturday evening. Tell it to my brother, Mr. Dubois, and that he has seen Mr. Harper about your settlement upon this earth. Your soul's settling in Heaven with so good securities, fill that *little wood*, etc... Time to finish. I would wander again in that wilderness of sweets.—

Yours in our Lord,

S. Bruté.

1816.

Anniversary of the death of Archbishop Carroll.



Eve of the Anniversary of so excellent a heart. I arrived from France: I saw him a few days after...*then Eternity.*

My dear Mother,

One moment more of infinite goodness in the midst of these deserts of time on the way to Eternity. I enjoy it, at least, from here, with you. Ah! how present I am to every thing. Eternity!

word already written, but let us write it again, Eternity. How many persons dear to you, and to me are already there...soon, we also. Our affections for many of those souls were united. I loved that dear Rebecca as a sister,—no, no! I know not what to say,—as a little saint, so amiable! But, nothing expresses, what is the use to try. I believe we understand each other without this expression. O my GOD! be blessed for all these graces. May the Mother now sanctify herself more purely than ever. And I, miserable as I am, am far from sanctifying myself. What a sad life of faults runs through the days! Nevertheless, be not afflicted; I have always more peace than remorse. I abandon all, absolutely all, to so good a Master.

O Masses! O Communions of this journey! Pray for me; I know you do it; and besides, have the angel left you to pray also for me. Yes, yes! I say your angel; Josephine is all that, I hope also. Too happy Mother! and I say this not to tempt. You thereby are not the

better; but your obligation to tend incessantly to become so is extreme, because goodness is truly infinite in your Sisters, and in your dear daughters. What do I say? One side bleeds, while I charm the other. But, in fine, let us humble ourselves lovingly, peacefully, and let us pray ardently that GOD may still deign to add to His graces,—at least, that of preserving William and Dick, children of your solicitude. Nothing more, dear Mother, but the holy name of JESUS, that of MARY, and ETERNITY.

Chapter third of Daniel, yesterday...



Brother * and Mother read both.

Good news!

Bishop Cheverus is going Friday afternoon, to be Saturday afternoon at the Mountain and the Valley,—Sunday, give Confirmation at the Sisterhood. If you have a few of the boys may be they could come and be tonsured...† I mean

* Mr. Dubois.

† Words indistinct.

with whom my heart is all engaged now, to the Sisterhood, to spare his fatigues, for he has almost as bad a cold as our venerable Archbishop, when he was there. Sunday evening he comes back to Uniontown, being obliged to leave Baltimore Tuesday, every moment being strictly calculated, Philadelphia, New York, till Boston *before Christmas*.

Who goes?... Mr. Harent in his gig—O my heart, too, is going!

Have every best care of so good, so good, so good a man. Let some one make a little *pale* of monument of simple thread; a JESUS and a Calvary embroidered, any trifle of delightning charity, he is so good! See! so good, that he would not listen to these my representations. Yet, if the weather was so very bad, we would feel obliged to stop him.

I had written this yesterday knowing not that—

God be blessed!

I think occasions so rare, Archbishop incapable of traveling that you could, and Mr. Duhamel, and Mr. Hickey,

have some persons of the congregation for Confirmation.

Your own brother Bruté,
My Mother, all yours too, in JESUS,
and MARY.

Our Archbishop's Anniversary.

I write you a few lines again, from the Archbishop's house, all hearts still moved by the good De Cheverus. Nothing, my Mother, could express to you what he said. You have had the pleasure of hearing him, you know his manner so mild, so sensible, and the subject. The worthy Archbishop would himself have been charmed, and I could see him extended in the bottom of his tomb, listening with pleasure and smiling at his second successor, for it appears, it shall be so. He will surely be coadjutor, and surely one cannot hear it without desiring it. But, my Mother, my Mother, what can we desire in this world, I would wish to live without desires, and they carry me off on all sides! You would be

ashamed of your poor President, to see him so bothered, hurried, speaking, writing to this good Bishop. Never, never shall I do things in measure, never, never! In Heaven, dear Mother, measure without measure; this is the one we need, but it suits us badly, for you have the measures of this life better than I have. And I cannot make light of it, after all, I am wrong; I do not do half of the good that time might enable me to do.

Alas, alas! the more I write, while they talk around me, the more contrary things do I say—Understand me then without my writing any more than the word, O Anina! Rebecca!—the word, *Eternity!*

No more desires, do I say? and I know not how to contain those which come to me from every recess of the heart, to be of the number which I am not!...

On Monday morning, if he says Mass for you, he could give you the anniversary sermon of the Archbishop, and in

the midst of his daughters, hearts so devoted, repeat to you this address so delicious which we have just heard.

A few days after the visit of Bishop Cheverus to the Valley, Father Dubois announced to Father Bruté another death in St. Joseph's dear family,—that of Sister Madeleine.

In 1811, Bishop Dubourg returned from the Isle Martinique. Eighteen months before he had resigned the control of the Community, but his interest in its growth and prosperity had not abated. Immediately upon his arrival in Baltimore he addressed the following letter to Mother Seton, still wounded and disappointed at his resignation.

Baltimore, July, 1811.

Dear Mother,

Behold I am just arrived, and what will please if not surprise you, I sit down to write to your Reverence even before I have seen any one of my friends in this part of the world. Pretend after this to be ignorant of the rank you hold in my affections.

I bring you two novices; one rather advanced in age, who promises to be of very little help in anything that requires wit, cunning or instruction; but who, as I was telling you in my last, dated in the beginning of April, is a capital hand at the

needle, and who can patiently sit the whole day at the work basket,—a piece of furniture you told me once you stood in very great need of,—otherwise a good Israelite in whom there is neither guile nor deceit, and who will be as gentle and docile as a lamb.* The other aged about twenty-seven,† is everything good that you can imagine; lively as a lark, simple and innocent as a dove, full of ardor for God, and His service, of activity in the performance of her external duties. She will be a treasure in your Community, as a house-keeper, a seamstress, a tutoress, or as a model of piety.—All this well understood if I am not deceived by appearances, for you know, a man, whoever he may be, should ever be cautious how he forms his opinion of one of your blessed sex!

This excellent girl, who by the by, never had in France any other inclination than to become a Sister of Charity, but who, from a concurrence of circumstances was prevented from it, and led last Fall to Martinique, where contrary to all her expectations, she found the means of following the first impulse of her heart,—this girl, I say, has a sister, a young widow, too long the sport of the world, and the dupe of its wiles, who wearied of a life of bustle and dissipation, has lately made her

* Sister Louise Roger.

† Sister Adele Salva.

peace with God, and determined to seek in retirement and piety that quiet which is to be found nowhere else. You may imagine whether I have discouraged her from so rational a desire. She will, with your permission follow her sister to Saint Joseph's Valley, there to find in your maternal bosom help, comfort and encouragement. She can look for all that; no one better fitted than you are to administer it. You will feel for her when you know her,—when you will be introduced into the secrets of her feeling, and naturally virtuous heart. I recommend her, dear Mother, to all the affections of your heart, she needs them, she deserves them. You may ask: "But what will she do for the Community?" Nothing, yet. Time will tell for itself, and we shall talk of this at a later period. I hope she will one day be very useful. Let now the Community, and especially the Mother, be as useful to her as they can. Her expenses, in the meantime shall be defrayed.

I have brought several things for you from Martinique which shall be conveyed by the first opportunity. If you want a further supply of funds for completing the payment of your debts, let me know it as well as anything else you may need for clothing or comfort.

God bless you all, my dear Mother, and Sisters
as many times as is done by

Your sincere friend,

William DuBourg.

Madame Guerin was this young widow; later Bishop DuBourg asked for his penitent the name of Magdalen. Mother Rose and Sister Margaret George give the history of her community life. She was received first as a boarder, and her little son placed at the Mountain and provided for. While at sea, and in some danger, she made a vow to wear a brown dress and cap for three months, in honor of our Blessed Mother, should she arrive safely in port. Before the three months expired she petitioned to be received into the Community, and this dress was afterwards adopted as the habit for the novitiate. Accustomed to the indulgence and luxury of West India life, ours must have seemed very hard to her, for our beginnings were poor, and our privations many; yet she was remarkable for her spirit of mortification, and she delighted in the most abject offices. Often her tender and beautiful hands would be bleeding from exposure in the yard during winter cleaning the most filthy vessels; with this she was delighted. Once, descending the stairway carrying a night-bucket, she met the Rev. Superior, ascending bearing the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. She was

greatly distressed, and sought an early opportunity to cast herself at the feet of the Superior, and ask pardon for what, though unintentional, looked like a mark of disrespect. The calm reply of good Father Dubois restored peace. "My child, the God of Charity, met a Sister of Charity, performing an act of charity."

Her union with God made her habitually silent, yet her ever ready smile, and obliging disposition proved that this union only rendered her more anxious to aid her companions. She suffered for several months before her death the usual pains of a pulmonary disease, but was only one month confined to the infirmary. This death Father Dubois announces:



Mount St. Mary's, Dec. 20, 1816.

Some lines in haste to my brother, and by post—
it is for a good work.

This evening at half past four the good Sister Madeleine (Mad. Guerin) departed to join her dear patron Saint, whose example she has followed so well. A death as sweet as that of Rebecca, and precious in the eyes of the Lord. Extreme Unction administered this morning at ten. She had yesterday received holy Communion in the chapel downstairs. This evening, after dinner, I gave her the

Plenary Indulgence, and then Holy Viaticum. After an hour of silence, and apparent insensibility —(I had returned to hear confessions) she turned towards the crucifix: "O my good JESUS! my good JESUS!" They presented the crucifix to her. She kissed it with transport, and as if her mouth was still full of the Holy Victim she had received. She appeared to *savor* it as if her mouth was filled with an exquisite food;—such is the comparison of the Mother who was there. Then she turned towards Mother. "O my good Mother, my dear friend!" and she cast her dying arms around her neck. Then she turned, and kissed again the crucifix. A moment after she asked for her sick-nurse, the good Sister Anastasia. She put her arms also around her neck, as if to thank her for the care she had bestowed. A little after, I came up. I announced to her that the moment of departure had come. She smiled. I commenced the prayers for the agonizing, and before I had finished, she rendered without effort, without agitation, in a perfect calm, her soul into the hands of her divine Master. Pray always for her, and recommend her to the prayers of our gentlemen; a Mass from each one. Our good Sisters will repay them a hundred-fold. The Mother lives amongst the angels; she imagines now that her presence can but trouble her good daugh-

ters; she has heard her name intermingled with that of our JESUS. I,—I am inundated with consolations, and so have been for some time in the midst of all my temporal trials.—The Mother goes her round of daily duties, and seems to forget the unworthiness of the poor Superior, whom she treats with all possible cordiality...

J. Dubois.

1817.

Sunday, St. Polycarp.

• O ETERNITY!

*To the world it seems extermination
and lo! they are in peace.**

In the middle of the valley which is "full of bones" I stop at this verse of Ezechiel, and think how awful to you—I think of your secret, hidden remembrances in that deserted room. I think that surely I have never felt as Mother has, but, O my Mother! *they* are much more a crown to you than a real sorrow; and as you say, the living poor ones trouble you more than the so, so happy.

* Under a pen and ink sketch of five graves.

dead. Yet, peace;—all peace, superabundant after our Communions.

Tuesday. I entreat you read in our former spirit of union the sixth chapter of the second book of Machabees. That death of Eleazar. How could poor protestants choose to strike out such beautiful things. What a profound and sad remark verse twenty-nine! But how the thirtieth brightens, etc. etc.

Here follows a little pen and ink sketch of St. Joseph's.

St. Joseph's,—charity,—Sisters,—prayer,—Communion,—rules,—silence,—peace,—order,—meekness,—humility,—zeal,—good works,—instruction,—little ones,—conversions,—new converts,—penitent souls,—Faith, Hope, and Love,—and Love the greatest,—O, then Eternity!

It strikes me that our Lord dwells in the lowest part of the building. O, be lowly, my poor soul!...

O my GOD! to arrive on the shores of

Eternity,—at the gates of Heaven!...to be admitted there!

I write this upon this earth of passage, the eve of St. Francis de Sales.

St. Francis de Sales! A profound sigh

Where is my sweetness, my patience, my equality of soul and disposition?

Where is my tender love, my true zeal for my neighbor?

Where is my pure love for my Sovereign Master, my vigilance in serving Him well, and in sanctifying my soul, His image, and which He will soon recall to Himself?

O St. Francis de Sales! St. Vincent de Paul! St. Simon Apostle, who lived so near our Lord! O my Mother! the succession of thoughts!...



“HE IS ALL.”

My eyes fill with tears, my heart swells... When, when will such words have their full effect on my soul? I feel at a glance, the wonderful extent of

truth, and beauty, and delight of this all:...He is all!

"He," my Mother...who? He, the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost! He who "loved me with an eternal love, and drew me in pity"... He who "loved me, and delivered Himself for me"... He who loves me in every beating of my heart, and cries with me. "Father! Father!"even "with unspeakable graces"...

...He who helps me to say,

"JESUS."

And when we say "JESUS" what can add to our full happiness? "MARY" adds not, but makes it the more sensible, praying as a mother... And you, whom I like to call a Mother here, as I call one in France my Mother, you add not, indeed, but you have so well helped me better to know, (yes, better still, a priest of His as I was,) to know my happiness, and desire, but alas! so vainly desire, to impart the same to others, to know, and love, and say: JESUS.

JESUS in MARY...on Calvary...at the
Right Hand...on the altar..in my breast
and yours.

.....
Alas, words! nothing said...silence
then...silence, the love and the praise...
But, Eternity will come. Let it delay
if we may save more...

Make all happy, open-hearted, super-
naturally minded about you.



My Mother fear not distractions in
this postage.* It rather helps, and in-
creases my grace, and I know yours is
pleased at it, as you wish so fervently
the poor priest might have more of peace,
love, and union, however unfaithful
after; still is it the moment of grace.
Increase it in the communion of saints,
by your good, humble prayer. Alas,
alas! why not to become better; so sweet
it is only to seek a moment for it.

As for your little transactions, not one
thought. Your own blessed abandon.

* He would say a *little letter*.

Why not to will the Will and order of Providence, and if we will it sincerely, why to be in the least troubled about it once made manifest, and become out of question. O! that you may often remind me of this, as I forget it much more than you.

All, all, all by Providence and in Providence. My Lord! Thou didst take me, receive me from the womb of my mother. Thou didst carry me in Thy arms, all the days of my life. Indeed so, truly so. I know were I to see an old age, Thou wouldst never resign me to any other care than your own. In magnificence, and salvation do you lead me along. O! let me only trust, abandon myself, then breathe that ether, look at the sky, watch for grace, love, and die. Eternity comes next, and why not the blessed one through my JESUS. Joy then, and again *joy*.



I think that there can be no solid comparison between the blessings of a spirit of discreet economy in behalf of the poor, and what is said of encouraging the arts and industry to the utmost abilities of the rich.

There will be enough of others, to go all lengths, to leave pious ladies on the side of retrenching rather so every object of expense, provided the decency of their condition be sufficiently observed.

Ah, think of the different kinds of poor! Babes, infants, children, youths to provide, widows, destitute mothers, mechanics sick, their usual means none, emigrants, fires, casualties, old people etc. so much for bodily assistance; and schools etc., and poor churches, etc.

Think then, in what is it in little more or less, on apparel and furniture, so many articles, dainties, etc., pleasure jaunts, etc., how many, many dollars a year could be spared.

That stuff so much?—*Well, this one may do.*

That lace,—that silk?—*This may do.*

This chain for the watch? *This will do.*

These earrings?—Savings.

That fine album?—*O, the album of Heaven! etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.*

Grand total.

Signed for the
poor with the
blood of their
JESUS.

A check on the Bank
of Heaven,—interests
and not annuity but
Eternity!



Monday, Night.

...Life in a hurry, but thanks to our Beloved, never more of Him than this whole afternoon amidst every philosopher's disquisition, and this night such union with your happy solitude, and close union to Him. Such remembrances of my little Brittany, and a first Easter and Holy Week mission in a country parish where one of my dearest friends lives, (is curate,) one who was actually deported to Guiana, South America, and escaped, and came back.

Wednesday, First morning union.

A sad hurry, but, like you all interior calm. Dear Mother, only the perpetual remembrance and union of the Holy Week. Ah! when will be the week of Heaven—to praise—to love! This world is but a continual distraction. Fortunately the heart can watch and unite itself. Let us ask incessantly this grace.

.....

O land of America, be catholic! and a deep sigh that it will not be in the day appointed for it, Corpus Christi. O! the Corpus Christi days of my infancy in Rennes, the hundred crowns from window to window, and even a full sheet white napkin in the narrow street, and under the *Alleluias* going on, thus round my city. O Rennes! if I could forget thee!...



Sunday, two o'clock.

I have spoken again this morning to the congregation so *rough*, so *sad*, so boisterous that you would have suffered,

you, Mother of Charity, to hear me. I do not know any more, in these passing visits, how to take the simple tone, mild, tranquil, instructive which alone, I know, produces solid fruits; enlightens, consoles, encourages. I consider only the kind of hardness of some souls. I forget the others, and attack the former as if to take them by storm: O, how far this is from the good spirit. It was not thus, I know, that St. Vincent did so much good. His secret was more happy; he sanctified himself with fervor, and treated others with a modesty and goodness which charmed and subjugated them. My Mother, apply yourself to make known a life so touching. I would wish to have it printed in English, were it only the small one, and then some pages omitted which would be less useful here. I would wish to make you understand what I conceived yesterday of this soul, as to its resemblance to his divine Model.

1. Sovereign purity of the waters of the little lake reflecting so perfectly the

Supreme Image...hatred of all sin, even the smallest...sole will of GOD reigning in him; thoughts, words, actions, all in order.

2. Peace, serenity, luminious wisdom, supernatural views in all things; grace, the divine element, the life of GOD in him...what St. Paul said, "I live not I," my JESUS in me. What commerce has such a soul then, with other souls, the spirit of GOD causing itself to be felt in all: nothing *human* which men detest by a just instinct in matters of religion. If any one speaks, says the Apostle, let it be as the words of GOD.

3. His love for GOD, and for man, so perfect that he could only love GOD himself in all things; and he loved others, and served them, as loving, and serving GOD in them. O! what fruits was it not given to that soul to produce!

Well! we are now both lost in confusion and shame of our extreme misery: but if this feeling is sincere, why should we not try to be better. Why to despair of doing better for our Beloved?—



Our Father will come this morning, dine and do business with you; be blessed all. I do but enjoy, and am ashamed almost of it, when he has such an active and amiable service all to his own charge. Yet it seems it is Providence, and may it be long so. I have most certainly no ambition of affairs; only, it were as certain that I do not incapacitate myself for them if ever they were my lot. Yet, my Mother, I "give up" this scruple, because, either the case comes not, or then GOD grant enough to an entire reliance upon Him. I truly felt it when the President at St. Mary's, of which, I, more than any, thought myself quite unable.

Only, only this blessed retreat to try again for better sanctification.



...I find this, Rebecca's Church, this moment, half past four, opening my Mother's bible. I will not lay covetous

hands upon so sacred a property, asking only one Our Father, and one Hail Mary, for the packetage and conveyance.



A sweeter or happier moment than that of retreat, my dear Mother! What tranquillity is shed upon the soul! What sentiment of the divine Goodness, and of the care of divine Providence for such little creatures! All is happiness for me this morning since my awakening, each breathing, each step. Let us bless, at least, at this moment; let us adore, cherish this only Goodness which penetrates us. Let us unite ourselves to our good JESUS, who has thought individually of us, of you, of me,—alas! of each one of those innumerable souls which cover the earth, and they forget Him! They do not love Him! Ah! they do not think of Him, do not know Him, for they would love Him, and would not crucify Him, in this glory of love, and sweetness which surround Him. Moth-

er! He thought of us in His desert, at night on the mountain, in the garden of agony, on the cross. Can we believe this without uniting ourselves to Him with our whole soul, uniting ourselves to Him, losing ourselves in Him, and abandoning all to Him. O Heavenly Father! O Saviour! O Consoler!

Father, Son, Holy Spirit!

Holy Trinity!

Triple Love, Only Love! All Love,
All Goodness! All Pity!



Forgive us our trespasses.

I will pay to our Lord ten thousands which I owe Him, and submit myself to all the consequences if I can't pay.

S. Bruté.

I give it back interest and all, provided only my brethren are free of all their debts to thee.

Signed with my blood.

JESUS.

*ETERNITY.*

Monday morning.

My dear Mother, how carefully you give back every thing, even the little birds on the fence. It makes me ashamed: as if I attached importance to things which I have never courage enough to read over. O! you know me better than as a proud, conceited man... Alas! how do I assert I am not; may be I am. Yet, I feel so much abhorrence at being so any way, conscious or unconscious.

.....

My Mother, the heart is full to overflowings... But, there would be no end. Let all be lost in our blessed silence, and quiet abandon of all to Him who overwhelms us with graces and goodness. Be happy!—only that my cry, as for my own France-mother, or more, which would be so bad,—and do good as you can. Be certain you do, and have done, and will do to the last, good to be seen

in a whole eternity ; but so properly to be unknown now, and clouded, or overclouded for yourself now. Only peace, great peace, and I think you have. Tell me, "I have great peace in Him. Had you not,—still good too, *as trial*.

"*He is All!*"



O! life of the servants of GOD here below, of poor little souls trying to please Him,—the hard labors of His Dubois, the mighty desires of His Cooper, the sweet peace of impotence to His Gab, and His Bet.* Great, great, great Lord! —tender Saviour!

O delights of faith and love! O, wonderful alliance of all truth, all extremes in that Infinite! As you say, its own proof, because it answers so well the word infinite.

Infinite Majesty, but infinite Love.

And Eternity to these poor little locusts with such a chirping of love and

* Gabriel Bruté—Elizabeth Seton.

praise to their infant, and their victim,
and their good JESUS.



St. Paul, the First Hermit. The feature which charms me under his rocks, and his palm trees, his head whitened, worn out with mortification and years, the freshness, the gayety, the calm of this heavenly soul!...his lively, and innocent repartees, to his venerable and humble visitor! O delights of Heaven! scenes which the angels then contemplated as they do now those of the Mountain and the Valley;...a mother... widow ...the vowed daughter of Saint Vincent...her daughter and her son at the holy table with her ..the others very near there in the tomb, and two sisters, worthy of the other saints of this *little wood*, etc. O my God! how I would wish this poor Mr. Wharton could still enjoy this. O St. Paul, St. John the Baptist!—holy penitents in the purest innocence! And what penance do we do? Not even that of doing our duties

well, nor suffer well our common pains,
nor govern well our miserable interior.
My GOD! bless us this year with a better
life, more fervent, more vigilant.

Adieu, my Mother,—Let us pray!



Annapolis, January, 1818.

I came here Thursday last, returned
Monday night, came back, yesterday;
the whole to have the College * spared
as they wanted to pass a street through.
It will not.

I read with such pleasure for William
and you all. I was there when reading.
I am here...I will be in Baltimore,
Friday..I was at Emmettsburg in 1815..
I was on the Eastern Shore in 1811...I
was in France in 1810...I am, I was, I
will be...no end! But, I will be in the
grave at...and, O my GOD! shall I not
be in Heaven after death...there *fixed*...
Eternity...

I put aside my good Mrs. Sadler...a
sigh, but a profound adoration, a total

* St. Mary's, Baltimore.

abandon to Him, a desire to sanctify myself better.

I put this sheet aside, or rather I send it to you, another *inspiration*, as you call it. Two Misses Thomas who knew well Anina when they lived in Baltimore, talked much of her. They are quakers, but light; good things however who question much about religion, and are most polite to the poor priest. I drew trifles, and gave. "Wrong," you say... Well! I moreover wrote this, but, then dared not expose again the president... and send it to you.

Pray, and that I may pray... True prayers, O my Lord! for I do many very badly... I leave church, and have given thirty communions, and three christenings; but some received twice, yet they are enough to have a priest. I think good old Mr. Carroll ought to keep one at Annapolis, and the congregation would fast increase as at Emmettsburg. No more room but to ask again your prayers, and unions in communions.

S. Bé.

(The letter he wrote to Quakeresses.)



For the account of our Eternity.

Dated upon this little revolving ball of our earth.
Of our Lord, 14 January, 1818.

My good Ladies,

You have accepted of my little pictures, the Blessed Virgin under a tree, in the solitude whilst on her flight to escape Herod..That *cross* which reminds us in so striking a manner how much He has loved us, who, every one of us must say with such a gratitude, and heavenly love, "delivered Himself for me!"...For me, the poor little atom of this world!...Me, a sinful and very little religious creature!...and that *tomb*, and the word to be engraven upon our very heart, ETERNITY!...Eternity! That immense, blissful or terrific Eternity made by GOD to be allotted, and appointed for us in relation to so short a moment of life.

You will, no doubt, receive also these

lines of good intention, and desire that you might more seriously seek for that salvation about which you put to me some questions, but which, indeed, is to be sought for in such an earnest, and holy fear, rather than levity or too much confidence. It is a serious thing to die, a serious thing to be judged!...judged from conscience and grace, from natural and revealed lights equally to be cherished and obeyed.

Do not imagine that life is gloomy and sad which is directed by such a holy fear and carefulness. Indeed, it is the only happy life, and that in which it is said we have to rejoice, and again rejoice! What a calmness, dignity, pleasantness in the ways of innocence, or of sincere penance, in ways of sound *faith*, candidly examined, and unreservedly embraced; of exalted, infinite, everlasting *hope*; of that grand, and pure *love* which alone can sanctify every other affection, whilst the question being put after St. Paul's advice, we may really answer; "Yes, O

my Lord! it is to please Thee I thus think, desire, and try to act!"...



My dear Mother,

In this new beginning it seems as we all together want to renew our best confidence in our Lord Himself, for how can I hope to be His blessed instrument but through His adorable will, and most tender mercies to souls so entirely offered to Him in the ways of His most perfect service on earth. Indeed, let it be all confidence, all pure faith and love, and we may be sure that His grace will be confirmed in every heart, even by the most unworthy, and unfit instrument. Humility, Simplicity, Charity. How well these blessed names of the three virtues marked out by Saint Vincent, will carry us through. Indeed it is but my most sacred duty to try to assist your dear family, and yourself, Mother. My heart, and my eyes, I might say, at this very moment fill at the thought, as it will appear to me when

my Lord, and your Sovereign Creator, and most tender Saviour, will, at my death ask me what I did *feel*, and still more what I did fulfil of such a charge. Holy confidence in *Him*, is all on both sides, poor man nothing. Ah, so well do I feel it for me,—but, I am glad to feel so, and wish to feel more so, that truly our Lord be all in all!



*Notes for Sister Helen Brady's
Burial.**

“Every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father”...

...O my Lord, that most perfect gift of a holy death is Thine also, but have we not every best mark it was granted.

* Sister Ellen Brady (own sister of Sister Felicitas) entered the Community, August 24, 1816. “She was kind and obliging,” writes Sister Margaret George, “unassuming and affectionate.” Her death was sudden and unexpected,—termination of blood to the head. Medical aid arrived too late, she sank into a stupor, and died April 21, 1818.

Separated by a special vocation from the great temptations of this land of offence, she showed the most certain marks of a certain and divine call.

She exhibited the most evident marks of her pure and simple intention. She came to seek for perfect gifts. She invariably exhibited that principal spirit of charity which is the great end of your vocation, mildness, patience, readiness to assist, and do her most humble compliance with advices; an equal and peaceable mind easily inclined to support the weaknesses of others, and to spare them her own. There is but one voice here,—how kind, laborious, and truly humble and gentle was your Ellen.

And is not this the daily preparation, and best pledge of a happy death? It is, dear novices, remark it, I intreat you. It is not so much your fervent prayers, as what of them will have been turned into real and improved grace; it is not so much your diligent, and even sorrowful examinations, as the real application, to mend every day something, and im-

prove, which will be the great preparation of your happy death.

To die with all the pleasurable leisure of an actual and immediate preparation, carried on with sensible marks of piety amidst the continual and tender exertions of all our religious friends, and all the support of the sacraments then received a last time is certainly a precious grace, but let me tell you, that it is not on what you should depend. O, no! How many souls are like this on a sudden wrapped up in death, and hurried away with very little of these immediate preparations; and among them how many of the most faithful souls, and those we have reason to think the most acceptable to God;—they made their whole life their steady preparation. Blessed souls! they may then receive their short summons, and deliver themselves to those abridged forms of death which take nothing from the substantial, and real preparation. Ellen, Ellen had a happy death, my dear Sisters, for she loved her God with the most humble fidelity, and

loved and served you with the same humble and most perfect fidelity.

Yet you know the spirit of the Church, as she herself knows the pure holiness of her Lord, and she calls through faith on your piety to send up your prayers and communions for the relief which might still be wanting for that excellent Sister.

Oh, the "perfect gift" of an eternity face to face!... Who could think of it but with the most humble spirit? And who could spare prayer and preparation to secure it from divine mercy, whether for one's self, or for a Sister? Blessed Communion of the Saints! Blessed faith, to know that still our love can avail! O, then let us redouble our fervor!...



Chateaubriand, page 292. "It was on this spot that MARY, who had been at first driven by the guards, met her Son bending beneath the weight of His cross"... Then, he adds: "Eighteen centuries of persecutions without end of

incessant revolutions, of continually increasing ruins, have not been able to erase, or hide the traces of a mother going to weep over a son."

I stop so moved. My good Mother will be. Yet let us leave something transcending and sacred to the sorrows of MARY, above those of this earth.

She wept, He suffered, but all was divine.

Mothers weep here below, but, alas! their tears over their sons, are often bitter. Those of MARY could not be; yet those of MARY, and the blood of JESUS mix with them in mercies so utterly unspeakable.

O William! O my brothers! O Eternity!

.....

At 10.

Read the Epistle, O, fullness of suffering, and devotedness! How ashamed to read that even in America, and so far from all I loved! Alas, ashamed! What do I! even all around what an empire of sin,—but I, how comfortable, and

easy minded in the middle of these ruins of souls! Indeed! a fine little spot, yet all over the country, does not heresy, catholic ignorance, and sin, and infidelity itself reign much more abundantly...

Read that Epistle, O Mother, and you be a Mother of your good foundation, but pray also for the poor useless priest.

Read the Gospel...adore, bless, love word by word...mysteries an abyss...an abyss of delight...a world of instruction; JESUS in each word, seen and felt, but how to make Him manifest,—yet this, this must have been, and ought to be the whole of my offering and consecration for Him and for His Church. O, pray!...



My little room, no one coming.

My dear Mother,

Shall I tell you, and will you tell Sister Betsy, in all simplicity, as an encouragement, that I was awhile ago

moved to tears, and the sweetest tears, in seeing with what perfect order, all the ornaments, the linen, the folds, all, are arranged in this bureau of Mr. Duhamel.* You know that I do not always appear sufficiently sensible of this care of love; I recognize it, nevertheless, thanks to GOD, and I bless Him, in seeing Him thus loved, adored, revered in the smallest things.

O! tell it also to the novices, for I believe, and have said it often, that notwithstanding the vain ideas of the world, these are very true, and very amiable acts of virtue in this affection for the smallest things in His service.

Good Betsy! Do we not see her pure zeal, her mortification in the coming, her desire to please GOD in this poor people, her care, without negligence, even until the last pin, and the last fold be in order, etc., etc.

O my Mother! let us bless, love, serve with great joy, and expansion of heart,

*The Sisters had charge of the altars at Emmettsburg and the Mountain at that time.

in the smallest things. Alas! what great things can we do for this Sovereign Master of Heaven and earth, this King of Eternity! What? Anastasia, a broth,—Sally, the washing,—Jane, some ciphers,—Augusta, some crotchets and quavers,—Xavier, the medical syrup,—Catharine, her bread,—Barbara, and Martina their milk and butter,—what more? Johanna, some tears,—Mammy Jordan, her prayers,—and you, I beg you, the sleep of St. John, and the meditations of St. Peter, as would the child on the bosom of its mother.



Afternoon.

Other tears of joy and happiness just now folding these sacred ornaments of the day; O goodness, if sensible of it.

Meditation...going to you, and beads, some life of the saint of my own country.

Mass—Communion.

And all yours, which make me almost as happy as my own, because you receive Him better.

Came here...confession...early communions...that tabernacle opened...seeing, touching our JESUS!

Confession again...Breviary, Little Hours, 118.

Second Mass...preaching eternal truth and love.. confession after Mass...dinner with a good catholic...visited a sick ...confession of an old sinner...Vespers ...catechism...confession...fold the ornaments, and soon to be in your little asylum for Benediction.



Intentions.

O Eternity!

1. GOD alone.
2. Duty and rule, daily bread.
3. Patience and merits,—O Eternity!
4. Union to JESUS, all our grace.
5. Mass and Communion, delights.
6. Simple care of one's health, as of another.
7. All affliction, resigned quietly.
8. Self-denial in pains, as if in Gethsemane.

9. Love of souls,—zeal, alas, alas!
10. Eternity in sight, closely, firmly.
11. Peace and watchfulness in all things.
12. Holy joy in the inmost soul through the Holy Ghost, His incessant cry. So soon the eternal, unspeakable joys, eternal praise and gratitude,—eternal love, for GOD is Love; anything else nothing, truly nothing. So, O my Mother, and all that I love.

O my GOD, my JESUS alone, alone in the Sacred Heart of your own Mother MARY—(my mother too, bad as I am!)—and incomparably the best of mothers.

Forgive, let us do better.



When Mother destroyed her papers, I requested her to let me have some, the better to know the old enemy; (Protestantism) the more so as it was after, in 1817, they had *printed* her own diary to Leghorn.



Night, Saturday.

So I write rather than prepare
my sermon to-morrow.

My Mother is destroying, yet *spare for me some bags*. I hope will not misuse. And my curiosity is all, also, I think, on the side of knowing more what yet truly, I think, I know much already of, the insight of the camp of the enemy, even through the best, and surely the many to be known, and excused by their own blessed Master, but so evidently misled by that great, sad enemy who sowed cockle in the field of the Father...

So you prepare for death, (though I don't believe it!) And I, for a life of thirty, or forty more, and an old useful age after such foolish, useless life as I spent, and spend in endless preparations of no effect.

Ah! to-day, my anniversary of ordination,—to-morrow, of my first Mass. Ah, the heart of that moment,—the ex-

alted hopes! And, alas! what have I done for my own dear Master! My GOD, O my GOD, pity! Even through my constant, careless, and easy abandon, what glimpses of fear!...



16 June, 1818.

Eternity, Eternity! A ten thousand, a hundred thousand... Ah! a million,... ah, no! endless numbers of times repeated.

Alas, repeated here below, such a delight,—what then, enjoyed above!

O, tell it to me, Anina!

Tell it, Rebecca!

Tell it, my Joseph Clauzel!

Tell it my Frain, my Buisson, my dear, my own sister Angelica, my others, I hope too...

O! tell it to me, what is ETERNITY?

Tell it, my good Angel! Tell it, O MARY, to your most unworthy, but most loving child, tell it, O, tell it!

I stop in awe... Tell it, O YOU, hanging on the cross for me!... You, my GOD,

who came to speak of it to me from a cross!...No! in my breast a moment before.

O JESUS, O Eternity, O, let me only die the death of saints!



My Mother,

Union how sacredly received. How seriously to be accounted, O my Lord!

O my Mother! help me, as I will help you.

Your good little notes...

My main principle is to go as gently, and softly as I can.

In the college I had been peace to all, till I was not so much so in the late occurrences. O spare me, spare my friends, O Lord,—O my Lord, if we did wrong!

How sorry would I be, to be in the least, a diminution of grace among such souls as now trusted to me for the main point of *sin and grace*, and *advice of eternity*.

Eternity, my Mother, our *pure, peace*

able, loving, patient, and silent preparations.

No particular one should be necessary to the priest who every day... O Altar!

O Mother, Faith, Love, and *Altar*! Comfort every one, be a MOTHER, I the FATHER.

O, such names!

You have been a mother, and are,—that mother of nature, which our Lord Himself was pleased to have, and from whose heart is the best name found for a spiritual family—Be to them all a Mother of tenderness, and assistance, and relief, and pity, and true, eternal love.

And I, who was not a father, but ever felt enough, it seems, what it must be, and so sacredly reverence the name, even in my higher and more sacred portion and office, help me to be a father, give me every useful notice to be so.

But, let them all, with me, feel the absence of their first, and true father, and feel rather, that for every thing else, than the divine part so secret, he is still.

Yourself, O my Mother! watch so

sacredly the whole interior to prove to him, though a mother to others, a true child to him, your Superior.

Our Lord, you know, caresses the children, and tells us all to be children to enter into His Kingdom.

My GOD! My Lord!

"Thy Kingdom Come!"

Pray, pray, pray continually for the Church, especially for America, and for this diocese...our prayer and work for ages to come, and soon for our account.



My Mother, our three points, my meditation again, this morning: GOD, infinite Sanctity, infinite Wisdom, infinite Goodness.

And I, humility, humility, humility, humility, and sweet union to Him alone.

Nevertheless, since it is said: "Be you therefore perfect as also your heavenly Father is perfect," let us labor sincerely to resist our weaknesses, *to sanctify ourselves.*

Kindness, kindness, kindness to all,

this above all for a mother. To-day, if St. Francis de Sales was living, he would say it to Mad. de Chantal if she still lived. We should not put ourselves in their places, but the fact is, we should speak, and act as they did, and the further we are from these models, the more *persevering should be our efforts.*



ETERNITY.

My Mother.

My little slips of paper.

My charge to sanctify you.

No, but to assist carefully in it.

My grace of the moment.

It is to insist on what you like best.

Yes, prayer,—true prayer.

I may say that you like it, for it means
not that you are perfect in it.

Alas! poor prayer all ours!

Yet, it is surely the true means.

“Ask, and you shall receive.”

I asked this morning the good, right
spirit.

"Ask"...my JESUS tells me so!
He gave me the example.
He spent nights alone at it.
Nights upon the mountain.
He prayed at His blessed last supper.
Prayed going to the garden.
Prayed on His cross.
Prayed, and blessed at His Ascension.
O my soul! He prays in the tabernacle.
He prays even at the Right Hand.
My Mother, do love praying!
Melody in your heart.
Melody of peace, love, hope, resignation.
Melody of offerings of every kind.
You,—children,—spiritual daughters,—
friends.
Church, O Church of God, Church of
the Divine Blood.
Sinners, unfortunate sinners, poor, ig-
norant priests, the good ones, the sick,
the bad; ah! pray, in recollection,
sweet amiableness all, unwearied pa-
tience, perpetual union to
JESUS and MARY.

Read up the mountain the 33. of 3.
Book, short, but so full—Read it to-
morrow: *St. Bruno*.

The bell!—hush!—go!

.....

Bed. I will sleep.

You will watch, pray, unite, regret,
prepare, love, unite again to our *All*,
our *Jesus*!



St. Bruno,
afternoon.

"O Goodness!" was his
peculiar, wonted expression.

Time carrying away each hour,—away
to *Eternity*. Soon the *altar* restored to
my good Mother, and her pious family,
O!...But the unions in the interior heart
continual.

There the spirit that inhabits crying,
"Abba!" O Father!

Alas! all that I read makes me cry
louder, and louder,...so, so, my Mother.

Father! how long an exile,—how
long from Thee, in the land of vanity
and offence.

O Anina! O Rebecca! Very loud the

cry! Yet, O my Mother, peace, usefulness, amiableness,—*a trial*.



My dear Mother,

I will be at the Sisterhood before the end of your Mass. Try to have some of the children ready for eight. I will return from town before twelve, I hope, and will hear confession, if necessary, till towards three,—no later, on account of the congregation. If you can lend me the horse of Sister Betsy to go to town, and come out, it may save some time.

In union to you all this good day of Mr. Duhamel.

Yr. obt. servant,

S. Bruté.



Read, read the epistles of this fifth Sunday two, three, ten times. O, if ever that Kingdom of Peace and Love in our Saviour had taken place! O, His unsearchable will!

Adoration...Eternity!

Let us save carefully our poor souls, and try, alas! try for others. Alas! alas! I say; yet the worlds of vain thoughts I give up. Even here I do, for what can it avail, but trouble and injury, not benefit...Meanwhile, peace... meanwhile, may be death...

HE IS ALL!

Well! it is Septuagesima. I thought the fifth Sunday!



My dear Mother,

1. Here is the idea of the stole which I beg you to procure me, in the honor of our good Master. All as simple as possible, neither spangles, nor gold, nor silver, nor stones, except the three little buttons on the reverse of the bourse, so they may be solid. I will bring you my brother's as a model for the bourse, which is the principal article, being very well made, convenient, and strong.

2. My rough copies of sermons, since Holy Week.

3. Some books to return to you.



My Mother,

I begin my retreat this evening. Your prayers, and prayers of all, so much asked for by Mr. Duhamel, so much more wanted by me than by that most holy and innocent soul whom your prayers sent so soon after to God.

I will come as usual for Mass, taking after, my silent breakfast, and going to the Mountain.

I beg to be excused for Geography; I will try better the week after.

I will also come as usual Friday, etc.

I do as I can amidst occupations.

Your, your prayers, I do ask. First, to know how good is our Beloved to give the very first desires of His grace.

*Eternity. Heaven.*

1818.

*Main thoughts to form so deeply
during a retreat.*

God *ever* existed.

Man will *never* cease to exist.

God is life itself, self-existent.

Man is life imparted, but forever im-
parted!

What does such a thought imply?

Numbers without numbers,—infinitude.

We are overwhelmed—over-powered by
joy and terror.

Why man become eternal!

An infinite Goodness which has infinite
power bids it.

Put in our mind a thought, desire, con-
sciousness of it.

And indeed, as for bliss, could God
envy it to His saints?

As for hell—alas!—a mystery, justice
divine, infinite.

O my soul! *how much* you should think
of it—*only* of it.

How *little* do we think of it!—truly a
mystery.

How *much* do we think of every thing
else—a mystery!

Alas! the thought often revealed, re-
mains so dark!

As a family buried for successive ages
in a mine.

Seeing but a dim, round, luminous spot
at the top.

One carried up in the basket, then come
down, not believed.

O Eternity! O Thought!

Once there, what shall we see?

Alas! St. Paul says we can't know.

Yet, we know we shall see GOD...

My GOD...infinite glory, beauty, good-
ness!

We shall see our JESUS...

My JESUS...that Divine Humanity at
the Right Hand!

We shall see MARY...the Saints...the
Angels...

O! lost in the blaze reflecting it as
mirrors!

And what will we do?

Praise and love, and be happy...

And all that for Eternity...an endless,
everlasting.

E-t-e-r-n-i-t-y!—

O my soul! will you sin?

Will you not love?

Will you not try—try in JESUS—through
JESUS?

O, for the proper conclusions!

What an elevation above our vile pas-
sions.

Above pride, above covetousness, above
lust.

What an ardor for virtue,—no sacrifice
hard.

What a horror for sin,—what a zeal for
penance.

What a love for GOD,—what an ardor
at prayer.

What a love for JESUS,—what a union
to His grace and merits.

What a zeal too for neighbor,—for poor
sinners.



ETERNITY.

8 August, aged
nearly forty!

Death, Judgment, Eternity,
JESUS, MARY.

A. M. D. G.

1. Resolved to continue in silence the good we do here, without occupying myself with Baltimore.

2. Resolved to abandon myself for this to Providence without relying on my ability and prudence, which are nothing, referring myself generally to Mr. D.

3. Resolved to comport myself with all the sweetness and politeness possible towards every one.

4. Resolved to banish all kinds of judgment of their dispositions, known to God alone.

5. Resolved even not to believe their measures badly determined, though I consider ours better, God alone knows the *absolute better*; we, miserable atoms, we direct ourselves, according to the

relative better;—that is, by what *appears* better to each one as he judges of it in good faith.

6. Resolved to render myself good and amiable to all,—children, masters, domestics, Sisters, congregation, sincerely, and to draw grace.

7. Resolved particularly to be kind, and consoling to Mr. Dubois, who has so many solitudes.

8. Resolved to seek only the love and approbation of my GOD, in uniting myself to my Saviour JESUS, above all at the altar, which is every day, O my GOD!

9. *August.* Resolved, O my GOD! to unite myself more peacefully to your sovereign Will for the non-success of my feeble cares. O pardon the real infidelities,—the positive faults! Spare also, the souls whose interests I may have betrayed.



St. John Beheaded.

(*A revenge... O dancing!*)

E-ter-ni-ty.

Good Jane! She got a communion for...her *Mother*...left out herself; and it seems from good rule, as the Superior observed rules allow not extra for the many days of a same saint, and others would claim it.

O, claim Mother! claim boldly. The Prize granted is inestimable, the refusal, after all, nothing, or rather, another turn of grace, a *cross* and *self-denial*. (This for poor Jane!) only for your, and my communions profit...

How justly you mock me to speak of service improved, I, every day at the altar, I, a priest, I, so "poor, blind, naked and miserable."

Only, I wish to love Him. Only I wish to help other souls to Him...So it seems every day I grow the more awkward at it. GOD be blessed!

...O beautiful astronomy! Our year

is nearly five Mercury years, but Herschell's is eighty-three of ours...and, our Lord's year should be by the Psalm's account, just three hundred and sixty-five thousand since they say one thousand are but one day of His.

But, lo! the splendor of astronomical comparison. I tell you I calculated this morning in a way of meditation and preparation for Mass, most exalted and affecting. (Thanks, my GOD for His own word! Science by itself would puff up, and good Festus said to St. Paul, it would make one mad.)—I calculated, said I, that the eighteen hundred million miles from the sun to Herschell, is not the distance from our earth, to some of the nebulous stars what the imperceptible breadth of a hair would be to a line drawn from St. Joseph's to the church of the Mountain!

And, O my Mother! the Lord of that immense creation *we will receive tomorrow!* O, to say then, our *soul* is more to Him, dearer to Him! O ecstasy of love!



JESUS.

My Beloved is mine, and I am His.

JESUS, the beautiful spouse everywhere.
Beautiful in heaven!

Beautiful on earth!

Beautiful in His Mother, and in His
Mother's arms!

Beautiful laid in the manger, and in
His swaddling clothes!

Beautiful in His works, and miracles!

Beautiful under the scourges!

Beautiful on Mount Thabor!

Beautiful on Calvary!

Beautiful in all His life!

Beautiful in His grave!

Beautiful in His rising and ascension!

Beautiful upon His altar!

Beautiful in our hearts!

Beautiful in Eternity!

JESUS all beautiful to me!—all just!—all
good! all glorious to me!

O JESUS IN ETERNITY!



Meditation.

• 1818.

Purity of Intention.

How necessary,—how many obstacles from bad nature, and too low a sense of piety. How to be fervently prayed for in this retreat.

1. Purity and holiness in our intentions is the most necessary condition of our merits in our trial for Eternity. We know well that our exterior actions depend on the intention. A Sister could perform all the duties of the rule without any merit before God, if it is not to please Him that she performs them, but through human respect, through custom, without affection in them, only to avoid the blame of Superiors, in a word, if it is not for God Himself. What could our Lord reward in such actions, or prayers, or crosses? Be well aware of this, O my soul! How unhappy when we have so great, and so good a Master to love and serve, to forget Him, and adopt

any inferior object as the end of our actions? How unfortunate would we be, O my soul, when we must secure His approbation and pleasure, to deserve but His contempt and anger, when He would perceive that our intention is not for Him,—that He is not really concerned in it, but our own self only, our own pride, or interest, or the vile fear of offending men. O, to please GOD in all! GOD alone! O! to labor for the eternal motives only, not for any base and perishable one. Should all my Sisters approve, it is nothing, if GOD is not my true intention. If He is, how easily can I bear with the judgments of others; all lay in my intention. “All the glory of the king’s daughter is within.” My JESUS! keep it forever present to my soul.

Note: Here between the first and second points is traced in Mother Seton’s hand writing: “What could be the whole world to me without the approving smile of my JESUS, and with it what reproof or contempt would be hard to bear.”

2. Many are the obstacles to a pure intention, to the security and abundance of our merits of eternity. First, inattention,—no kind of intention, a mere mechanical habit. I know, O my Lord, that through Thy infinite goodness, and knowing the exceeding levity, and heaviness of our mind, Thou still acceptest of great many actions from the continuation of first intentions, which persevere, if not altered by sin or improper motives. Yet how much more secure is it to renew as often as we can, our intention towards Thee. How necessary that it should be done often enough, and fervently enough. Secondly, self, interested affections of the heart, particularly pride, vanity, a desire of esteem, and pleasing others. O my soul! in how many things have you often felt the sad impression of such intentions secretly going on, rather than any true, and pure desire of pleasing our JESUS Himself. I know some of that impure mixture of self-interested motives, which forces its way to share in our daily actions will

not always destroy the whole merit of them, so good and merciful is our Lord, so well He knows, and pities our weakness, yet will it not often in fact, destroy the whole, and turn the best things, even prayers and sacraments to serious reproaches? O! do, my soul, watch against so fatal a mixture of self. Prove in all thy intentions a true Daughter of Love. Thirdly, how much to consider also, on the lowness of intentions, good and religious, but only from a fear of hell, shame of sin, loss of the happy, interior peace, trouble of penance. O my poor soul! shall we never look up straight to the Beloved, as a true Daughter of Charity should? Grant, grant us, O Lord! to dwell the most we can but on the purest intentions; I have hitherto too much sinned against this point.

3. My God! my Lord! my Lord! what shall arrest, and keep my whole intention but Thy grace. In the calm recollection of this retreat, in the peace of my interior solitude, do I discover Thy

immortal beauty, and am I not strongly and sweetly drawn to make it the only object of my service. Will not my JESUS, better known, more leisurely and lovingly contemplated seize on my soul, become its all, the Lord of my thoughts, and my desires, the great commander of my actions, the only object of my good life, and good death,—that is, to be at last made entirely His own in eternity. The passionate persons of this world have all their only objects in view, and refer all so completely and perseveringly to it,—my Lord is my All, my All in All, what other intention than His purest service and love, will divide my too feeble efforts, too poor offering. O, grant, my Lord! grant to Thy Daughter of Charity the utmost purity of intention and the most habitual and earnest exercise thereof. Let prayers, aspirations, the clock, a change of duty, the pressure itself of temptations, remind her of directing to Thee, through love, the whole life she has vowed to Thee. O, the happy preparation for death! O,

the secure pledge of a lightsome and bright resurrection,—of a glorious entrance into eternity, purity of intention must secure! How will true merits, more abundant merits, more of the blood of our JESUS, thus be treasured up! My Lord, grant it to be so! Grant us purity of intention!



9 o'clock ; going to the pillow ;
peace and love exulting for Heaven.

Man's sickly soul, though tossed and turned forever from side to side, can rest on nought but Thee; here in full trust, hereafter in full joy. On Thee, the promised, sure, eternal *down* of spirits toiled in travel through this vale; nor of that Pillow shall my soul despond, for Love Almighty, Love Almighty reigns!—Sing, exult creation!—Love Almighty reigns!...

Though GOD and mortal,—hence more GOD to man. Man's theme eternal, man's eternal theme, Thou canst not 'scape *uninjured* from our praise!

Here indeed, poor, little, unworthy, injuring praise; but as the low warbling prelude in the throat of my France's nightingales now, a moment after so loud, brilliant and incessant, filling the fields all around at immense distance.



Joe, that faithful is dying.

Alas! I have not given him Viaticum.

It is not his fault...may be mine.

Yet I must thank...I had confessed him yesterday afternoon.

At ten this night I gave him the holy Extreme Unction, and the indulgence for death.

I said the prayers of agony.

I said them again this morning.

Deliver him, O Lord!...

Depart, Christian Soul! Simple, honest, faithful, zealous, humble, affectionate friend of GOD, and of man, depart! and may my death be as holy, my judgment as easy!

Poor negro! No; happy child, so highly favored!

Poor priest rather, so highly favored too...another Christ, but of such a heavy account...of such duties not so faithfully discharged.

My Lord, pity Thy negro! Pity Thy priest!

Anina, Rebecca, Clauzel, Romeuf, innumerable whose grave he digged, receive him!

Mr. Byrne, whose grave was his own, that wet day he digged it...

O my GOD! the bell for Mass! I go...



We have spoken of the former ones... good Cecelia with Sister Rose. Remember me to her, if you think it is ever so little one grace more to both; as for me, to think sometime of her, is to this moment, a thought, and love of GOD. I do sometimes, and particularly when I take that fine stole she did for our Lord.

Death, I think has been afraid to come, not, in order as you were so watchful in preparation. He wants to surprise as a robber. O! watch then:

First, you will not be surprised then at any time: and secondly, he will be long postponing, waiting how to catch you, and meantime leaving you *with us*. No harm to you; you will serve a little more Him whom you love, and gather a little more of the flowerets of our low valleys for your crown. O, a crown of Eternity!

(Pray for my France...St. Denis.)



Write some notes for Joe...a few little anecdotes of his waggoning, carrying Bec, his Christmas, Epiphanies, little books, so great affection and respect to the Sisterhood, digging graves, etc. I will then add something.



Points of Meditation.

Advent, 1818.

The Ninth Month.

MARY's awaking...rising up.

MARY's first prayers, meditation, views.

MARY'S domestic cares.

MARY'S walking about with her precious treasure.

MARY'S sitting at meals, making that blood to circulate to her Lord.

MARY'S grace at table.

MARY'S conversation with her neighbor.

MARY'S provided for by St. Joseph's labor.

MARY'S preparing the swaddling clothes she had at Bethlehem.

MARY'S preparing the journey there.

MARY'S night prayer.

MARY'S at bed, composing herself to sleep...



A torrent of things have flown into Eternity.

The word of St. Peter, so full of unction for you, and for me: "You are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood."

O yes! for earth, and for eternity, to reign there with Him, to praise, to offer, to love eternally, like the angels themselves and MARY.

This Blood of the Chalice! O! it is Himself, my Mother, and what weakness not to believe it! Is it too much for us, His images, His children, pontiffs, kings in exile? His goodness is prodigal it is true, but it is easy, and it is sweet to believe in, and thus to conceive it immense, infinite, without limit.

O my GOD, bless these Sisters!



I think of the fearful (children) in the house, and wish they may see the visit of our Lord on the good side. All, all goodness, great grace to the living, and we may well hope to the poor child.*

O Bec! Bec's three, four days and nights racking in prayer and torture! How long ago forgotten in her place of delight. O dearest child! How present by moments. Yet, how often not re-

* Angelina Smith, a boarder from Reading, Pa., died January 7, 1819. Her disease, dropsy of the brain; was ill but a few days. Her remains temporarily deposited in the Little Wood, were subsequently removed by her friends.

membered here but by the womb that bore.

Can a mother forget!

Poor Angelina! How will it fare with parents who seem to have been so fond of her.

Tears this morning over the papers of my Bec. I wish I can read also Anina's.



ANGELINA SMITH'S DEATH,

on the 7, January, 1819.

Children who go, praise...

Praise ye, children who remain. O life! one day only of praise... Alas! we who remain, shall we reach through so many temptations and sins, except we live wholly in our praise...

O! sweet child, Angelina, anointed for death, and I knew not. But, O! then I see anointed indeed by your Lord, for how pleasing those little wanderings of her piety afterwards: "Give me my blessed—"...

O my children! praise in life,—all life! For all life is but the rising sun, and so soon the setting thereof.



Her poor mother arrived with two brothers of Angelina. Their affliction was extreme. I said High Mass and preached before that coffin in the choir.

The three Mothers.

One crying in the most lamentable manner. That our Lord might comfort her, invited her to unite with the Blessed Virgin MARY standing at the foot of the cross,—the only possible place of comfort for *Rachel*.

The second, the Church, crying better for the child to her Lord, and heavenly Father. Angelina, her own child, whom she received at her birth, and carefully washed and cleansed in the divine Blood of her JESUS;—for whom she had built this house, and assembled so many mothers and sisters, to have care of her own Angelina;—and when called to die

when she could not receive her blessed first Communion, at least, she anointed her with the oil of the last joys of this world, the consolations of death reaching the soul in full grace, and preparing Angelina for her Lord.

The third, the Blessed Virgin MARY, who loved also the child as her own; whilst the good child failed not to love her, and crown her every day with her beautiful veils of honor, and prayer,—prayer that she should receive her in death, and will she not? O MARY! receive, and present Angelina.

And now, my JESUS, coming so soon upon that altar, be her true propitiation, receive her to Thy glory!

The Saturday, the 9th. of January, she was carried to the Little Wood. The heavy snow permitted not the children to follow: only six Sisters were coming with the priest, and poor *Rachel*.

Eternity.

J. M. J.

To the Government
of St. Joseph's.

St. Agnes' Day.
Cecelia Fenwick's burial,*
January 20, 1819.

My dear Mother,

My dear Sister Betsy, and Sister Margaret of these young ones, and Sister Johanna, of the same common responsibility, so sacred, and so dear.

I am your confessor, and your chaplain. (Too much honor and pleasure you give me!) I think it not displeasing

* Cecelia Fenwick, a boarder from the counties. She was a consumptive. At the time of Angelina Smith's death, a class Sister said addressing herself to the children: "And who will die next?" It chanced, as she spoke that her eye fell on the little sallow face of Cecelia, who exclaimed: "You need not look at me, Sister." However, she became immediately worse, was taken up to the same little cell occupied by Angelina, died there, and was buried in Angelina's grave made vacant by the removal of the remains by her friends. Cecelia died January 19, 1819.

to you, nor my good brother and Superior, to give you my own little consolation in these trials of Providence.

1. We do adore, bless, cherish every part, time, manner, care, of that only divine Will, which we spend our lifetime to love, praise and fulfil. It is nothing in itself but for humble adoration, and thanksgiving, that the time of a poor, innocent child is marked in this happy house.

2. We do perfectly well trust any kind of dispensation of our Lord for this house, and whilst we know that He can but the best favor for the boarders through a few offerings of death, as He has done for the sisterhood itself, we must submit a moment to any possibility of disappointment, and diminution of public confidence, and freely to accept it if it is any thing of the Holy Will to permit it.

3. To the children's and parents' feelings we do sympathize with true, unfeigned love; for who are we to refuse tears when our blessed Saviour gave

them His own over their dead, and consoled Himself mourning friends. O! let us be tender at any rate: this is true piety. And though our blessed Saviour chose to take more of the tears, and agony of death, and leave the great fortitude and rejoicing of it to His David, or His Paul, yet David confesses even in his exultation and raptures for the "tabernacles," how troubled felt His human soul in the heavenly one; and Paul also, says not, not to weep, but only, not to weep like others who have no hope.

4. I think that heavenly things do but the more sweetly seize on the poor little souls of the young ones, by that mixture of condescension; and as for parents, I think it too, the true, pious policy of divine charity to show them, if they come, or write, in the same way of a most tender mixture. I trust that Mother can do it so properly through her union to your common Beloved, and her heart of a true, Christian mother.

Now then, forgive only that boldness of one who is so unworthy of serving

you, but has ever, and will ever feel such respect and love for this house.

S. Bruté.



My Mother,

Like you dropped... (Johanna's note, etc.)... Providence... all, all, all... Not one thought more.

I think calumny the most easy thing to bear with: and think I would not get angry at it, nor sad.

As I do at... *defeated good*. Mr. Cooper goes... past interfering! Nay, after seeing him I too *dropped* all interference.

May be Providence, and better! Excellent man! let him go. What a soul of fire!

But, what *one* evidence *more* of the beautiful St. Paul's "wise in good"... of our tender Lord, the enemy did it... but let till harvest... lest, etc.

Alas, alas, Mother,—my Mother! is not good impeded worse than calumny?

I just poured my rapid glances over seventy-two folio calumny, or twelve

folio pages, or three whole folio Gazettes. What a return of peace and love from that wild maze!

O Mother, my Eternity! Mother, know your happiness, and entreat by every word and example your blessed family to be happy, the best of all kinds of happiness. Or, if so certainly there is but one to love and serve GOD, the best, best kind of service...

But, a "hundred fold" now with crosses; then Eternity without them.

Good girls who come to try...O! to have the father heart, and wish, even to ardor, is easy; to assist well, is another thing. May our Lord give it for you to me!

O peace! O Love! O Heaven, and
Eternity!



Meditation.

THE DORMITORY.

Easter, 1819.

At the head, a pen and ink sketch. A Dormitory its row of beds neatly arranged,—one however, remains unmade, and near this is a Sister at work. Another is employed, broom in hand. A statue of our Blessed Mother graces the wall, and a holy water font hangs at the door; crosses are suspended from the wall over the beds.

1. Order, cleanliness, decency, the comfort of all our Sisters, of all these beloved children trusted to us by their tender families as to second mothers, this is the concern so sacred to our charity, and to be made so truly meritorious to us, if discharged carefully;—all the acts of virtue it offers duly performed,—all the faults it may occasion religiously shunned.

O! grant, amiable Lord, by Thy own rests upon our earth, attended to with so much love by Thy holy Mother when

a youth, grant that we may think piously of our good office, and sanctify it with great affection. Let us particularly cherish Thy presence through that wonderful condescension of sharing so faithfully in all the infirmities of our nature; and especially that sad, and humiliating necessity of yielding such considerable part of our short life to the suspense, inactivity, complete impotence, helpless state, and *temporary death* of sleep!—darkness, silence, insensibility, unconsciousness, the true picture of a vast grave in our dormitories! O, as we do adore, and bless Thee in Thy nights upon earth, do watch mercifully for the rest and innocence of our own, and enable us well and meritoriously to perform every little office concerning them in which we are made the ministers of Thy providence!

2. O Blessed Lord! permit us, we humbly and lovingly repeat the prayer, that we may often adore Thee in this very place; honor, with Thy angels, Thy first rest in that poor manger, a lit-

tle of straw, all the bedding of our divine Infant; scarcely some swaddling clothes to protect His tender body from the roughness of the layers,—but, O MARY, so softly and sacredly the whole fixed and settled around Him, and under His blessed head, amidst thy tears and adorations. O! let us remember thy cares, and the pleasure our JESUS took in them, whilst we try to do our best for His young living members now trusted by His love to us to do it; as if all that we do for them, was done to Him.

Let us bless here our Sisters who do the same in other places for poor little ones to whose orphan infancy and youth, Himself, the divine Father gives them through His providence for their true mothers. O! bless them, bless their happy work, O sweet Saviour! as we remember them amidst our own.

We adore Thee again through all the other rests of Thy nights; but how many, says the Gospel, Thou didst spend watching for us in prayer, in the desert, upon the mountains, near the lakes of

Judea ; how many before that bitter night of Thy sacred Passion, and Thy last abode in the very grave. O JESUS! JESUS! JESUS! be all along present to our souls,—how sweet and holy will it make our little trough!

3. And when, O Lord! our still more particular attention is called to comfort the sick ones by every best care, let us remember Thy own divine charity in that most beautiful word, that Thou with Thy own hands makest up the couch of their suffering, and thus tenderly, more a mother than a father relievest their pains. O, what trouble, what fatigue, or what disgust of any kind could discourage our happy following of Thee through every duty of our office? Here do we rather cherish and venerate the glorious portion of so many of our Sisters to whom whole hospitals are trusted; to others, whole prisons, or the floating dungeons of human justice! O, fullness of our vocation of charity! Will our Lord be pleased to grant it to our desires in this land, and to open the whole

treasures of His service to our zeal? O! filth, and stench, and rotten straw, and putrid rags, so gloriously dealt with by our Sisters, so tenderly viewed as the trial of the living members of their Lord, what could be here any little disgust and unpleasantness, occasionally to be met with in our duty? O! let us embrace even eagerly any matter of self-denial as the blessed essay and preparation of future greater graces of service, and love that our Lord may grant hereafter to our fidelity. Let us make our own abundant merit, and sanctification come out of such; and, easy duties as ours are, still many ways to be made so heavenly. Amen.



Meditation.

The Sacristans.

Easter, 1819.

At the head a characteristic pen and ink sketch. An altar supporting a little throne just back of which stands the figure of our Lord, hands extended as though receiving offerings. Upon the altar, deftly executed, are seen the host-box and its accompanying scissors, the chalice case, a roll of folded altar linens, some palm, and a pin-cushion, furnished with its pins, and even its threaded needle.

1. I adore Thee, O my Lord! wrapped up in swaddling clothes in the manger at Thy birth; again, wrapped up in the linens of Thy sepulture; and now, of Thy altar and Thy tabernacle, our most holy and happy care.

I bless with humble joy, the wonderful condescension Thou hadst, that to the precious linens of Thy glorious grave, so much attention should be paid through all Thy divine Gospels; and Thy own

tender satisfaction, as it were, for the pious women, and Joseph's and Nicodemus' care thus marked by having all their linens and bands well folded, and fixed in their proper place in the sepulchre;—even the particular cloths they had laid with such special love upon Thy divine Face, then reposing in death, separately taken notice of, and placed aside in its own way. O! who, my blessed JESUS, who had folded, and fixed these sacred things?...Thy angels, or a miracle of Thy will? O! let us bless, and thank Thee for our dear office.

O ye!...MARY, holy women!...happy angels, bless me from above through all my care, once your own upon this same earth!

2. Take again thy delight and instruction, O my soul! in dwelling upon these little details of attentive love which your GOD vouchsafed to have so carefully preserved.

Wonder, and bless that spirit of order so sacredly marked in this glorious case. The same spirit which at the joyful

moment of His birth,—ah! say my soul, the carefully divine moment of His taking possession in person of this earth,—angels being sent to sing the magnificent news to its inhabitants, would have the swaddling clothes, and the manger first well fixed by MARY herself.

Now in the resurrection that shook the mountains, terrified to death His enemies, and called forth again heavenly hosts on earth, would again also, have every proper attention be paid to the very bands and linen of His sepulture, and all things left orderly after Him.

Bless, moreover, in it the lessons of poverty, nicety, cleanliness, decency, He was pleased to provide for the coming of my happy Sisters when they would come to see what duties they could still discharge toward their blessed Lord.

Be well pleased, O my soul! attend with fresh zeal to this, thy most glorious commission. Truly has thy Beloved deeply wounded thy heart, by such particular notice of thy humble charge.

3. Note well, my soul, how repeated-

ly thy JESUS justified, through the divine inspirations of His Gospel, the poor little efforts of our earthly magnificence. Remember the good gifts of the Wise men so gratefully recorded by the love of the holy Infant. Remember the wine of the nuptials, the many feasts He condescended to bless by His presence, the warm approbation, twice recorded, to the perfumes and ointments of Mary Magdalen, and lastly, for His burial to the hundred pounds of costly aromatics, and all the good things of His pious friends,—also, the honorable grave, newly hewn in a garden for the rich Joseph, accepted so kindly by his divine Lord. On the other hand remember His reproaches to Simon for his neglect, and to Judas for his false, and vile sparing remarks.

O, be safe, my happy soul! unite with the friends of thy Lord, under both testaments, and if for the figures of the former one, all was so sacredly provided for by divine order, do only think how to fulfil well thy two glorious commis-

sions for the true tabernacle of thy JESUS.



Sisterhood.

The Judgment.

On Judgment.

Placed upon earth for a moment. Death comes. Eternity to follow. But how different are the two eternities proposed... A judgment must take place. We are free, and called to serve freely. Have we delivered our faithful service? God Himself sits for judgment,...He, God, the supreme, infinitely perfect *God*. We, little, little creatures at His feet. O my JESUS, if it was at your feet when you were upon earth! If it was yet at the feet of your minister! Ah, no! for this tribunal of mercy you have long enough enjoyed His favorable grace, now you have to stand at a tribunal of exact justice.

Let us then see the poor soul going out of the body, left here cold and insen-

sible, going alone, naked, without any friends, with its works only, good or bad, through the first avenues of this immense eternity. Where will it go? This poor soul trembling, frightened in this vast silence, sees yonder, up, before herself the smoke of the immense furnace of hell, and the beautiful gates of Heaven; but before her stands a lofty seat of Judgment, and the Judge suddenly comes and calls her to His feet. Angels surround silent, waiting for the sentence. The poor good angel himself dares no more utter a word. God alone will take the word with this soul, and interrogate her.

Who is this soul just entering these regions of Eternity? Whence does it come? How faithfully, or wickedly has it behaved? O Daughter of Charity, what questions!

I never can repress my tears when in the Mass of the Dead we sing the dreadful passage: *Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus.*

What will you answer? O Lord, my GOD! I am a Christian soul. There is the character of my baptism! See the marks of your other sacraments! I was upon earth one of your adopted children. I receive even, O my GOD! I receive in my breast your divine JESUS. O where is my JESUS? where is He to answer for me?

It is *I* will answer the Judge...

The judgment begins.

The accuser.

What is the witness? Its conscience itself.

What is the rule?—the commandments of GOD,—of the Gospel.

What is the matter?—Thoughts, deeds, words, omissions. Even those of many others by scandal become a new matter.

There the poor soul hears perhaps the cry of some damned soul, in what a state, brought for confrontation! Do you know what it is? I was in Paris at the trial of the infernal machine, then the poor, lame, blind, etc., were brought before the guilty. Ah, my

dear children, at least have forever horror of this kind of crime. Scandal, Ruin, Murder of Souls.

O the poor soul! what a trembling for her as long as at this tribunal till the sentence be pronounced...

Let us remember the time of this life is to prepare for it... When will we be called? The perfect uncertainty... perhaps this night. Haste, says our Lord this night, repent, etc.

Then here like Damocles—a sword above his head.

Like Balthazar...

And the sentence *irrevocable*...



Sunday, 18 July, 1819.

St. Joseph's Retreat.

Communion.

...Dwells in me, and I in Him...

Our Lord loves us from eternity to eternity... A love of union. The union begins here below every way, every means:—*presence* all around, and in our

heart,—*talk* in prayer,—*life*, breathing, and now this blessed evidence, and test more. *Communion* to this very sacred humanity He took for us, made glorious for us; then truly, *all* did He *deliver* Himself to me even here below.

O, the ardor to meet such a proffer! Prepare, enjoy, improve; before, during, after each of our so frequent,—never too frequent communions if in love, since it meant them the daily food and life! And to the last of her councils, the Church constantly reminded us of the primitive “Daily” mentioned in the Acts.

O! come, if free—come, if heavy laden! Come, if strong, and if weak in love! Come, if only you hate sin, and wish to hate it more,—love your JESUS, and want to love Him more,—feel, but fight your misery. Come! HE IS ALL to all, and in all!...

Come, Sisters.

1. In *Faith*. Don't you believe it is “He?” O, why to fear!... that He invites? O, why to distrust!...

In *Hope*, for is He not your whole hope? Can't you hope a blessing and a smile? Dare you hope better alone, and far from Him?...

In *Love*; O! love as a child, and do as you please, said His Augustin. Won't you love, or can you love better by flying from His embrace? Can't you, at least, *receive*,—receive His own kiss of peace? It is He who comes to your garden, not for a treason.

2. *In your three virtues:*

Humble, to meet your humble JESUS. An humble one meets willingly her peer. To fear your humble JESUS! O blessed fear of humility, He loves it, provided it goes to meet His own encouragement. He calls—go!

Charity meets charity in the fountains. Where else will you let down your bucket? O come! you want still more of charity. He Himself is the plenteousness and overflowing. Come for yourself, and for all that are trusted to Him. Come! and if you would have still more of love, He will give...

Simplicity—A child? Yes, so. Sent, invited, Superiors, Rules, Gospel, all—O then, cease the “But, but!” *Simplicity* uses them not.—“I come, *sent*.” Well enough! “But—” No “but,” dear soul! Who sent? “Those who had seen me wholly, fairly shown, within and without, as I might possibly let me be seen.” Well enough, I tell you; and better sent by *them* than by *self-confidence*. O *Simplicity*, *simplicity*; couldst thou ever betray the soul that trusts thee!

3. Come, Sisters, with the three vows on your heart as legibly written for Him as you can and it is enough.

Poverty, He reads. Well! come, I was poor, though I am so rich at the Right Hand. And yet, I come in poor clothes, and the feeblest possible appearances to my poor one. Come, I will secretly visit, inform about every want, and leave every needful grace.

Chastity: My spouse, be sure can't refuse me. She parted with all; strange,

that she would with me! She belongs to me; I call, and want my place of rest. John rested on my breast. I have to come, and rest in thy own soul.

Obedience: O yes, bring this to me; I have too little of it... Well! a reason more. I will increase thy gift, for who knew better obedience? who will teach and infuse it better, soften and manage better that *kicking* soul of nature!...

O, so and so, my Sisters, let communion after communion the soul prepare, delight, improve. If the improvement not *visible* and *tangible*,—well, God knows! It had been worse *without* than *with* Communion!

O Heaven on earth! O Eternity!



My Mother, I read Ezechiel during the heavy rain alone, the town full of horse-racers—Alas! his predictions of calamities make the hair stand. And the land witnessed them, and the king was carried to the land “which he *saw*

not," his eyes, O! being violently plucked out. Yet, what is that against the day of true wrath, and *eternal* calamity! And, alas! what can I do to save souls from it? Were I to go to that full and fulsome tavern, cry for their souls—a laugh, and if I insisted, a “none of your business,” would be the reception from the infatuated wretches, and victims of the powers of darkness, which as Saint Paul says, we might well see hovering in their aerial principalities over their heads receiving with horrid joy their incense of oaths, spirits, obscenities, and mockeries at priests, and religious, etc. But here, near that living tabernacle, what will be to-morrow in my consecrated mouth, the power of the same words of *eternal salvation* for the many, many I see habitually half listening with *decent* behavior, but never coming to the tests,—to the tribunal, to the table!

O my Mother, poor me, as poor Ezechiel! The calamity will fall upon those I must love, as he loved, as he warned.

Let us pray ; let us do ever so little
as we may have to do, then we also die
—die to-morrow, enter an

ETERNITY.

Steps never to be retraced, how faithfully, zealously, lovingly, should we make them, the blood of our God Saviour marking it so plain ! But we !—fainting knees, and lazy travelers, even after He went before, and so incessantly does warn, call, entreat, endear...

O Mother ! a new race let us !



Octave of St. Ignatius.

What a life ! as we say often.

Only since I left you.—See, the few hours !

1. Your fields, the magnificent heavens above, the little town in sight.

2. The poor sick, his wife lying along side, the babe in an inverted chair for cradle. The sick, yesterday looking towards his eternity,—to-day, towards his further trials of life.

3. Family McMeal a few minutes,—still around the cheerful dinner table; good Sally McDevitt there — “Mr. Dubois has just crossed our street!”

4. The church,—alone,—the tabernacle. Soon they come, old, young, for tomorrow,—for next Sunday, etc., etc. All this transacted as if in another world.

5. Now, my office... What? One lesson that, “*Vanitas Vanitatum*,” of Solomon,—immense! The world, and Eternity in sight! Another, “The pharisee, and the publican.” The comments on the first, St. Chrysostom; on the second, St. Augustin, once himself the publican. Enough!

Yet, how much more before me till sleep!

The return,—fresh, pure air,—calm evening,—contented soul.

Passing the little wood, and your barrier.

Arrived,—Mr. Dubois.

Some confessions more.

Night prayers,—GOD, GOD, GOD, all the day long!

Stretched in a bed to sleep or wake,
(His little creatures may be sent for it,)
with Him, and the prospect across the
few hours of darkness, the

*Magnificence of my Altar, your Com-
munion and a second Mass here!*

O, what is life!

What "across the few hours of its
darkness,"...what

ETERNITY!...

Tell it to us, O Bec!...Anina!...O my
Frain!...my Buisson!...my sister Ange-
lique! Tell it to me, my God, tell it to
my heart at that ALTAR!

Tell it to Mother,—tell it to all,—O,
tell it to the poor sinners! O JESUS!...



Souvenirs at four o'clock in the after-
noon, in the sanctuary, the forehead on
the steps preparing my meditation this
evening upon the resurrection of this
flesh, rendered as estimable an object of
sanctity, as the soul itself, since God has
assumed it,—has united it to Himself.

*A fellow student of Brittany.

Admirable dogma, so astonishing of flesh united to GOD, so intimately in JESUS, and in us by Him,—then glorified in Him first, and in us all on the day of the resurrection. Sown in corruption, it will be rendered spiritual by force of glory, rendered immortal, placed in the society of pure spirits, with our souls themselves under the eyes of our Lord.

O, cherish all, your vow of Chastity!

O MARY, Queen of Virgins.

O JESUS!...

To-morrow, your Altar!

This altar at which a Cheverus, a Carroll, a DuBourg, a David, a Dubois, a Flaget, a Bruté officiated stood on the site now (1886) occupied by the granite steps of our Church, the upper step or platform representing the table of the altar. Mother Seton's House was taken down in 1845 under the direction of Mother Xavier, the doors, frames, and different pieces marked, and re-erected in its present position and just as it had existed in Mother Seton's time. The original *altar*, however, is not to be found there. It serves in the basement of our church.



The head-piece a sketch of the interior of an humble home. At the fire-place is a little kneeling figure busy with her preparations. The house is Nazareth and the figure our Blessed Mother. In the distance, smoke curling from the kitchen chimney, is seen St. Joseph's House.

The Providers of the House.

1. I adore, and bless Thee, O my Saviour! receiving Thy support here below from MARY and Joseph,—from the angels in the desert after Thy fasting, from Thy apostles, their relations, and the pious women who devoted themselves to Thy service; other times accepting the invitations of Zaccheus, of Simon, of the people of Samaria, of Capharnaum, and so many other places. And now still taking as done to Thyself every thing done to Thy members, forever visible in them, fed, cherished, fostered in them as if still present to our love. O! grant us indeed, so to keep that sacred remembrance of Thee, as but

to think of Thee through all our little cares! How great then, how sacred, how affecting for souls of faith and love, such a thought of Thy own love indeed, thus to remain depending on our little providence, and giving us to exercise its kindness towards others, as if still Thou shouldst live in the poor family of Nazareth. O MARY! O Joseph! Our duty and our consolation your own!

2. Grant us, O beloved Lord! in our holy office, and ask for us, O MARY, blessed Mother! so to keep the spirit of recollection, union, and aspiration, through that whole work of providence and charity, as to send up continually amidst its care that perfect praise which made Nazareth the heaven of angels, and the divine complacency of the Father. May Thy grace, sweet JESUS, successively bring to our hearts, the many good thoughts which every particular of such excellent duties through faith and love must yield to them for the refreshment, and most abundant

merit. Thoughts of Thine, Thou who so mercifully chose rather to be in labors from Thy youth, as had announced Thy royal ancestor, according to the flesh;—who delighted to say to Thy disciples, ready to mistake the blessing of Thy cross and humiliations, and sighed for rest and honor, that Thou didst come to minister, not to be served, and the greatest among them should be least, and most willing to share in every most humble and laborious duty. Grant me the blessed spirit of penance, which from our first parents, to the last to live upon earth, must subject our rebellious pride to the necessities of a life doomed, too justly, to be spent in trouble and trials of every kind,—too happy, O! too gloriously, exultingly happy amidst them all, to think how still the love of our Father, whilst He imposed them on His children for a time, would have them the very merit of their future crown, in their faithful union to His Son, once associated to them upon earth!

3. Thoughts of Thy goodness, wisdom, power, O Father! in sight of that prodigious variety of creatures brought with such wonderful qualities out of the same dust of this earth, then to be so admirably applied to our uses, and turned into our very living substance!—Nay, O my soul! do bless, and adore,—really turned into immortal life in heaven, if we secure faithfully the glorious resurrection of our poor companion the body! O! strange, yet so pleasing thoughts that not only we are fitting upon earth the bodies of our Sisters for every holy work of faith and love, but truly fitting the glorious humanities which have to fill the splendor of heaven a whole eternity, being adorned there with all the brightness of their JESUS. More even, could we say, and think that our very souls in the present state, cannot serve their blessed Lord without keeping that humble body here below in its due harmony of well-being—No, not even penance can be discharged but

through its proper management to enable and fit it for its blessed labors. O! teach us these simple, lovely truths, sweet Saviour, who wast pleased to faint through the fields and the villages, or on the sea-shore to ask for some bread and fish from Thy disciples, or for water from the poor sinful Samaritan woman. O, be courageous, and glad my soul! JESUS asks in all thy Sisters, asks in all the little ones. Give Him cheerfully what He wants in them. Rejoice all day long in thy holy troubles, and see only thou dost not spoil their pure delights, and eternal merits by any mixture of bad nature and sin.



My Mother,

Our good Mary Elizabeth,*
“the puff of smoke is passed!”

Light, love, peace, eternal repose!

O, even in purgatory, says St. Francis,—even here at the foot of the altar, if we knew how to remain there, not six hours, but six good minutes in extasy, and realize our happiness!

P. S. Our evening the most gay, the most amiable, no more clouds,—all peace, all love.

The Ps. 23. commences our beautiful office this day and seizes me all at once. Read,—say it:

Thy Kingdom Come.

* Sister Mary Elizabeth, Mary Wagner. The good Dutch girl who “wanted to belong to the Church of the Apostles,” referred to by Mother Seton in one of her notes. She came all uninstructed to St. Joseph’s, and entered the Community, Aug. 1817. “She was very pious,” writes Sister Margaret George, in making note of her death, “her soul in constant recollection with her God.” She died Nov. 6, 1818.



Feelings, feelings—

Not time now,—in Eternity! Soon indeed we perceive there will be matter enough; for what do we crowd along the day in our prayers, common talk, readings, practices.

Each word of the Creed, of Our Father, even of Hail Mary, an ocean of feelings...

A Mass of the Dead this morning, preaching...let the corpse down in that grave, to come forth may be ten thousand years after this 1820: may be so much later. Yet, a divine word,—FAITH itself—*it will rise* spiritual, incorruptible, immortal.

.....

I read over the Proverbs,—there, my Mother, feelings of light, peace, simplicity, pure desires.

Have confidence in the Lord with all thy heart. He will direct thy steps.

O, for a sense habitual, and tender enough, of that particular providence, and our own directing!

He will protect them that walk in simplicity; keeping the paths of justice, and guarding the ways of the saints. Then shalt thou understand every good path.

Can any thing so please the heart!

My son, do not faint when thou art chastised by Him. It is as if a mother would secretly console, and support her son rebuked a little by the father. Our JESUS, thus become our mother, and carrying us with His pierced hands, pressing us to His opened breast.



God, His love for us.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

"I have drawn thee taking pity on thee."

"Immolated for thee before the creation."

"Given my life for thee as one would for a friend."

"And when thou wast my enemy."

"A child is born to us."

"He weeps, is in bands, in the manger."

"A *mother* might abandon thee, but I never!"

"I have delivered myself for thee."

"By my blood thou hast been saved."

"By my wounds thou hast been healed."

"I have become thy food, and thy drink."

"I obey thee, and remain here below with thee."

"I give myself by thy hands to whom thou wouldst, (or, I give myself to thee when thou dost open thy mouth, and call me to thee.")

"I will be myself thy recompense."

"Thou callest me, 'My Father who art in Heaven.'"

"I have made myself like to thee in all things, sin alone excepted."

"I have become one of thy brothers."

"I have been born from one of thy sisters."

"I have borne, and shared all thy infirmities, hunger, thirst, poverty, rebuffs, sorrows, frightful torments, even unto death."

O my God, O my God, what heart could resist. And what return could be made?

“MY SON, GIVE ME THY HEART!”



On Labor.

1. Our first consideration on Labor should be how necessary it is to sanctify our different occupations, whatsoever may be their call in the family, since they fill the greatest part of that time which is the gift of God, and the price of our eternity,—every part of it destined to increase our merits, or to become a subject of reproach, at the last account. Let us not so far forget our true duty to our Blessed Lord, as to think that only the time of prayer, and holy exercises belongs to Him, and that it is of no consequence whether we sanctify or not the time of our other occupations, though it takes a greater part of our life. O Lord! our whole life must be Thine,—must be made a faithful service and

heartly offering of obedience and love. Grant us so to remember it, as to be ready to apply to our various occupations, and carry them on with great religion and affection. How much more happy then in their discharge!—how well pleased in anything, and at any time when attentive to that most blessed thought! I labor for my God, with Him, in Him, as a love and service to Himself; Himself indeed, accepting and blessing all.

2. Let us remember our first parents placed in their garden of pleasure, yet to keep it in order, dress it, and apply to work the life and industry which their Creator had just given them. O! then sweet labor in their innocence, and the company of their blessed Father, pleased to come, converse and walk familiarly with them, as the divine Word says. Alas! how changed that beautiful order, labor made our penance, and the retribution of sin! Sweat and anguish added, and fatigue, and discouragement!

What can be the remedy, O Father! for those who wish still to serve Thee in perfect love? An humble and willing submission to their just penance; a due sense of their own deserts after so many grievous sins in their own life, and amidst so many daily infidelities; labor, their own penance sacredly accepted and discharged. But also,—and this, O Lord! their greatest consolation,—labor entirely supported and sweetened by Thy tender grace; for what Thou dost impose as a penance, Thou dost in the same time accept in love as their offering and merit. Ah! Thou again present with such affection amidst our occupations, as truly present still with us in them as in the garden of pleasure with our first parents in their innocence! Only, dearest Lord, that we could well mind that blessed presence!

3. Thy presence, O Lord! should be the first and best thought of all through the labors of the day. An all sufficient thought if only our weakness could keep

it more habitual and alive in our fainting souls. To be at work under the eyes of our very Lord,—nay! surrounded though invisibly by His glory and goodness, His love well pleased with any kind of exertion, if truly carried on with the heart's desires and offerings. Happy soul of mine if I minded enough such thoughts. Nay, what a still more pressing turn for them, O my Saviour, it is Thee Thyself at work, I see. "I am poor and in labors from my youth," hast Thou said in the prophet, and indeed, to be so Thou wouldst have Thy birth in the poor family of MARY; Thy holy Guardian, and our own here, Joseph, the carpenter! Nazareth,—O Nazareth! dost thou see my JESUS Himself working with thy humble citizen! Joseph, our kind father, MARY, our tender mother, will you pray now before the glorious throne above, that we may remember such a wonder, such a delightful wonder,—such a delightful wonder amidst our own occupations. O! happy, most especially happy, those who

receive for their share of obedience the most laborious one, who have pains, and fatigue, and sweat at their brow,—thus the heavenly brows of our JESUS dropped upon earth their blessing,—thus Himself fatigued! Thus in His labors He prepared even to give His blood for the merit of our own. My soul, wilt thou cherish now the remembrance? Wilt thou bless and love enough through every most laborious hour of this life? Wilt thou thus go, and rest with Him in His heavens? Oh, do! and, O my JESUS! do grant the needful grace!

Retreat of the Sisters, 1820.

SIN.

A MYSTERY.

1. *Of Iniquity in the creature.*
2. *Of Justice in God.*

"Know thou, and see that it is an evil, and bitter thing for thee, to have left the Lord thy God"

Jeremias, 2, 19.

3. *The Conclusions.*

I.

What is sin? O faith, tell it to me—thou, thou, O faith!—to try to give just and distinct notions,...the right of GOD,...the law and its excellence,...the powers of the soul abused in the *deliberation*, and *perpetration* and *persevering*. Intelligence... affection... liberty... will... the poor body, temple of that soul..temple of God. See then, now all the mysteries of sin.

1. Of injustice, all rights trampled upon, and bought at such a price, a divine Blood.

2. Of profanation, and irreligion.

3. Of ingratitude and depraved choice.

4. Of darkness, rashness, misery.
O mysteries, accumulated mysteries!

II.

Mysteries of justice in God.

How good as a Creator and Benefactor...how terrible as the avenger of sin!
Let us see it.

1. In the sin of the angels. O mystery!...

2. In the sin of Adam, visited on him, and on us.

3. In the person of His Son, made our representative.

4. In the consummated ruin of the sinner in hell.

O the mysteries of that justice of GOD against *sin*. To be the standing mysteries of His wisdom and justice in sight of His elect a whole ETERNITY!

III.

Conclusions.

1. Beg of GOD to know sin more and more.

2. Resolve to the utmost to avoid sin.

3. Resolve to repent, and to satisfy

the utmost for past ones; never to forget them. "Wash me more."

4. Resolve to love, thank, compensate by fidelity.

5. Resolve to try by all means to prevent sin in others, give no occasion; help little ones to know and hate sin, etc. O, the blessed two last verses of Saint James! * How consoling for a Daughter of Charity.

The law of GOD, like an immense rock of adamant raising its beautiful head to heaven, its broad basis settled over the whole creation; yet the poor, foolish sinner fighting his little weapons to pieces against it, his rage inflamed with hateful desires there should be no law, or it could be done away!...

Poor, fallen man! Forgetfulness and insensibility towards GOD, his first and

* My brethren, if any of you err from the truth, and one convert him: He must know, that he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins.

greatest punishment, being the source of all his evils. Alas, alas, he hid himself from his GOD, who retired to His most distant light. The lonely wretch sits in his darkness amidst all the filth of sin, and smiles wildly as if pleased. His likeness is the idiot, thus sitting, looking indifferent and stupefied, eating at random the vilest substances in his reach, and hearing not the voice, seeing not the hand that would offer him his better food. Alas, alas, alas, alas, no comparison can tell the misery of fallen man, destined as he was, to feed in perpetual love, feed on the best things of his GOD, partaker, as it were, of His divine nature, and lo! seeking only for the most unworthy, most unhappy gratifications, wildly pleased with them, wholly indifferent to his very GOD, wholly forgetful!

Hell, hell, alas! the horror is overwhelming. But, are there not many mansions there? O, yes, poor soul, a great variety, it must...darker, and darker shades...But who, says the divine

Word, *who* can abide there? *Who*, alas, not the lightest could be tolerable, and cease to be called by the same word "an eternal horror!"...

And could a vowed Sister find her way there? She could, undoubtedly. But, could she be sent far, and share the worst fare of the worst souls? She could. Oh, no! she had made herself a sacred thing of God. Say not so; it may then but kindle a greater wrath... "Lord, I was Thine." Mine! and thou didst betray Me! Remember, then, Judas!—go farther. He dwells in the darkest place of that eternal misery!...

Punctuality, unwearied punctuality to rules, your blessed cilice and hair—O penitent Sisters!—mind this well.... O faith! the lighted torch through the dark night of our eventful traveling! A narrow path over craggy rocks, and on each side of the foot-way abysses, over which bending but a moment our heads with the torch... we shudder...

Retreat of the Sisters, 1820.

*The Happy Chance of a Religious
Life for the fulfilment of our last end.*

Less of obstacles—more of grace.

Once well convinced of our last end, and the choice of our destiny to be made here below for an eternity, who would not feel as prudent as for any considerable interest in this world, trying to settle means for it to the best. Alas! the children of this world are more prudent.

Certainly there are means for all, appointed through the Blood of their salvation. St. Paul quotes that cloud of witnesses which will condemn all the sinners of this earth. Saint Augustine makes to them the most eloquent appeal, to show how every one, even in the most unfavorable circumstances is without excuse.

If I quoted you the two hundred and twelve Bourbons who parted with the world... More remained, and many, not

only were saved, but acknowledged as saints, the St. Louis, St. Clothilde, St. Radegond, St. Jeanne de Valois, etc., and in our days, the eminent characters of holiness who adorned for Heaven that blood.

Yet it is no less certain, that through the mysterious measures and dispensations of grace which are the secret of our Lord, so impenetrable that St. Paul could but cry: "O the depths!"—there are ways more or less favorable; some very dangerous, some vastly more safe. I can show easily to you that of these last, one is eminently your own blessed call. First, as there is less of obstacle, second, more of grace.

First, Less of Obstacle.

Taking first for granted that our Lord and His Church have made it a point of faith that the way of particular consecration to Him is the most agreeable to Him, even above one, matrimony, which however, He had blessed from the beginning, and He raised afterwards to the

dignity of a Sacrament. Taking it for granted, and hearing our Lord declare happy those who receive the grace of it, we are certain it must be more favorable; we have but to show how.

Less of obstacle, we say:

1. Less of occasion for the three great concupiscences, pride, covetousness, and sensuality that surround, and press upon the soul every side in the world. Less of temptations, and of less grievous nature, than amidst the business, customs, society and examples of the world.

2. Less of false maxims, impressions, suggestions contrary to the spirit of Christianity,—more of light for our conscience, more recollection to attend to it, more of liberty to act consistently to it.

3. Less of faults, of course; of a lesser grievousness; more easily perceived, and mended; less then, of account gathering for the day of our judgment; the state of grace more easily procured, ascertained, maintained, restored. So great the obstacles in the world under all these points of view.

O my Sisters, is not your sacred home as the cities of refuge were in Israel, or as fortresses in a country which is desolated by war, the parties foraging every side, all the open places overrun,—yes, alas! overrun by sin,—you safe, flaming angels, as it were, watching round your fences.

Yet, take care. The enemy often approaches enraged, and tries to insult, or force the strongholds. O, beware of the traitors, who would invite them into your soul, introduce them by secret doors, etc.

Second, More of Grace.

1. It is evident already by all the foregoing items.

2. More of instruction by reading, examination, meditation. The want of consideration is the source of all the spiritual misery of this world, so full of every false, deceitful maxim.

3. More of prayer, and union with God, prayer in common, meditation, Holy Sacrifice, adoration, visits, aspirations, communion of saints, beads, etc. O the

difficulties of prayer in the world for the best souls!—even more felt to the best!

4. More of sacraments, the two great fountains of *Penance* and *Communion*, and with better chance of preparation. O the “depths” of the appointment of your own SPECIAL GRACE in Bethlehem, Gethsemane, Calvary... O the “depths” of the CONTINUAL “visit from on high.” ...right-hand...tabernacle...your heart... Who could say what has been the incomprehensible reference which, when JESUS CHRIST in that promise and institution, was already forecasting, and appointing how many communions would be offered to each soul, to *you* appointed so lavishly! O infidelity if you reject or use indifferently.

5. More of example, renewing impressions, sermons, etc. More hopes then, than in any place, of a final *perseverance*, or *restoration* to grace.

**HEAVEN.**

(Colossians III.) *"Seek the things that are above..Mind the things that are above, and not the things that are upon the earth. For you are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ shall appear who is your life then shall you also appear with Him in glory."*

I.

Impossible to follow our dear Sister... O, why have we received so sensible a frame, vibrating for pleasure with such inexpressible ardor? Why, a soul so sensible? Ah, infinite goodness! that we might truly pant, and long for heaven as through all the divine Scripture...

There is an instrument,—the harmonica...you faint away...

But only a flower...The delight of a morning...

Ah! they tell us the story of a knight who went to the Holy Land,—went everywhere, heart melting, and died through

love on the spot of the Ascension! Easy to believe...O, the view of MARY only, and the Blessed!...but, O JESUS, at the right of the Father!...and the full contemplation face to face!...to see Infinite Love,—Infinite Goodness!...to feel...!

II.

This impossibility our delight...all in two words, an infinite power employed by an infinite love to make happy the beloved soul... JESUS blessing!... GOD bleeding, and dying for me, and now making me happy! O, what will be the excess of bliss!...

III.

Be this thought, our detachment from earth,—our humility, our poverty, our chastity, our love, our courage in trials, our zeal in duties, our charity to all, be it all in all for us!

Note: Then follows in Mother Seton's writing a development of these heads of an instruction; probably her notes of it.

...Our Sister departed. We would follow so dear a soul but cannot...St. Paul taken to the third heaven...his silence on what he had seen...well may he say it cannot enter our heart to conceive what Heaven is.

The Scriptures full of these expressions, the heart and the flesh fainting at the thought...A blind man told of the glory of the starry sky, the meridian splendor of the sun, he sighs, desires, but cannot understand. We tell a deaf man of the melodies of music, of persons fainting at the harmonies of sound, how can he conceive it? No, nor we, what Heaven is! Only, immense splendors of inaccessible light! Our angels! to faint with joy upon their bosom! Our Sisters, calling, and pointing out in their celestial joy, our glorious Mother! O our JESUS, receiving, and adorning the soul,—its robe of innocence,—its crown,—its seat of glory,—the capacity bestowed for this immense enjoyment!

Instances; Mr. B.....Mr. B.....Knight on Mount Olivet...how easy to believe...

Infinite Love, and Infinite Goodness bestowing happiness with Omnipotent Power. O our JESUS! bringing us forth, as the mother her child, through pains, anguish, blood, to the life of bliss. His reception of the soul. Come, beloved soul, child

of my sufferings, child of agony, child of the Cross, of my Blood, come!

The joy of a mother for her long separated child—of the child for the mother! The delights of a friend. These delights multiplied by the ciphers of infinity!...

Now Communion. What but Him alone! What possible comparison? The king preparing the great feast; telling the poor gazer lost in admiration, come, sit down; there is a place prepared for you!

The thought of Heaven, our vocation, our mortification, our continual support. Thought of Heaven in everything. All Nature speaks to us of Heaven; the delights of the morning, the flower of the field.

Every action an increase of our treasure covered by the Infinite Goodness... We are ashamed to speak of our sacrifices but our JESUS accepts even the least. Patience! St. Vincent fifty years old before he began his work of Sisters of Charity. We are to sanctify ourselves in our happy position, to remove all obstacles to grace when He calls. Our life should be pure as the clear running stream, our only object, Heaven. A soul desiring some good it imagines, minds no difficulty, stops at nothing, would pass through fire and water to obtain it... O, and for Heaven where JESUS will be Himself our happiness, our praise, our all!

...Dead in CHRIST...hidden in Him...Mind the things which are above...When He shall appear who is your life, you also shall appear with Him in glory.



...*To-night*, 23. Beautiful as the moon," says the Church of the Blessed Virgin, and truly nothing more beautiful, more sweet, more pure than this moon in front of the church door. The sight is too touching; above all, thinking afterwards of the innumerable multitude of other stars, which by its brightness are hidden from our view, the mind is lost in the infinite, the soul is moved and penetrated by a crowd of varying sentiments.

I came in afterwards for my evening meditation, under the lamp, this other gift of Providence, to give us light during our nights, that my soul may still read, write, see this altar. This lamp, burning for us, silent, inanimate before the tabernacle, object of envy for Mr. Olier, when passing before churches

closed during the night, he saw the light through the key-hole, or the cracks of the doors. I was very much touched during this meditation. I considered my creation, my redemption, this life of graces, this life of the altar, and of spiritual duties. I reflected upon this death soon, or after a few years, going, if I can, repeating with confidence and thanksgiving, as Sister Jane,* "My God, and my All"! Eternity afterwards, but, however, judgment before, and of so many continual faults of omission, of abuse of grace....

* Sister Jane Frances Gartland, died Sunday, August 20, 1820. Her brother, Francis X. Gartland destined in after years to become first Bishop of Savannah, was then a little boy at the Mountain. "Sister Jane Frances," writes Mother Rose, in her Notes, "was a boarder for some time in the school, petitioned to be a Sister, and after she had made her vows was elected to the office of treasurer, the duties of which office she discharged with scrupulous exactness until a few weeks previous to her death which was most happy."

To forget one's self nevertheless, and return rather to adoration, praise, love, those prodigies of the Incarnation, and of the Holy Eucharist...

O may all Heaven praise, and let us try well to go there. Let us renew continually our best intentions, our frail resolutions, and then abandon ourselves.

To-morrow, St. Bartholomew, Apostle.

St. Bartholomew.

Of all this universe GOD reserves for Himself only man in whom He takes His delight. "Let us make man to our image." But, what do I say? Of the whole man, He asks but the heart; and of this heart, but the love; and of this love but the preference in all things, and above all things.

O, have it then, my GOD, forever!...

(Then follow Notes on Mother Seton, already printed.)



Mother died the 4th.	O Death, where is thy
Sister Mary Ann, 14th.	victory? absorbed in
Sister Victory, 19th.	life!
January, 1821.	

*Sister Victory,
Died the 19th. January, 1821.*

In Him we live,—we move,—we are.

My dear Sisters...some points...yet not a word of *persons*.

1. No separation in the communion of saints. We are united as before in prayer. If in purgatory we help her. We equally live, and are in God.

2. That capital point of our catechism: "He is every where." O, think of it, believe it, imagine, feel it, keep it present.

3. Then that,—as I said Sunday to my dear first communicants, that there is no division of our *End*. We should love, and serve "upon earth as in heaven." So capital a thought, so decisive for holy life.

4. However, plunged now in the

senses, it is "by faith" we live so.

5. Then we need improve every opportunity to strengthen it, and this of all the most forcible.

6. So also did our Lord bring life to light by coming to live with us, converse with us, be made a sacrifice for us, and excite us to follow Him. O! do follow Him, be united in communion and constant grace, then follow.

7. How sweet to follow since "brother to our soul" made, He assumed our flesh, gives it communion, and we say, "I live, not I, *Jesus Christ* lives in me"—abideth in me, and I in Him, forever consummated in *One!*...

Note: On a detached paper there is a pen and ink sketch, three palm trees watered by a stream which flows from a rock—On this rock is inscribed at the head; "JESUS," then lower down, "MARY, St. Joseph, St. Vincent," and at its foot,

"Mother, 4th. January.

Sister Mary Ann, 14th.

Sister Victoria, 19th.

1821.

Pray for us
and
Be Good."

And under the Palm trees:

"Planted by the rivers of grace.
JESUS the rock, and the spring.
By Him again, the Sun of Justice.
Their fruits matured.
They were called.
Let us follow!"

Note: Sister Mary Ann Butler, was the daughter of Captain Butler of Philadelphia, and sister of Rev. Thomas Butler, President of Mount St. Mary's College. She was one of Mother Seton's first companions, having joined her in Baltimore, June, 1809. Her health was frail, but she was pious, talented, and devoted, and became a most useful member of the rising Community. "She was by nature," writes Sister Bernard, "a poet and a painter, but so much she feared the least praise or notice of creatures, that she would never write or paint except holy obedience required her to do so. Sometimes she would paint little pious designs for us children, to inspire us with devotion, or as a reward for some victory over self. Her humility was most remarkable; she seemed only to delight in a life hidden in God. A rigid observer

of silence, and holy recollection, her very appearance inspired you to raise your thoughts to God. The severity of the climate, and many privations endured in the beginning of the Community soon told fearfully on the delicate frame of Sister Mary Ann, yet she labored on, and almost to the last kept a class of small children."

Amongst other pieces which came from her pen, and are familiar in Community, are the hymns to "St. Joseph," "St. Vincent." "O, what could my JESUS do more." "Lines to the Crucifix," "The Rose of Whitsuntide," etc.

"*Sister Victoria Brady*," continues Sister Bernard, "entered the Community, April 18, 1812. She was sent after making her holy vows, March 25, 1817, on mission to Philadelphia, but her health soon failed so much that she had to be brought home. She lingered for awhile without relinquishing wholly her loved activity of life. The very day she died, she got up, went to Mass, and helped about the infirmary. At ten o'clock in the forenoon she was struck by death, went to bed, received the last sacraments, and died at midnight. She was simple, amiable, full of kindness, and very industrious."



To Emily Harper.

O these graves! Mother,—such a Mother!—such faith, such love, such spirit of true prayer, of true humility, of true self-denial in all, of true charity to all. Such a Mother! O Josephine! Emily! William! Such sisters, Anina, Rebecca! Such sisters,—yonder, Mary at the Sacred Heart of Poitiers,* and

* There is at St. Joseph's, in Mother's room, an old and faded lithograph, "The Redeemer." It belonged to Mother Seton, and formerly its place was in the choir of the old house. While it still hung there two little children were in the school, Mary Diana Harper, and Clotilda Brawner. One day little Mary demanded in a self-important tone of Clotilda, "Do you know who I am?" "No," said Clotilda, "I don't know," "Well! I am General Robert Goodloe Harper's daughter!" The story was taken to Mother Seton who sent little Mary to sit half an hour under this picture of the Redeemer, and reflect *who* General Robert Goodloe Harper's daughter was! Mary died abroad, an innocent and pious child, and Clotilda afterwards became known in the Community as Sister Hilary.

Still other, and holier associations are connected with this picture. Before it the first High Mass in St. Joseph's Valley was sung, March 19, 1810, in the poor little sanctuary of the "White House."

younger Elizabeth here, I love them still in your own heart; but mark well that our love of one another,—all, all in this world is all vanity except it be for GOD, of GOD, in GOD! You love each other good Emily and Josephine, just only to help one another the better to love and serve GOD as you pass, pass, through this world, pass as little shadows so rapidly! For pray, what will be twenty, forty years more to live *here below* for those who hear and delight to hear that repeated cry of the altar, *Per omnia sæcula sæculorum*, and then so heartily say, *Amen!* What for two such resolute Christian souls as yours, to say at Vespers,—I recommend it always so much,—that admirable Canticle of MARY, eighteen ages in her immense glory!—O for that then, for Eternity,—for GOD, and our Eternity, all in all!



January 29, 1821.

Mother died the 4th.

HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

*The Word was made Flesh and dwelt
amongst us.*

Note: Then a sketch—A hemisphere with different points marked upon it. A cottage, surmounted by the name “Nazareth;” a cradle with its little rockers; “Bethlehem;” a cross, “Calvary;” a tomb, “The Grave;” a mount, “Olivet;” and then the last tiny drawing, “Our Altar.”

The Travels of our Jesus.

I adore, and bless Thee, O my JESUS, whose love for me has condescended so far as to live upon earth a poor, laborious, suffering life, and bear all the trials to which Thy providence may subject my soul through the days of my pilgrimage. I am delighted, and filled with consolation and gratitude when I represent to myself all the situations in which Thou has been pleased to show Thyself to me through so many of these vicissi-

tudes we have to experience either from duty or necessity. I take now particularly into consideration Thy various kinds of traveling, and I wish to study my JESUS through their principal instances; an infant, and a child, traveling by the will of others, and as MARY and Joseph directed; poor, and a laborer from His youth, going on with divine patience through all our most common changes, and ways of life; a model for our piety when called by festivals to Jerusalem, or retiring to the desert, to the mountain, or to Bethany; or brought to the Jordan, or resorting to some of the synagogues through Judea, as the different purposes of His divine Spirit appointed it; other times visiting some friends, to bless or console them; some villages through the country to instruct them, or heal their sick; "going about doing good" all His life, although so often for gratitude but ill-treated, cursed, and blasphemed; His best actions traduced for those of a seducer, or a man possessed of an evil spirit! At

last, O merciful Saviour, traveling different times to save Thy life; threatened from Thy infancy, and then, when the hour is come, to deliver it for me with an incomprehensible love, and go with ardor, to die for me the death of the cross! Bless this my design, amiable Saviour; give light and grace to my poor soul whilst thus contemplating Thy travelings on our earth, all mercy diversified a thousand forms for me.

2. I had, and I will have probably still many ways to travel, and to bear with different changes of place and the vicissitudes Thou wert pleased to submit to for me; may my Model through them all, be the loving study of my soul. May I be prepared to sanctify them, and be found in them truly conformable and united to Thee! But, how many other ways of Thy own divine travels can not be shared by Thy servants; so many indeed having been the mysteries of my JESUS, as my Saviour, and from His birth my contin-

ual victim. These other traveling ways I will contemplate with all adoration and love, united, if possible, to the feelings of MARY, and of the angels; or humbly beseeching Thee, sweetest Lord, to impress upon my soul every best sense of religion and gratitude that their sacred remembrance must excite in the faithful soul. O, the abundant, pleasing and devout subject of meditation! O the grace and edification it must offer to me. My Lord made man for me; seen on earth, conversing with us in all the vicissitudes of our own trials, and in so many other ways showing forth the wonders and mysteries of our salvation. My JESUS, ever ready to accompany me, and go before me in any occurrence of life! My JESUS in all His travels, O my soul, the delight, and support, and grace of thy own! Look up to Him with boundless love; ask His blessing, and prepare to travel indeed with Him from this life to His eternity,—to be filled with His divine merits, the true provisions of Thy heavenly country.

3. Thou art all amiable and desirable, O JESUS! On Thee, the angels look with delight when Thou comest through the low mansions of our earth to bring us the glad tidings of salvation, whether they see Thee wrapped up in swaddling clothes, and carried from Thy Bethlehem to Egypt, in the arms of Thy mother, and of Joseph, or from Nazareth, proceeding a beautiful child to Jerusalem, and the house of Thy Father; now going alone to the desert, a penitent for us, in solitude, in fasting and silence expiating our crimes, then coming to mix with the crowds of sinners on the Jordan, and seek the baptism of penance at the hands of Thy humble forerunner. Now traveling with the multitudes to the borders of the lake, or yonder mountains, feeding Thy poor people both with the word and with the bread, then *hungry, and thirsty, and fatigued* coming to sit on the well, and wait for the Samaritan woman to ask her drink, and give Thy own a whole spring of living, eternal waters. Once called for the death of Lazarus,

and going up to his grave, and bidding him rise to life, and soon after Thou Thyself dying for me the death,—and, O, the cruel, and ignominious death! Carried also to the grave, and raising Thyself to the glorious life which put an end to its victory, and makes it also for us, but the triumphal gate of eternity! O Thou art in all, all amiable, all mercy, all desirable, sweetest Lord!

O Eternity.

The heading, a pen and ink sketch, a sphere on which is written: "The Incarnation, the Visitation, the Nativity: Wonderful Journeys." A little cot with rays descending upon it, and the words above: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." A path leading to another lowly house environed by hills, and the words above: "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit rejoiceth!" A third humble dwelling, a star shines above, and the words: "Glory to God in the highest. Peace to men of good will."

1. O my soul, when we desire to contemplate the travelings of our JESUS on earth, we think first of that wonderful

Incarnation which brought the divine Word, the eternal Son of GOD to our low mansions, and made Him a sojourner among men. See, how Holy Scripture declares His coming from the bosom of the Father saying, the Almighty Word leaped down from His royal throne as a conqueror to destroy the empire of sin, and standing on the earth in the human nature He assumed, reached over to heaven. O prodigious, and magnificent spectacle in the eyes of angels, and that we may also have faith and love to enjoy it in our humble and devout meditation, lost with joy and gratitude unspeakable in the condescensions of that mystery, we poor mortals the object of it! Blessed Lord, if Thou thus comest to our terrestrial abode, it is but to call us to Thy glorious kingdom, and from the slavery of sin, to have us forever to reign above with Thee. Grant us to answer the design of Thy infinite mercy, and so to sanctify the few days of our journey, and trial, as to go indeed, follow Thee and be made partakers of our

eternal inheritance. Thanks to Thee, O Lord, for the glad tidings, and full rights of it, which Thou didst,—Thou Thyself bring and offer to us in that most wonderful kind of coming and traveling over our earth. O saints and angels, O MARY, we remain wrapped up with you, one thought, one heart, in such a mystery!...

2. Try, my soul, since thou hast begun, try every more particular view of the ways of thy divine Lord incarnated on earth. His first traveling with his Mother, hidden and invisible as she went to the mountains of Judea, to bring Thy presence and anticipated sanctification to Thy precursor, himself hidden as yet in Elizabeth. Wherever MARY directs her steps, we see Thee traveling, and present in herself; directing rather, that blessed Mother with Thy sweetest providence. Thus whilst invisible and unknown to all, Thou dost proceed to that sacred Visitation, we now enjoy as if we had been on the way in some part of the

valleys, or the mountains you passed through and along together,—she, the living and moving tabernacle, and her own Infant, the GOD within, seen and adored by myriads of attending angels. O JESUS! O MARY! O the blissful sight! O the only thought so happy,—the remembrance so dear to us, so sacred! But, O divine Traveler, that I was only mindful of my blessed share in such a wonderful mystery, when proceeding on my little journeys of duty, and service, and obedience, after I myself am become also in *Communion* Thy living and moving tabernacle! That I could be, as MARY, solely attentive to my unspeakable grace, and wholly forgetful of every mortal object I have to meet in these my travelings with Thee!

3. Next, O my soul, we turn to that decisive journey of our JESUS from *Nazareth to Bethlehem*, hastening to that manger He has selected for His throne of salvation, when laid in it, wrapped up in swaddling clothes He will treat of it with the shepherds, my first represen-

tatives; and also receive the liege homage I will send Him by those magi, whose gifts are mine indeed, gold, incense and myrrh, all offered for me. My soul! that traveling to Bethlehem, may be passing through Jerusalem, His great city, yet *passing* only, to prefer Bethlehem, His little one; and in Bethlehem, the last place, the refuse of all! Thou, MARY, who bringest us such a treasure, thou, Joseph, the noble guardian of the same thus received! And I, in my own traveling, should expect favor and attentions from all! All silence, and mystery for these things divine,—and I would have notice be taken of my little doings and goings! The faith and love of MARY, faith and love of Joseph, the only triumph of JESUS in most profound secrecy all along that journey, and I, alas, may be, forgetting also secretly to *commune* along as I travel with Him, and for Him! My JESUS, my Saviour, my Lord, do not permit! Let us truly travel together till I arrive...arrive... O arrive...to Thy true Bethlehem above.



A pen and ink sketch, the travelers,—our Blessed Mother Infant in arms, and St. Joseph staff in hand,—a palm tree, and the words: “To Egypt!”

1. I adore Thee, O my JESUS, an exile to Egypt in Thy infancy, flying to the foreign land as soon as born, and leaving Bethlehem, and Thy faithful shepherds, leaving Judea, Thy holy land, and the seat of Thy true religion which Thou permittest,—O the depths!—thus far to be oppressed by its very priests and doctors, as well as by the proud and heartless king who seeks for Thy life. Let me follow Thee in that strange journey. How many lessons it has for me! I humbly beg from Thee to receive their due impressions; and *first*, whilst my eyes are fastened on Thee thus going in Thy silent innocence from Thy persecutors, in the arms of MARY, I learn through any ill will or mistakes of men, through any severe or merciful trials appointed for me, how to let myself be carried sweetly and peaceably in

the arms of Thy providence,—*providence seen in all*, whichsoever way it leads and conducts me. Divine Infant Traveler, from Thy early days the reproach of men, can I find any too great trouble to follow Thee any place, leave any one most endeared to me to go to any other most dreaded, whilst I keep with love the eyes of my blessed faith fixed upon Thee, way down to *Egypt* through the desert, an exile from Thy Bethlehem...

2. No! no too great trouble to follow my divine Leader whichsoever way He directs, only that I may ever be going on in that pure innocence, and holy rest of soul of which that infant Lord in the arms of the mother, and the guardian, He makes, as it were, His own providence, offers me such an affecting image. Nay, my soul, I wish thou mayst gather such a complete thought of peace, as no more to think painfully about the *causes* and *origin*, and intentions of those who make thee travel on *this way*, or *that other*, than thy holy JESUS did in these

blessed arms. It all being present through His divinity, to His human soul, He saw and knew what Herod had designed, His peace and meekness received not the shock, tender pity prevailed, thoughts and desires of salvation, offerings of Himself to His Eternal Father for it, graces sent back from the ways of Egypt to Jerusalem, and through every obstacle reaching the hardened heart. For who, as long as in life, receives not the secret visits of the Saviour he persecutes, through the most hardened sins? O my soul, the most delightful thought, most needful lesson for thee, whilst so pleasingly contemplating thy infant JESUS so early the persecuted traveler, and the victim of our human passions! That His sweetest peace, and meekness may settle forever on thee, and deliver thee on thy ways from any painful, and uncharitable reflexions on the thoughts and intentions of men about thee, cherish them all!—pity them all, and think on thy own side but of enjoying all in all thy own

JESUS, and the blessed last ends, Himself in all, prepares for thee.

3. Another most decisive lesson I beg Thee, O my Saviour, to secure to me; that is, to proceed on any ways *perfectly trusted* to Thy grace, and only will, for the ends of them. All, even when seemingly the less favorable must come, indeed, to so very good ends, if only I follow on as Providence leads. My dearest Lord thus traveling to go to Egypt an exile, seems against every hope of my salvation which was to be accomplished in Judea and Jerusalem, in the Garden of Agony, and on Mount Calvary; but, I trust Thy only wisdom for the time and means of Thy return to the land of Thy mysteries. I adore Thee as Thou art going so, even to Egypt, and I ask only for my own grace of perfect confidence and holy trust to Thy own will when Thou wilt lead me by any path unknown to my little short wisdom. Grant me to leave gladly everything of my own views to proceed

unhesitatingly the way Thou wilt have once truly declared to me through obedience. Teach me to hope against hope, to act without wisdom of mine, or against its own thoughts, to rely then the most on Thee, and after all, resign to *Thy measures of good*, too happy to offer Thee my *pure intentions*, for I hope ever to receive from Thee the all sufficient grace of *pure intentions*. O my JESUS, Thy glory, Thy love, Thy service, the way Thou dost show me, that is all I-humbly should entreat for, and faithfully cherish.



The heading, a pen and ink sketch, representing the Holy Family en route.

1. Not a moment of my life, not a duty but I see my Saviour walk before me, and my soul has a most pleasing chain and diversity of contemplation and enjoyment in the abundant pastures of grace. I look up to Him when at twelve, the most beautiful of the chil-

dren of men, and before His Heavenly Father, and before all, displaying the amiableness of His perfections, He accompanies His holy Mother, and Saint Joseph to the Temple, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, the long journey. What a divine modesty! What a model of recollection, and religious, interior attention to the great object of the voyage! A temple erected to His own Eternal Father upon this little globe of our earth, sacrifices appointed by Him; a praise from mortals, and alas! sinful mortals, but Himself coming to be now for them a praise even equal to the Infinite Majesty that receives it, to be a victim which will have superabundant propitiation and satisfaction for the sins of men, soon to dwell Himself in temples everywhere made by His presence incomparably superior to that holy temple of Sion. O my soul, look up along the road of Nazareth to Jerusalem! See, as it were, the *soul* of thy youthful JESUS whilst coming along with His holy Mother. O, what a sight! Think, I say, of His *inte-*

rior occupations, and be thy own alike whenever journeying to the temples and the altars of thy Lord. All this life but a traveling to His heavenly courts, and their eternal feast, prepared as it is for thee.

2. Consider also, my soul, the travel of thy JESUS to the desert of His retreat and fasting; then His many other goings into solitude or retired places; sometimes to the mountains, sometimes to the borders of the lake, sometimes to Bethany, or the Garden of Gethsemane, the spot He had custom to go to, and pray, and where He had appointed that His agony for us should take place. Is not that sight of our incarnated Lord thus seeking for retreat and withdrawing for seasons, and times of more particular recollection worthy of our most affecting contemplation, and most humble desires of union to His divine intentions? See Him as He passes along through the evening shades, or the full night, His steps resounding through the lonely places, His majestic and modest form mov-

ing in silent calmness as wrapt up, He is already in contemplation on the way, as if already in the desert; may be the sigh of love to His Father, or of thirst for our salvation heard to rise. View Him, my soul, in thy visions of faith, and think in profound adoration, and with tender admiration, and gratitude of such prodigious mysteries of which we ourselves were the whole object! God made man, JESUS CHRIST the eternal Son, and our brother and Saviour on earth in one same person, using these various means to prepare our grace, and eternal happiness, so long before we were! O my soul, wonder, enjoy, bless, make thy returns, commune with all thy most pious application, improve the remembrance through thy many walks, and especially when thou art the solitary traveler; or still more, if going to thy retirement, and calls of more particular recollection. O my JESUS! be wholly, deeply, perpetually, *printed in our soul* through all the mysteries of Thy former visible life on our earth.

3. And there He comes to the Jordan to submit to the baptism of penance, and bless the preaching of John. There He is coming along the river, and marked as the Lamb of our salvation by His faithful forerunner. The heavens open above and the voice of the Father is heard giving testimony of His Beloved Son, His eternal, co-equal Son, made man, and standing in visible form upon this same earth we now inhabit; we breathing that same air JESUS did also breathe, cheered by the light that shone in His blessed eyes, the sight of the same verdant lawns, of the fruitful fields of the whole of His creation below, such as Himself viewed and blessed it present among us. O my soul, if St. Bernard says that the eyes that attach themselves to the picture of their divine Crucified, or that view Him through the veils of His Adorable Sacrament, can condescend to no other look, let it mean for us that we will have them exercised to bring, at least to us, from every object the thought of our JESUS, once

present on our earth, everything now may, as St. Francis teaches so well, speak of Him to our loving soul: every river be the Jordan of His baptism, every lake the waters of Tiberiade and Genezareth, every mountain His solitude, every vale the place of His prayer for us, every field, every road may show Him to us; the night itself is full of His presence, since all these visible heavens once encompassed their Lord as they do now His poor servants called His members, made one body with Him, *now* even,—but O for an Eternity!



The Travelings of our Jesus.

A pen and ink sketch. Our Lord seated at the well—the Samaritan woman approaches for water.

1. "His ways are ways of peace." Consolation, light, and salvation He carries about with unwearied love, visiting and healing the sick, instructing the ignorant, saving the sinner! Follow His steps, O my soul, in thy holy

meditations, in order to follow them the better after in thy ready walks, and fervent zeal for every best call of His charity. See, if so often we may follow Him going up to Jerusalem, to the temple of His Father, and the festivals of His people, the scenopegias, the tabernacles, the pentecosts, the azymes, and the pasch, how many more of His travels for the sufferers, and the poor, does His sacred gospel represent to us. Through the whole land "He went about doing good, and healing all." The lame, the blind, the lepers, the palsied, those possessed, and tormented by evil spirits, all called upon Him;—Himself "*went about*" seeking for them through the villages and the country places. Other times they brought them, and they crowded after Him, whenever He made His divine appearance. All His steps were for consolation and relief,—pleased to feel fatigue in that continual pursuit of good, pleased to mingle His tears with those of the widow, of sisters bereft of a beloved brother, of friends weeping

round a grave. Such, O sweetest Lord, divine model of true daughters of charity, such has been from the beginning, the faithful ones which Thy holy priest Vincent sent every side during his long life to do good in Thy name, every morning issuing from their sacred retreat to go over the cities and the villages, enter the houses, the hospitals, and the prisons, visit, comfort, relieve or shed their tears like Thine. Their France did not bound their zeal; the distant kingdom, and the islands across the high seas saw them. Grant, only grant that we may in time share in their fidelity, and their happiness.

2. But, Thou didst travel still more for the instruction of innocent souls, to shed Thy divine light, O JESUS, amidst their gloom of darkness, and cheer them up to the knowledge and love of Thy Father, to the glorious hopes of their bright immortality. I adore, and bless Thee, O my Saviour, going through all Galilee, Samaria, Judea; preaching

Thyself the first, the coming of that Kingdom, Thou wilt send Thy apostles to declare to all nations, to the farthest places of this earth; Thy traveling it over to the end of times. Thou givest the example, and becomest Thyself the model, seeking, as the good shepherd, for Thy lost sheep; fatigued, hungry, thirsty, and yet even when stopping to rest a moment near the well, and asking for a draught of water,—yes, O my divine Lord, asking for a little of water! —Thou knowest how to improve it for the instruction, and salvation of the poor sinful woman, from whom Thou askest it with such humbleness and gentleness! What a consolation for us, Thy daughters of charity, to be also permitted to follow Thee in our feeble exertions for that greatest of objects: teaching the knowledge and love of Thy heavenly Father, and Thy own knowledge and love. We will unite with the most fervent affection to Thy Sacred Heart in that glorious occupation, whether *seated* here with the souls whom Thou dost send to us, or on

Thy call, *going* and traveling over the land to meet them far from our happy vale. Bless, O Lord, bless Thy daughters of charity.

3. O MARY, the blessed Mother of our Saviour, to thy sacred Heart also, we try to unite our own whilst dwelling with so much of consolation on the ways and steps of our JESUS upon earth, whilst running after Him as the Spouse of the Canticles, drawn by the sweetness of His perfumes. How didst thou closely follow Him the first, thou, the happy mother who attended with such sacred love all His journeying through that land of His unfaithful people! How didst thou assist with tender charity in bringing to Him the poor sufferers, or declaring to Him their wants! How didst thou give the best of praises when witnessing the wonders of His power and mercy! As for His instructions, the divine grace of His parables, and simple comparisons, or the mystery of His words about Heaven, and His Father,

and their incomprehensible consummation in one, or the prophecies of His passion, and resurrection, and of the establishment of His Church, and the days of His blessing, but of scandals also, our earth had to witness; how didst thou receive, and preserve in thy heart every thing, pondering over it with all the most perfect dispositions that we should now try to have, and inspire in others. Bless us, O MARY, by thy powerful prayer before the Throne as we continue the short journey, which at last, and soon, O soon, must bring us to our JESUS, and to thee!



The Travelings of His Passion.

A landscape, Gethsemane, the brook Cedron, Jerusalem, a mount with three crosses, marked "Calvary."

1. Behold, said our Lord to His disciples, we go up to Jerusalem, and the Son of Man shall be betrayed;—they shall deliver Him to the gentiles to be mocked, and to be scourged, and to be

crucified. Behold Him, O my soul, in that last traveling through the land of His people, which He had covered with His wonders, blessings, and instructions, His toils of love, His fatigues, His sweats, and His tears to be crowned by death, the scourges, mockings, and blasphemies, and see what little pretensions of gratitude from men, thy little exertions dare put on. Behold Him, going up to His unfaithful Jerusalem, His last consummation full in sight, and thus simply, and calmly declared to His friends; and see, my soul, how thou dost bear the sight of woes and trials when He sends them to stare thee in the face, and ask if we are ready and will know how to suffer for Him who did the first for us? Ah, for us no death, no scourges, no spit, and no crown of thorns!—and alas, we do repine, and are so unwilling to endure our dark hours and places!... Behold Him, my soul, and humbly crave to feel thy love for Him continually increase. Let His image so be printed all over thee, O my soul,—all His

mysteries, all His steps on earth, all His life, His passion, His death, as to have the whole thy perpetual delight and grace. Now then, view leisurely, and most tenderly, and gratefully, thy Saviour going up to Jerusalem to be delivered for thee. Oh, do show Him all thy own love and gratitude in such a contemplation along this His last journey for thee during His mortal life.

2. JESUS "went forth with His disciples over the brook Cedron, where there was a garden into which He entered with His disciples." The Garden of Agony—*Gethsemane*! My soul, mark well the place, and follow thy Lord over the brook He will soon cross back a captive; follow these mighty steps; He does not fly from the baptism of blood He longed to receive for thee; He goes to prepare for it, all thy iniquity heavy upon His soul,—alas! the abuse of His grace *heavier*. Walk by His side with His disciples; think, if possible to

thee, of that last going to that sacred spot which Judas, "who betrayed Him knew," and selected for his fatal design just as the Gospel says, "because JESUS had often resorted thither together with His disciples," himself the unfortunate in their blessed company. Count now the divine steps; let them, one after one, be printed in thy remembrance. It is the last time He goes "thither." Amidst all the prayers thy JESUS offered there for all mankind, seek for *thy own*, and keep it in thy own sight with this very act of faith: "My soul, *for thyself* thy Saviour prayed in Gethsemane with agony, faintings of love, and a bloody sweat,—*He did*; forget it not!" There is more in that only thought than thy whole eternity will repay: my divine Lord went for me to the Garden of His Agony,—actually so offered it for me in sight of His Father, and His angels.

3. What remains to be performed of those ways of our JESUS on earth, but

these strange, wonderful, sorrowful, yet blissful ways of His last consummation for thee, my soul. From that eternity before offering Himself for this moment of His death for thee, how many things of this sacrifice, each of them sufficient to engage all the powers of praise, and gratitude of angels, and all our astonishment and love on earth! For in each line, each circumstance of the Passion of our Lord, our soul thinking that her own divine Lord indeed thus suffers for her on earth is lost, and can find neither expression nor thought, but that divine astonishment and love, till eternity speechless for impotence. O my Lord! I think only this day of Thy sorrowful and suffering ways through the city, once of Thy tears, and now of Thy blood, to the High-priest's house, the Governor's mansion, Herod's palace, and the malefactor's Calvary at last. I follow Thy steps...I join with the holy women, and with Thy Mother, I try with Simon of Cyrene to carry with Thee that cross. O, come, my soul, pour all

thy feelings over these sacred ways.
Wonder, delight, acknowledge, and long
for the eternal day of thy gratitude.

*The Travelings of the Most
Holy Virgin.*

1. Before the incarnation to Jerusalem,
to the festivals.
2. Whilst she bore JESUS CHRIST in
her womb.
3. Our Lord borne in her arms.
4. Our Lord walking as a child at her
side.
5. During the mission of our Lord.
6. During His Passion.
7. After His Resurrection.
8. With Saint John the Evangelist to
Ephesus.

*The Travelings of the Angels and
of the Saints.*

The Angels.

1. To the Patriarchs, Abraham, Lot and
Tobias.
2. Their missions for our Lord.

3. Travelings of good angels with all men.

The Patriarchs.

1. Adam driven from Paradise.
2. Noah in the ark.
3. Abraham, Moses conducting the people of God into the promised land.

The Prophets sent.

The Apostles, St. Peter, St. Paul, etc.

1. With our Lord.
2. After the Ascension.

The Martyrs.—St. Ignatius, etc.

The Confessors.

Holy Bishops—Episcopal visits.

The Virgins.

Holy Missionaries,—representing *en route* a Jesuit, St. Francis Xavier, and a Capuchin, St. Fidele, etc.



*Subjects of Meditation while
Traveling.*

Saint Joseph.

(Part of this paper torn)

1. Ancient law...a just...a king.
2. The Blessed Virgin, their common sighs for the Messiah.
3. After the Annunciation...JESUS present...unknown to him.
4. Visitation...his momentary doubt
...JESUS known to him.

Did he accompany to St. Elizabeth?
Uncertain.

II.

5. Bethlehem...traveling...rebuked...enrolled.
6. At the manger...JESUS born, wrapped up, and lying before him.
7. The shepherds received...first homages of angels and men.
8. The Magi received too, and the gifts to his hands.

III.

9. Egypt...night. (*paper gone.*)

10. The flight...passing over the steps of his fathers.

11. The long sojourning in the land of his ancestor Joseph, his striking type.

12. The return, and second traveling up, the news of Archelaus.

IV.

13. Jerusalem after many other so different times.

14. The Purification...carrying the doves for Jesus!

15. And Presentation, present at the prophecy of Simeon.

This Saviour for *ruin and resurrection.*

V.

16. Nazareth, dwelling in the house of the *Incarnation.*

17. Hidden life.....JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH...silence, labor, love.

18. Youth of JESUS...submission to them! Orders then given!

VI.

19. Second, Jerusalem. So near *Bethlehem*! Did they go a pilgrimage there?

20. Traveling up for the festival... shadows of the lambs!

21. JESUS remained...sorrows at His loss....

22. They seek sorrowful...sorrowing, earnest, diligent!

23. They find Him...in the temple... their reproach...His rebuke...their joy.

VII.

24. Third, Nazareth...(*paper mutilated.*)

25. Dwelling there till “ “

26. The mission of JESUS “ “

27. Presumed that He “ “

...before...O death of Joseph! O hidden grace, no words or details preserved; all, all, all the delightful instruction—*Hidden.*

VIII.

28. His soul in limbo with...O the just!

29. The Father...His grave on earth...O sacred relics!—but *hidden.*

IX.

30. His soul gone to Heaven. O seat
above! O Glory!
31. Now a Patron every where honored;
all over this earth.
32. A protector to us...in this hidden
corner.
33. Apparitions...may be many...
Communion...with the millions of
fervent souls, and poor sinners.

X.

34. Resurrection of his body...Oh, our
own!...
35. Second coming of JESUS CHRIST,
and judgment...that sight!...
36. Eternal glory soul and body...that
time without time and measure,—that
consummated bliss,—that *Eternity!*

JESUS, MARY and JOSEPH.



1821.

*Bridget Jordan—Sister Appolonia.**

Died at St. Joseph's the 14th. of July, 1821.
Was buried the 15th. Sunday, and the day of the
opening of the Retreat of the Sisters.

When our Saviour went to heaven the eyes remained fixed on high on His steps, delighted, overjoyed. When a grave is opened, our eyes remain fixed at the bottom, and through the coffin, and the very ground we see,—we cannot cease to see, and consider the countenance of the object of which our love is bereft. And is that feeling a fault? No; JESUS CHRIST troubled Himself when He approached the grave of His dear Lazarus. He shed tears with the sisters, with mothers; He sanctified our own.

* "Sister Appolonia Jordan, a most excellent subject, pious from infancy, came with her mother Mrs. Jordan in 1819. After a lingering consumption of some months, sweetly expired in perfect possession of her senses."

She was own sister to dear old Sister Fanny.

He would have the stone removed, the sepulchre opened, though they spoke of the smell, because He wanted to show the resurrection that will take place and mend things. So, also, we look at the grave, and through the grave at our Sister. We see these eyes closed to the scene left above, that silent mouth, this body at rest, these hands still firmly fixed on the crucifix, these beads of MARY round,—that sacred cap of modesty and poverty combined, that robe so venerable that months are required, O candidates, to obtain it,—years, to possess it as your own. We see, we gaze, we delight, death has no horror, all is rest and sweetness; we envy, would hasten our desires, was not the only will—O God, Thy only will the best!—and our trial may be yet long too justly required before. Thus Sisters, our Lord as the most tender Father of His daughters of love, has taken one by the hand, as Job says, He calls stretching His hand to bring her to Him. He has taken her from our sight this very moment of our

retreat, that we may the more forcibly feel the eminent grace of it for our own souls,—each one for her own soul. At this moment our Sister carries to the barn the harvest of many years of such a decisive time; at this very moment we enter the field, being yet left to work with the same earnestness and humble gratitude to our Lord, she did. If any one has hitherto slumbered, surely the sound of that ground falling, as it were, in ruins upon a coffin,—that hollow sound as it tumbles down to the bottom of a grave awakes that slumbering soul. She awakes and sees, as it were, the opening of some new grave by her Sister which might prove to be destined for herself.

Ah, Sisters, how many—now a whole generation I might say, people that sacred place; some children, some candidates or novices, some younger Sisters, or more advanced in life,—one who taught many of you her holy vocation, one who long was called, and you thought proved your very mother. Oh, little

sacred—O, the dearest spot, but, O, the most instructive, impressive! Spot of death, and of Eternity! Spot that tells so plainly what is this earth, but so much more still what is heaven! What is the end, and object of our happy consecration here? To get our crown both more sure, and more bright. Alas, the mariner crosses, and re-crosses the billow to get a fortune he misses, the soldier sheds his blood for honors he will never reach, the giddy worlding tires himself to despair, to hunt pleasure, unfortunate, disappointed being! We sit at rest, secure, and increase daily treasures of riches, honors, pleasures both endless and infinite. O! too delightful, but too strange, if we could forget it. Let us then enter again most fervently this one harvest more of a retreat. Let us open the graves, look, and see, yours, Appollonia, the ground so fresh!—yours, Sisters of old, and of late,—yours, Mother, we open all! Alas, what sight! Hasten to close them, they say; look rather up to heaven for our souls; look towards the

end of time for the glorious refitting of our resurrection; love your Sisters, pray for your Sisters, come to rest with your Sisters, secure that eternity now to us all secured, begin your retreat, and pursue fervently all its exercises. JESUS, MARY, Joseph, and Saint Vincent, your holy angels wait that you begin, and do your best.

I read yesterday evening the news of the death of that good young novice Mary Vincent * at home, where returned for her health; at the moment of death, she requested to be put upon the floor to die in this humble, penitent way. Her worthy mother wrote to the Sisters a most grateful letter, wishing nothing more but that any other of her daughters might have the happiness to succeed her in the same vocation at St. Joseph's, and prepare the same for that happy

* "Mary Vincent Langely," notes Sister Margaret George, "a novice left on account of bad health, died at her father's in Charles County.—Remarkable for piety and innocence of manners."

death—Death, the happy death, the best thing of all *in this world*.

The same day Mr. Hickey assisted her, and almost at the same hour I was by the death bed of a father of family, surrounded by a wife, five daughters, and a son. Oh, the scenes so different! Though preparing well, O, the returns of tears, the look on both sides of his bed towards these beloved objects he had wholly to resign to Providence! O, the *necessity* the Sisters forget not, these *true* pains and trials, in their too happy abstraction which leaves them but their own bright prospect in sight! O, that they beg humbly to be made true Daughters of Charity, divine charity, true angels of the sick, the dying, the orphans, the widow; true sufferers with sufferers; true pitying, gentle, condescending fellow-travelers with mortals not so easily weaned from the things below, but rather requesting such tender and prudent assistance to be enabled to prepare well enough for their last hour.



J. M. J.

In every important instance in the line of salvation and merit, we must, as a good pilot near the rocks, watch carefully our poor heart, the weak side of nature always ready to admit the suggestions of faults. O! see then in this moment...

Side of Nature.

Provocation, pride, anger, resentment, rash judgment, retaliation, speaking untruly, exciting passion in others, breaking the bounds of many virtues, committing greater faults than those reproached to me... O, think well on this!...

Side of Grace.

Will, and permission of GOD! judging favorably my Sisters; judging myself humbly, condemning my faults, taking for merit what I suffer, preferring the peace and good of all, doing, and saying nothing but for GOD, looking

only at my death, and at the *amount*, merit and gain, or demerit and loss for my eternity. O, think well on this!...

Let me settle my choice as at death.



1823.

Old Mrs. Jordan.

Near eighty, who died the 1st. of April at Saint Joseph's; (two of her daughters vowed, Fanny and Apollonia, buried in 1821.) was buried the 3rd. at Emmettsburg near her husband.

"And she was a widow until foreshore and four years, who departed not from the temple by fastings and prayers serving night and day."

We remember you well good widow of our old friend Dominic Jordan laid so near, behind that altar. You come to lie by his side in your common hope of the future glories.

We remember your family, N. N. your Fanny, mother of a hundred in Baltimore!* For the widows, to speak

* With the orphans.

earnestly, alas! few are blessed with such a holy repose in the Lord as was that good Mrs. Jordan. The Gospel names one Anna who enjoyed that happy share, departing not from the temple, always in prayer.

So was our Mary: she deserved that mercy for the sweet and humble temper of soul she showed always here. You all remember it.

Ah, she prayed so much for all, let us pray for her, and many, many, with me with their mothers left on distant shores.

Ye Sisters, remember the widows: the many more who have to struggle in the world for themselves and children. Ah, these, at least you adopt to share in the best and most solicitous of their care, that is to give their dear ones to God, etc.....

EMMETTSBURG. 1823.

Emmettsburg was a wood in 1786, when the Hughes came. The house of Mr. Jennings was the first built,—not the present brick house, but a small log-house, now a back building.

The Church was built in 1793. The land was belonging originally to Mr. Carroll, of Annapolis, and called Carroll-burgh, being in two parts, one lower in Maryland, one upper, in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Dubois bought the first land of the Seminary, the 28 April, 1807; the plantation of Mr. Arnold Elder, in August, 1808. The Seminary of Pigeon Hill, begun by Mr. Nagot, in 1806, was transferred to Mount St. Mary's, after Easter, 1809. Sixteen young men were sent to the care of Mr. Dubois, and lodged first at the house of Mr. Arnold Elder. Possession of his land, bought in 1808, was taken in April 1809. In March, that year, 1809, the land for the

Sisters had been bought with the money given by Mr. Cooper.

The meeting for giving a name to the town was held at Oklesmith's farm. Some were for Carroll-town, some for Emmits, which prevailed. It was about 1786.

The line of Pennsylvania runs about three quarters of a mile straight north of Emmettsburg, on Gettysburg's road, but north-west much nearer. It passes through free George Suivally's house. Choniker still in Maryland, and Mr. Little; but Patterson in Pennsylvania.



April 28, 1823.

EMMETTSBURG.

Items.

Emmettsburg is ten miles north west of Taneytown; fifty miles from Baltimore; ten from Gettysburg; twenty-two from Conewago; sixteen from Waynesboro; twenty-five from Hagerstown; eight from Creagerstown; twenty-two from Frederick.

It lies on the frontier of Pennsylvania, about half a mile to the north. At the West the road from Waynesboro, and Hagerstown extends a mile and a half into Maryland.

The mills of Mr. McDevitt, on Tom's Creek, near the turnpike, are in Pennsylvania.

The boundary of the congregation is determined on the side of Taneytown, by the Monocacy, and on the Mountain side by Tom's Creek, although this limit is rather indefinite. On the Pennsylvania side, nothing has been precisely determined; the Catholics from Gettysburg, and even those from Millers-town, six miles to the west, are divided; the majority go to Conewago, or to the Mountain. The Church to the west of Millerstown is served from Conewago.

Between Emmettsburg and Waynesboro, there is no decreed limit. As to Mount St. Mary's the line of separation is very uncertain. Mr. Dubois allots to the Mountain the farm of Mr. Brooks

towards the Monocacy scarcely a mile on the Baltimore road; then Tom's Creek by Troxell's mill; the bridge on the road going to the Sisters'. The brick house on the Mountain corner projecting towards Emmettsburg; then the lane leading to the Hagerstown road. This limit leaves but a small portion of territory in Maryland to the Emmettsburg congregation. Nevertheless, on the mountain to the west, it comprises the Catholics from what is called Harbaugh's Valley. The Gordon family, eleven miles south-west of Emmettsburg; and equally as far west of the mountain, are the most remote places served from Emmettsburg; but places nearer, from Waynesboro.

There is nothing in fact which forms a natural limit.

I have proposed, as being nearest to the mark, the road from Mr. Ferris to the Monocacy, and that of the brick house to Harbaugh's Valley.

The Congregation is composed of Americans, Irish, and Germans, besides

colored persons, both slave and free. Half of the town is Catholic, the rest is chiefly Presbyterian and Lutheran; the latter have a resident minister in the town who preaches alternately in English, and in German. The church with the tower, belongs to them. The Presbyterians have their meetings about half a mile to the north; their minister, Mr. Greer does not live in the town.

There are also some Episcopalians. Dr. Moore is a Quaker. They follow principally the Presbyterians. One of their trustees is an Irish apostate.

Sometimes other preachers pass through. They preach in these churches, or in Protestant school-houses.

There is a Methodist preacher near; about two miles from Tom's Creek, where there is a little village named after him Moran Town. He holds his meetings, classes, etc., at his house on Sundays, and Wednesdays.

I believe there are very few Methodists in the town.

The meetings, and preachings of Pres-

byterians are held in the fields; Catholics some times attend them.

The town numbers about seven hundred inhabitants. There are four principal taverns and perhaps seven or eight tippling-shops under the sign: "Liquors and fruits." But besides these, the principal groceries, and dry goods stores, of which there are six, quite considerable, sell drams and whiskey to any one coming, particularly to their *customers*.

There are four doctors, Dr. Hannon and his young brother, or brother-in-law, Dr. Moore and Dr. Shorb. Many persons go to Taneytown to Mr. Grub the Lutheran minister, and to another quack, equally renowned, who sometimes also makes visits here.

We have neither a library, nor a printing press. The various stores have only an assortment of prayer books, and some elementary books for schools, of which there are principally two, one Catholic, the other Protestant, with their brick school-house; one or two school-mistresses for the smaller children, and

the extern school of the Sisters, which affords the greatest means of instruction, of piety, and of succor, for in this month of April, they give dinner to twenty-three children, many of whom carry what is left to their parents.

There are many poor families and poor widows at Emmettsburg. This may in general, be attributed to the misfortunes of the times, for it seems to me that as a general thing, we cannot complain of disorder. The taverns are very quiet places. The remarkable days, namely, Election, Washington's birth day, Reviewday, St. Patrick's day, and Christmas, pass off very quietly and soberly, especially of late years; particularly, last Christmas, and New Year's day. I have been told many times with an honorable complacency and satisfaction, that not one person had been found intoxicated. This may be an exaggeration, but the case is generally true. Last St. Patrick's day passed in the same manner.

There is an evidence of regularity, of

union, and mutual cordiality which has been remarked from abroad. There is a great deal of religious opposition, and of interest among individuals; also frequent law-suits, warrants, and sales, going to court, etc., occasioned by poverty, debts, rent, etc. But, it seems to me, that these meetings are mutually attended, and justice is rendered without ill feeling. The stings of pride, indiscreet words, and unfavorable reports exist often enough, but probably they are less violent, and are more easily remedied than in many other places. It may be said of the poor Protestants, that in the midst of their errors, there is a fund of religion, and of principle, at Emmettsburg.

The Pastors of Emmettsburg, have been, as follows;

Rev. Mr. Ryan, in 1793—originally from Frederick.

Rev. Mr. Dubois, in connection with the Mountain.

Rev. Mr. Duhamel, 1809, or until his death, Feb. 6, 1818.

Rev. Mr. Hickey, 1818 until June 22.

Rev. Mr. Dubois, 1818, June, July, middle of August.

Rev. Mr. Bruté, 1818, middle of Aug. to the middle of Sept.

Rev. Mr. Cooper, 1818, Sept. until June, 1819.

Rev. Mr Bruté, 1818 from June until now, 1823; (M. Randanne, some weeks in 1818.)

The register commences by some items of the year 1812, the result gives :

1813...5 baptisms—4 deaths—2 marriages.

1814...13 “ 2 “

1815...17 “ 9 “ 2 “

1816...19 “ 5 “

1817...11 “ 4 “ 1 “

The register has been more exactly kept since.

1818..33 baptisms—4 deaths—1 marriage.

1819..24 “ 9 “ 3 “

1820..38 “ 14 “ 5 “

1821..52 “ 15 “ 5 “

In October, 1821, I counted once thirty-four tomb-stones, the most ancient of

which is 1795, Mr. Jenkins, first husband of Mrs. James Hughes.

I then counted one hundred and thirty-six graves of adults, and of children; many are already levelled.

The account of the Paschal Communion from 1817, is as follows:

1817 by Mr. Duhamel, 190.

1818 " Mr. Hickey, 191.

1819 " Mr. Cooper, 225.

1820 " Mr. Bruté, 252.

1821 " Mr. Bruté, 253.

1822 " Mr. Bruté, 236.

1823 " Mr. Bruté, 264 to the fifth Sunday.

In adding the delinquents, some go to Conewago, etc. There may be three hundred communicants. The young people and negroes put off, would make three hundred and fifty.

(1829 Mr. Hickey has about three hundred.)

A list of the congregation in 1818 gives me two hundred and seventeen names; eighty-seven men, one hundred

and seven women, and twenty-three negroes. This list is doubtless incomplete; nevertheless, such is the rapid change made in the congregation by death, departure, marriages, etc., that fifty-nine of these two hundred and seventeen were no longer members of the congregation in 1823—five years!

Another fact of the same nature occurred in 1821, I examined the status of the congregation of the last year 1820. Of the two hundred and fifty-two Paschal communicants, forty-six persons were no longer there; nearly one fifth during the year. That is to say, eleven deaths, fifteen gone over the mountain to live, to seek work, and twenty-one to the backwoods, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, etc.

The larger proportion of the congregation is composed of the country farmers, their families and their hands. That of the town, of merchants and artisans of various kinds: hatters, carpenters, tailors, etc.; some widows and their families. This is a numerous and unhappy

class. Widow Gildea,—Rowe,—Boyle, and Mintey.

Widow Barry is doing well, etc.

There are some saw mills and grist mills, also, tanneries, some hatteries, which all constitute the trade. There is also a paper mill, (Mr. Obermeyer.)

Of the forty-three negroes who made their Easter, I counted seventeen free, among the Catholics; fifteen among protestants—leaving twenty-six slaves.

In 1818, when the suppression of the Seminary was in contemplation, they made a calculation in the town of the property acquired in the neighborhood by catholic families during the preceding five or six years, and they found a result of \$366.000 which statement, instead of being exaggerated, rather fell below the amount, for the next day, it was declared that much had been omitted and that the capital had risen to \$400.000.

While Mr. Waters kept the principal tavern (1821) he estimated the yearly increase of capital for the two houses of

the Mountain and St. Joseph's to amount to \$20,000.

At this epoch, they formed at Emmettsburg a kind of subscription of \$7000 to lend to Mr. Dubois without interest, three persons subscribing \$1500.

There is less prosperity at this time I believe; nevertheless, I see two brick houses built this year.

The Confirmations of 1818 were:

Sept. 23d. at the Mountain—94.

Sept. 24th, at the Sisters' (besides two yesterday)—15.

Sept. 25th. at Emmettsburg—74.

Total 183.—In 1823,—103.

The Archbishop arrived on the 21, and left on the 26.

In 1812—The last Confirmation by Archbishop Carroll took place, at the Sisters', October 7th., and at the Mountain, on the 8th.; arrived from Frederick on the 5th, he did not return until the 12th. on account of a heavy cold.

He conferred the tonsure, at the Moun-

tain Church; October 8, 1812 (10 years and a half ago) on seven subjects, John Delany—dead.

Wm. Byrne, priest, keeps School for Bishop Flaget. Francis Grandchamps, returned to the Islands, secular—

George Elder, priest, president of Bardstown college.

Alexis Elder, priest now, Sulpician. Ges. Boarman, returned to the world, and, Clauzel, I believe,—dead.

In 1818, Mr. Anduze was the first person permitted by the Archbishop, to study theology here, for two years.

May 4, 1823, confirmed of the Mountain Congregation, 64—College, 30.

Total—94.

May 5, at Emmettsburg, 104. May 6, at the Sisters, 32. Total 230.

May 8, at Taneytown—and about 20 at Winchester.*

In 1813, the 17th. of September, Mr. Dubois held an assembly of the congre-

* Formerly Westminster was sometimes called Winchester.

gation at Emmettsburg for the purpose of deliberating on the propriety of having incorporated trustees. He dismissed the assembly, until he should receive orders from the Archbishop. Mgr. Carroll said to give up rather that which was donated. I believe it was the house of the brother of Mr. Hughes, opposite the Church. Since the departure of the mother, this year 1823, the trustees have taken possession of it, without any legal claim, but relying on the piety of the Hughes family, who in fact allowed it to be rented by them at \$30 a year to the sexton. It is remarkable that the other house came from the Hughes, at least, from the first husband of Mrs. James Hughes. It should never be forgotten that the Hughes of Emmettsburg were among the principal founders of the Church.* Besides these two houses, a

* Note: Among other acts of benevolence performed by James Hughes for Mother Seton, the following is related by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Dr. Patterson. On one occasion, Mr. Fleming,

third was left by Mr. Mc Cormick. (doubtful.)

from whom the farm of St. Joseph's had been purchased, wished to break the bargain with the Sisters, and threatened to do so in default of a certain payment which he demanded should be made in *Gold Eagles*, being certain that Mother would find it impossible to meet the payment. She consulted with Mr. Hughes who generously volunteered his services. He rode on horse-back to Philadelphia, received the money from Father Cooper,—returned to Baltimore, gathered there more Eagles, and arrived at St. Joseph's in due time. The money was in Gold Eagles packed in a small trunk which Mr. Hughes carried before him on horse-back. Whilst he was eating his dinner in a back room, Fleming presented himself at the front door, and was astonished to hear from Mother that she was prepared to meet his demand. His eyes glistened as they rested on the contents of the trunk,—he had never seen so many Gold Eagles together before. In after years Mother Seton presented the small trunk to Mr. Hughes' daughter Mary, a pupil of St. Joseph's, as a souvenir of the transaction. Mr. Fleming received the *soubriquet* of "Spread-Eagle Fleming." He purchased a farm in Ohio paying for it in Gold Eagles, and retained his nick-name until he died.

Mr. Dubois was charged with the parish of Emmettsburg when thinking in 1809 about commencing the Sisterhood, and the Seminary. Mr. Duhamel who attended Hagerstown, came to live with him, and took charge of it. It was however, always understood that Mr. Dubois was still the chief pastor of Emmettsburg, destined to remain attached to the establishment which St. Sulpice had formed there.

However, Archbishop Carroll did not always seem to relish the title of first pastor, and in a letter to Mr. Duhamel, in 1813, I believe he complained of this state of things, and said that it was his intention to deprive Mr. Dubois of this sinecure title and that Mr. Duhamel should be the true pastor.

Things, nevertheless, continued on the same footing, with the exception of a year in which Mr. Cooper served the Church, but he appears to have been purely and simply a pastor without any other dependence than on the Archbishop.

Now, Mr. Bruté attends Emmettsburg as also Mr. Hickey who does so for the Seminary, being first sent by him, so he can be recalled and another appointed in his place by Mr. Dubois. But when Mr. Cooper left, the Archbishop proposed to send Mr. O'Brien, on the same conditions.

Nothing, has been definitely arranged. Mr. Dubois reserves to himself all the temporal administration, calls the assemblies, and presides, even in the absence of Mr. Bruté, his vicar, and regulates without him whatever seems useful. The trustees appeal to him and generally refer their observations, petitions, or complaints directly to him.

The trouble is, that Mr. Dubois has too much on hand, to attend to temporalities, and his vicar has not sufficient authority to administer them. On the other hand, Emmettsburg could with difficulty support a priest, unless he be animated by a zeal and energy which the comfortable manner in which they

are now provided for, does not dispose them.

I dare form an opinion. I only believe it well to examine whether it would not be useful to Emmettsburg and to the Seminary to have there a local pastor, confiding to him more particularly Millerstown and Gettysburg, separating Conewago; but, German would be needed for the last mentioned, and this would be a great inconvenience at least for some years.—

It is necessary to remark that Mr. Duhamel held subscriptions in money and in kind, from the Mountain, as well as from Emmettsburg. The rent of the pews in the hand of trustees amounts this year 1823 to...it was in the beginning...it was raised to...in 1816 when— The Sunday collection is made only once a year. The poor box might contain four to five dollars, but I don't know why, but there has not been put into it a single cent, not one for nearly three months.

The Sisters have charge of the Sacristy Mr. Dubois has already wished twice to withdraw them.

The brick School-house belongs to the congregation.

The original subscription for building the church was made in 1793. It is still with the collectors—a good part was never paid. It amounted to—Archbishop Carroll £5. More than \$500 subscription, perhaps have never been paid to the priest. Every year a large portion remains unpaid.

The congregation commenced to furnish, in union with the Sisters, a horse in 1820. On Sunday, when the priest is at Emmettsburg, Mr. Grover takes care of it.

The priest constantly lodged at the house of Mr. James Hughes, except Mr. Cooper who remained in the town, first at the house of Mr. Rodford, then at Mr. Grover's. As a general thing, very little is given for Masses, Mrs. Williams excepted; the whole amount probably is not \$20 a year.—

Nothing for baptisms—nothing for burials, and although it is decreed, that the priest should have \$2 for a marriage, the \$2 are not always paid. The church and the cemetery are upon two lots given by James and Joe Hughes—brothers.—



To Mother Xavier—Departure for Europe.

Heaven, Eternity.

Noon—Near Sandy Hook.

March 1, 1824.

One line to recommend myself to your dear prayers, and to those of the Sisters. One last line from this shore—Does God destine for us that of our France, or that of His great Eternity. His adorable will be accomplished, all the rest is nothing. Life itself is nothing save for the happiness of serving Him, and laboring for this beautiful Eternity. All my friends have hither gone. I am—I am forty-five, and that which bears me farther

still, behold us upon the deep—a plank—*an Eternity!*

This morning the last Mass for so long a time. My son Purcell also at communion,—then breakfast together at your dear Sisters.

Pray for us.—Ask good Mr. Rotoff to pray; ask also Mr. Hurley, and our other Confrères when you see them.

Kind remembrance to the worthy Dr. Tucker. O my GOD, if he was a catholic to crown his good works with true merit for Eternity. *

Ah, our Lord, all in all, our JESUS, all in all, as said Mother.

S. Bruté.

Orphan Asylum,

Near Trinity Church, 6th. Street,

Philadelphia.

* The prayer of Father Bruté for Dr. Tucker was heard.

Notes from Sister Margaret George's Diary:

"Thursday, Feast of St. Mark, 1839. This day's mail brought very distressing intelligence. Sister Genevieve informs us of the sudden death of Dr. Aaron Tucker, a very sincere friend of the Sisters, and particularly attentive to those of the Philadelphia Orphan Asylum, when resident of that city. He was a convert of some years,—went to France with his family some time ago; returned in excellent health, and was on a visit to his wife's relatives, when without a moment's warning he dropped dead.

Friday, April 26, Mass of requiem was sung for the repose of the soul of this friend to the orphan, Dr. Aaron Tucker. His remains are interred in the old burying-ground at Frederick. His wife, (Elizabeth Carroll, grand-daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton) when asked where he should be buried answered: "Any where where the Sisters are."



*Mary Ann Smith, **
Candidate at St. Joseph's.

Forty-eight hours; Sunday, 17th. July, 1825.
(18th. and 19th.)

Five, after Vespers, Mr. Mc Gerry handing to Rev. Mr. Egan from his horse, the note calling for Rev. Mr.

* Mary Ann Smith, writes Mother Rose, was a candidate for the novitiate. She was a boarder two years in the school, and wished to be received in the Community when she was but fifteen years of age. She was of excellent health, most amiable and truly pious. Her death was sudden and unexpected. She was seized in full health with a sick head ache on Saturday : on Sunday she was completely prostrate, —all circulation appeared stopped, she became cold as death. This dear child retained her senses to the last moment of her life which took place on Monday. Her death was supposed to have been caused by over exertion being overtaken by a storm while out with the children on the Mountain, and carrying one of the children some distance.

She was sister of Mother Regina.

Hickey to the Sisters. "Mary Ann Smith very ill."

Mr. Hickey was baptizing two little negroes near Hutton's place. Mr. Egan stepped to the church, I to the Calvary, near the bridge,—no impression of a considerable danger.

I began Matins. The Sisters came to the bridge, some in tears,—“Very, very ill.”

.....

And many now come to me. They had been to the Grotto. I must go. I had insisted for Mr. Egan, or when returned home, if truly urgent to call Mr. Wiseman as the nearest, in Emmettsburg.

I take Mr. Dubois' mare, and in full gallop soon reach Saint Joseph's. The Mother explains the case. I know not what to think of it, but that it may be the consequence of the great rain of Thursday to which all were exposed, and so completely drenched.

Dr. Moore thought the case doubtful.

.....

Introduced to the sick. It was the moment of her greatest relief. Her countenance was rather good, even flushed, and with animation; a degree of ease in her breathing, and of warmth returning to her hands and feet promised well; though they attributed her coloring to the wine she has been taking to revive her.

I was in great measure deceived at first; thought there was no danger, at least that moment. Said it freely to the Sisters below, and those who were returning from the Mountain.

She was perfectly calm, and keeping the presence of GOD with sweetest resignation. She requested me to wait till Mr. Hickey should come. I did.

Rev. Mr. Hickey came. Symptoms less favorable were returning; oppression, and a considerable coldness of the hands and feet. We agreed that ministering holy Viaticum, at least, would be safest for the approaching night, as in the violent attack of the afternoon,

she could but cry aloud, and be incapable of so holy an action, a situation which might return.

Mr. Hickey, and the Sisters prepared. It was even resolved to give the Extreme Unction.

I was permitted to be present, though ready at the moment to retire home, had not some Sisters insisted; and, indeed, too great a happiness do I always account to be present at the sacraments of such holy souls, the will and love of GOD now, and Heaven in view their whole.

.....

I assisted as clerk, my good brother. O my GOD, the true joy and edification! O, thanks to His goodness, how it changes into the most happy moments, scenes which out of that blessed light, and splendor of faith, would to nature seem the most melancholy! The youth of eighteen dying far from home, in her best health but three days before, her own sister by her side. But, O my GOD, once more the true joy of seeing a

good, holy soul preparing with such pious simplicity, and calm obedience to meet her Lord, enter the other world, and begin eternity. How extremely well to the sense of faith and love, both she and the priest, and her sister, and the Community behaved. True delights in dying hours, when such the coming of JESUS, and the going of the happy soul.

May, may my soul be so preparing!

.....
Pax huic Domui—the Aspersion, the Confiteor, the few words; herself requesting Mr. Hickey to ask pardon for her to the Sisters and novices, and to the girls whilst with them at school.

The blessed moment... Her blessed countenance... Then the holy Extreme Unction with a few words... Her offering and accepting the sacrifice... My Lord, no words!... We retired.

Came home. Father McElroy arrived. None would say Mass in Frederick the day of St. Vincent; agreed to go. Mass

and three communions to those good Sisters far from their Mother-house.

Father McElroy went to St. Joseph's, and did not think that danger existed, but at eleven o'clock Sister Mary Ann left this world, preserving to the last her attention to her preparation, and giving every mark of the predestinate soul. She called, as formerly did Anina Seton, for the girls of the school, who were extremely moved and edified by the little things she told them to excite them to serve GOD above all things, the whole duty and hope of this fleeting life.

High Mass of St. Vincent's day by Mr. McElroy with one hour of excellent instruction.

Second High Mass for the departed one. I arrived at the conclusion when Mr. McElroy was adding a few words about that happy death.

Then the Office of the Burial, the *Libera...* The procession to the graves...

After that second Mass, (of Mr. Hickey,) Mr. Wiseman said his.

Afternoon, Vespers, Benediction, and an exhortation by Father McElroy.

.....
We should, said he, sanctify the day in honor of GOD and His Saint; secondly, feed our soul.

The Will of GOD is the solid, and substantial food of the soul,—all wise and good. We may well enjoy our choice part in the religious life where there is much more of grace, and less of faults. Even these faults cannot trouble us, for if as Sisters we forgive one another, how much more will the Heavenly Father forgive us, His own children.

Alas! we can but sin here below; otherwise we would already be angels. Yet, all our sins here, are not, all together as one of the many grievous sins which are so easily committed in the world.

As for Death, in this instance, it could not alter the joy of the day. It has been as an offering to Heaven for the festival

above,—as a deputy to their joys,—as a hostage for our felicity,—happy child!

But, let us mind the poor sinners. Pray, Sisters, for prayer obtains all. Pray for the priests that they may save souls; you too, assist them,—you priests also, as far as it can be for your sex. As priests wholly consecrated to God, let His glory and His will be your whole; as said St. Ignatius, give to Him your *whole will*, entirely so, etc.

It was five. That blessed day concluded, Father McElroy went home, and I returned to our Mountain, my heart so full for the crowd of feelings of these two days.

May that blessed soul be happy with the many ones gone from the Valley. May my own mind the edification received, for as Father McElroy said so well, has not the priest received here his own grace through that abundant grace bestowed by our merciful God on His best servants.

Note: Father Mc Elroy, S. J. was in former times extraordinary confessor for the House of St. Joseph. He came from Frederick to discharge this duty every three months, when each Sister had to present herself in the confessional,—it was not left to her choice. He kept the annual retreat too for the Sisters, and it appears from the following letter, sometimes for the Seminarians at the Mountain.

Dear Mother Augustine,

In a moment's relaxation after dinner,—for recreation we have none—I take the opportunity of informing you that I will return home on Saturday about twelve o' clock, and will take charge of any commands you may favor me with. Divine Providence has favored us very much in our holy exercises. The place is one of the finest I have ever seen for a spiritual retreat, and constantly reminds one of Manresa where our holy father, St. Ignatius first wrote these exercises. I mean the *Grotto*, not far from the church, and in which I am now writing. Here are we to be seen, twenty-nine in number,—of these three are priests, two deacons, and a subdeacon,—sometimes kneeling on the ground in two ranks during meditation and examen; at other times seated on two ranges of seats listening to instructions of "Father Mac," who stands at one end of the Grotto shaded from the rays of the

sun by a luxuriant vine. Again, we recite the Divine Office walking along those delightful walks, the work of the pious, and saintly Rev. Mr. Bruté; again, are we to be seen scattered over the rocks with our paper and pencil, or under the shady oak noting down our * * * s, and good resolutions. Our divine Master is not, of course, forgotten; we visit Him at the holy altar five times a day—I need not tell you that we (men) can keep silence during a retreat as well, if not * * * *, than Sisters of Charity. We are now in our fifth day, and I think I can say with truth, silence has not been broken in any instance by those engaged in the retreat. Truly, Mount St. Mary's is blessed with so many virtuous and promising young men! Continue to pray for them, as much depends upon this retreat, and for me in particular, the most unworthy of all. I write this,—which I hope you will not say is a breach of silence,—that you may receive some edification, and that as I do not, or rather cannot visit you this time, you may not imagine that I am displeased, as on a former occasion. If I were near some of your Sisters they would afford me, I am sure, a better pen. Our little Paradise affords no better than that I use. To-morrow ask some good things for us from our Blessed Lady. We shall continue our exercises as to-day, without attending high Mass or Vespers. Beg all to pray for us, and

him in particular who feels much interested for the happiness of the respected community at Saint Joseph's, and especially the good Mother Augustine,

Yours in our Lord,

Father Mc Elroy, S. J.

Eve of the Assumption, B. V. M.

In the Grotto. (Manresa.)



Sister Benedicta. *

First memorandum, this the 20th. June,
1826.

I have not been to the Sisters since the 29th of May. That day I did not see Sister Benedicta. I do not remember having seen her.

I had never examined the character of her malady, nor had I any conversation with the Doctor concerning it. I confined myself to believe her generally in consumption.

The 6th of June, returning from Harper's Ferry they told me that she was so sick that they expected this day to be

* Sister Benedicta Parsons.

called upon to administer the last sacraments.

The succeeding days I continued to hear that she was extremely weak, that she could swallow nothing without rejecting it; that it was astonishing that she could live thus without food, and nearly without broth.

About the 10th. I was told by her brother of a novena * with which I united.

During the novena I was told she was a little better, had been able to drink a little, and retained something about two hours, but afterwards rejected it. She kept her bed, and had reached the last stage of exhaustion. I wrote to Mr. De Clorivière at the Visitation the 17th. telling him of this slight improvement, however to suspend his judgment, pray for her, and wait.

The 19th. I received in the evening some lines from the Superioress to say

* In union with Prince Hohenlohe.

Mass this morning the twentieth, at half past two o'clock, I did so. Three o'clock struck when I was at the Elevation. I had gone to the church at ten minutes past two; I came out at half past four. I experienced different sentiments of offering, union, resignation; in general, peace, consolation, faith, some tears about the time of communion. In receiving the Precious Blood I said: "Thy will be done, O JESUS." I had neither desire nor opposition to the miracle. I tried to acquit myself of my share in the work of Providence.

About eight o'clock I heard the first reports. This evening at five o'clock the brother who returned from the Sisters' saying that the general belief, and the opinion of the doctors was that the event is supernatural. Mr. Dubois has not been to the Sisters, nor has he communicated anything to me of what has happened.

Second: As to rules to be observed see Paragraph 25. *du Concile de Trente*—

Mem. du clerge table traite de la juridiction ecclesiastique, tome 2—page 279. Les statuts synodaux des divers dioceses—art. 30. de ceux de Paris, etc.

(I thought the Sisters acted with some precipitation, very excusable, in singing the Te Deum. I have said so before some of our theologians.)

Third: For Piety.

Spirit free; faith general.

Disposition to admit what God will render sufficiently authentic.

To treat with charity the pious souls who abandon themselves simply to their conviction, and to their joy.

Dwell on the yet more stupendous and more important spiritual miracles of Absolution and Communion.

Instruct the ecclesiastical students.

Observe rules without being constrained by them.

Sister Benedicta.

June 21, 1826.

—This morning all seems to confirm the wonderful cure of yesterday.

It is said in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians Chapter Second, verse sixteenth, that what is to some an odor in life unto life, proves to others an odor of death unto death. So, when it has so manifestly pleased GOD in our days to display the power of miracles in His only true Church, both the infidels and the heretics can't bear with it, and whilst formerly even Balaam was subdued by miracles, and could not afterwards be obliged to curse those whom GOD blessed they do it freely, and prefer to suppose imposition than to admit of any divine work.

As for us, we feel happy to share in the joy and holy simplicity that glorify them; even we do particularly feel in the Communion of Saints the consolations granted to souls thus favored by GOD according to the verse sixteenth of First Corinthians, Chapter Second, if one

of the members of CHRIST is glorified all the others rejoice.

As for the requisite prudence in such cases, the Church has given her strict rules concerning the publication of miracles. Yet, it does not prevent a discreet communication among those who feel disposed to be edified. In Tobias Book it is recommended to honor by sufficient and proper confession the works of the Omnipotent. Even do we see that those who received such favors from JESUS CHRIST, oftentimes could not refrain from proclaiming them.

22d. *June.* I have seen her. She has an appearance of health and well-being, which I have observed without knowing in what it consisted, like to the appearance and physiognomy of Mrs. Mattingly and of Sister Beatrix.

She feels better than before being sick; is sensible of no infirmity; has performed all the digestions of the different repasts of these two days; enjoys a calm and undisturbed sleep; feels her strength go and return as in her natural condition.

The following letter was addressed to Mother Rose by Archbishop Maréchal on the occasion of Sister Benedicta's cure.



Baltimore,

June 26, 1826.

Reverend Sister Superior,

I have just now received your letter containing the joyful news of the wonderful cure of dear Sister Benedicta. This manifestation of divine goodness and power, deserves our most humble, and profound gratitude. Surely, never that good Sister will forget what Almighty God has done in her behalf; and neither you nor I, ought ever to forget it. For in these mighty works of a merciful Providence, Heaven has some ulterior end, far more important than the corporal health of an individual; and is it not a matter of infinite consolation to all the faithful, and to me, to reflect that this, and similar extraordinary events have taken place in the diocese of Baltimore?

There is no difficulty in your acquainting your good Sisters dispersed abroad with the fact that has taken place under your own eyes, and those of your Community; nay, it seems to me, a duty incumbent upon you to invite them to return their most grateful thanks to Heaven for such a signal

favor. But, to pronounce it a *real miracle*, is not permitted to me nor to you. Before we may do it consistently with the law of the Church, a very long, and minute investigation must take place. Hence the advice of the Rev. Mr. Dubois of not having the account of that wonderful cure printed as a *truly miraculous one*, is perfectly consonant with my will, and the laws of the Church.

I beg Sister Benedicta to say for me and my diocese in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, once the Litany of the Holy Name of JESUS; surely she will do it with fervor.

I remain with great attachment and esteem,

Your humble servant,

† Ambrose,

Archbishop, Baltimore.

1826.

*Sisters of the Jubilee of last and
present week.*

Eve of To-morrow.

Dear Sisters,

Pray much to-day, and to-morrow for this Jubilee, and the ensuing days for that of the house to which your good Father McElroy grants his zealous exertions.

Enjoy your own grace before your beloved Lord in a manner worthy of His own fervent spouses, in the full spirit of faith and love.....

1. On His adorable mercies this year to His universal Church thus so beautifully roused at the voice of Peter,—but, to our little blessed corner so abundantly also. Praise, thank, pray His infinite goodness for sinners. May some more be recovered for their Heaven, and His greatest glory in eternity.

2. On your own personal grace and duty, each one, in that spirit of faith, that is what the grace should be to your souls, and that their faithful exertions in the spirit of love, and full consecration. Ah, do entreat your JESUS to grant the same also, faith and love, to His priests; and that special portion of the family destined also to become so,—His priests! —His daughters of charity! What prayer can be fervent and pure enough to answer the call! Beg, above all, for humility, and the proper intention as foundation, and only means to gather the

true grace of this time so particularly destined to cleanse all the past, and set us on, more zealously than ever, for the day always so uncertain, and so near, of our eternity. Praise, and love, thank, and pray all, every day as if the very eve of the great To-morrow,—*Eternity*.

S. Bé.

Pray particularly for the *absolutions* of this day. Trust them much to the Blessed Virgin, and to St. Joseph by some prayer, each one.

Note: Sister Margaret George writes: "On Sunday, 15th. of October began the Jubilee at Saint Joseph's. Forty Sisters and sixty-one children attended among whom were several protestants who availed themselves of this time of mercy to enter the true Church. Rev. Simon Bruté opened the retreat by an instruction, on the End of Man. The First Station was performed in the chapel. Rev. Mr. McGerry gave an instruction on Mortal Sin, in the evening, after which was Benediction.

Rev. John F. Hickey gave the third instruction on Monday morning, on Hell. Between the hours of twelve and one, Rev. Mr. Deluol arrived, it being his second visit to St. Joseph's. At two o'clock, P. M., Rev. Mr. Bruté gave the fourth in-

struction. The Second Station was performed in Emmettsburg, Rev. Mr. Deluol, Rev. Mr. Hickey, and Rev. Mr. Bruté attending. Benediction at St. Joseph's on their return.

Tuesday morning, Rev. L. Deluol gave the fifth instruction. The Third Station performed at the Mountain, Rev. Mr. Egan, Rev. Mr. Bruté, and Rev. Mr. McGerry attending. At half past two o'clock, Rev. Mr. Hickey gave the sixth instruction, continuation of his first subject. Benediction at six o'clock.

Wednesday morning, Rev. L. Deluol gave the seventh instruction. At two o'clock, P. M., Rev. Mr. Bruté gave the eight instruction, on the Mercy of God. The Fourth Station was performed in *The Woods*. Rev. L. Deluol, Rev. J. F. Hickey, and Rev. S. Bruté, attending. Benediction on their return, at half past five o'clock.

Thursday morning, ninth instruction, by Rev. L. Deluol. The Fifth Station was performed at the Mountain, Rev. Mr. Egan attended. At two o'clock, Rev. Mr. Hickey gave the tenth instruction, on the Death of the Just. Benediction at six o'clock.

Friday morning, eleventh instruction by Rev. Mr. Egan, on unworthy Communion. The Sixth Station was performed in the chapel. At two o'clock, Rev. Mr. Deluol gave the twelfth instruction. Benediction in the evening, at six o'clock.

Saturday morning, thirteenth instruction by Rev. Mr. Deluol. After three o'clock, Rev. Mr. Deluol administered the sacrament of Baptism to Cornelia Chamberlain, Ann Eliza Usher, and Frances Gardiner, converts. Benediction in the evening at six o'clock.

On Sunday morning, Rev. Mr. Bruté said an early Mass at half past six o'clock. At eight o'clock Grand High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Mr. Deluol, Rev. Mr. Bruté deacon, and Mr. George Carroll,* sub-deacon. (Rev. Mr. Hickey being pastor of Emmettsburg was obliged to celebrate High Mass there as he could not get any one to supply his place, consequently could not be at St. Joseph's until dinner time.)

Thirteen of the children made their first Communion, among whom were the three converts already mentioned. Vespers and Benediction in the evening, after which Rev. Mr. Deluol accompanied Rev. Mr. Hickey to town, and there opened the Jubilee for his congregation, it being the twenty-second of October.

* Properly spelled and pronounced Car-rell.
Died Bishop of Covington, Kentucky.

*St. Patrick's Day.**Saturday, Second Week of Lent, 1827.*

1. A thought worthy of Sisters who assist through their love for JESUS CHRIST to rear here apostles for His Church of America, *to give thanks* for the admirable grace He bestowed so many ages past, upon St. Patrick, and ever since upon Ireland. But, O Lord! such excellent thoughts as this day should raise in our souls, we cannot have of ourselves, we humbly beg of Thee through his intercession. We adore, first Thy *wonderful providence* who disposed all his future graces through so many most severe dispensations, slavery itself, and wandering in foreign lands in his youth; then at the proper time, and in the proper manner made him such an instrument of every choicest blessing to innumerable souls. We adore, and bless Thy wonderful, and all merciful providence, and fervently entreat it may please Thee to fill all Thy servants with bound-

less reliance on Thee, and perfect submission to Thy unsearchable ways and appointments. We confess our profound ignorance, incapacity and weakness in all kind of spiritual undertakings, even for Thy glory, unless Thou Thyself build, edify, watch, and do all in all, as you did in the holy Apostle whom we honor, and call on this day to protect us, and present Thee our petitions both for these rising churches here, and those formerly planted by him.

2. We adore Thee again, and beg to share particularly in the spirit of *zeal for Thy kingdom*, which shone forth so admirably in St. Patrick, and made him so fervently sanctify himself to sanctify others. We know, O Lord! that in vain are we named Daughters of Thy Love, —in vain we desire to inspire that sacred love in others, if we do not strive to show the true and real fruits of divine love in ourselves. Thy holy Apostle could not have planted so abundantly our blessed Faith in so many hearts if they

had not seen its best fruits so fully exemplified in him. But, alas! how we are deficient in that first means of *true examples*, such as we owe to one another in every thing; Sisters, children and all, who ought to see in us the very Daughters of Thy Love and grace! How deficient are we, O Lord! when our sacred vows and consecration ought to be joy, grace, consolation, and pledge of all example in every line of virtues, to Thy Church! Grant us to feel the zeal of Thy glory so truly increased in us as to make us now much more attentive to sanctify ourselves indeed, and avoid to become in any way a reproach to our happy life of consecration to Thee.

3. Let us also beg to share in the eminent *spirit of prayer*, which was in St. Patrick the source of every grace. O, the sense he did entertain of the Sovereign Majesty he had to serve, as well as of the infinite goodness, of which he had to make known the admirable mercies in the mysteries of the incarnation, cruci-

fixion, and perpetual sacrifice of the Son of GOD in the redemption of our sinful race, and opening the ways of heaven, and an eternal and everlasting bliss: yes an immense and incomprehensible bliss with the angels, when we had deserved of ourselves but reprobation.

May the lively and enlightened faith and prayer of Saint Patrick, through which such graces were granted to his soul first, and then to innumerable other souls, be granted to us, O Lord! Thy poor unworthy Daughters, so careless and indifferent *at our prayers*, so little alive to their true spirit and grace! O Lord of all majesty and goodness, teach us only to pray, since to prayer *all is attached* for our own blessing, and the blessing of others, as it was for the great Apostle through whom again, when we conclude, we do fervently make to-day our *earnest supplications* for *Thy most ancient Churches, and those which Thy providence is so mercifully blessing and preparing here, under our*

eyes. Grant to them, O Lord, worthy Apostles.

.....
What wonders has already done our Lord in this country since Archbishop Carroll, the very *first* one, and now there are *ten*, and eight more died or returned to Europe.

And since the *first* nursery, the novitiate of the Jesuits, now there are eight seminaries, or noviceships.

Since only 1818, the Seminary of St. Mary in Missouri, has sent alone twenty-four priests to the missions.

O, may our Lord grant His grace to this country! May we not prove unworthy of it, and unfaithful!

Of religious communities, after the Jesuits, there are Dominicans, Lazarists, St. Sulpice, St. Augustin in Philadelphia, and Carmelites, Visitation, Ursuline, Sacred Heart, Daughters of the Cross, Daughters of Charity,—ah, of St. Joseph eight houses!—What thanks to return! O, for fidelity!



*Some Intentions during the Octave
of the Blessed Sacrament.*

1827.

Eternity.

First Day.

Adoration united to MARY, the Saints, Angels, Seraphs, Cherubims, and all the heavenly host; united also to the adorations offered at nearly half a million of altars where, round this globe of our earth, the prophecy of Malachias is perpetually fulfilling, offering day and night the divine Victim of holocaust and propitiation, of thanksgiving and preparation for the joys and glory of the great Eternity.

Fervent prayer that our Lord be known, loved, duly worshipped, and received by all,—lamenting all the scandals and coldness of the Catholics, and the ignorance and blasphemy of the poor heretics.

Trying first to render our own homages.

Second Day.

Union to all the merciful intentions of *Jesus Christ* in the institution of His Adorable Sacrament. He comes to be our life, and immortal life, to sanctify our soul and body by the reception of His own, to dwell with us, and we with Him in that wonderful union.

Thinking then how we ought to feel immensely the condescension, dignity, happiness, unspeakable grace of such a mercy for us, making it all the joy and support of our pilgrimage.

Lamenting our tepidity, coldness, forgetfulness, want of faith and love towards the adorable Eucharist, and trying to put up fervent resolutions for the future.

Third Day.

Remembering the grace of my first Communion to return thanks, and lament my faults after it.

Examining the manner of all my other Communions since; all neglect, unworthiness, abuse and profanation in them, and particularly how I do now

prepare for Communion,—how I do receive,—how I return thanks,—how I use, and improve the grace of it.

Anticipating my last Communion in Viaticum for immediate preparation. O my JESUS! to death, and meeting Thee as my Judge.

Resolving to seize all occasions to assist others in their Communions,—children, ignorant adults, sinners, careless and tepid souls, poor heretics. Ah! this is showing the best love to JESUS CHRIST, to instruct, form, or at least, invite souls to try for Communion,—praying for it if nothing else left.

Fourth Day.

Mass to renew our devotion, and best instruction concerning the Divine Sacrifice, and all its parts. First, beginning, Confiteor, Contrition, Kyrie, Gloria, Epistle, Gospel, Credo.

Second, Offertory and Preface,—Sanctus.

Third, Canon, Consecration, Elevation, *my Jesus here.*

Fourth, Memento, Pater, Agnus Dei.

Fifth, Communion,—Spiritual Communion.

The ends of the blessed Sacrifice taken at heart to lament the innumerable sins and profanations of bad Catholics, and bad priests; unite on the contrary with all the good, and fervently pray to obtain good priests in this America.

Fifth Day.

Adoration and love in particulars; of my JESUS in His eternity, of His Incarnation and birth, and of all His mysteries, life, passion, and death, uniting my thoughts to His as He is in His Sacrament.

Secondly, of my JESUS in His Sacred Humanity, glorified both as it is at the Right Hand, and at the altar, and in me at communion.

Thirdly, of His Precious Body and Blood; of His Soul and Sacred Heart, and divine Will; of His judgment and His mercies; of all that I cannot even fathom, taking my delights in my

JESUS; and for it, uniting to all His best *souls* on earth, saints and angels in Heaven,—and, above all, to His own Blessed *Mother*, O MARY, MARY, too happy! O Heaven and Eternity!

Sixth Day.

My JESUS!—It is all, if said with love,—my JESUS! let me adore Thee as my *God*, and sovereign Lord! Embrace Thee as my *Saviour*, and only Hope! Love Thee as my only true *Friend* in this life! Follow Thee as my *Good Shepherd*! Pant for Thee as for my *Heavenly Food*, and only Support! Unite to Thee as my *Model* in all! Long for Thee as the *Joy and Glory* of my Eternity.—JESUS, my way, my light, my only wisdom, only treasure, only refuge in my sins, my All, All in All! How much in so many of Thy blessed names for me have I to contemplate and enjoy—Ah, delight! But, alas! how much to reproach me, and how much alas! to lament for all my

poor fellow-sinners on earth! So little known,—so little loved!

Seventh Day.

May I again enter into the spirit of fervent reparation: for all the infidels, and heretical nations and sects,—for all the crowds of sinful and ungrateful Catholics,—for all the bad, unworthy, sacrilegious communions,—for all the poor, tepid souls who strive not to please Thee,—for all the bad priests, religious, and others charged especially to honor Thee, and who dishonor Thee,—for all the rich, and powerful, and talented on earth who do nothing for Thy Church, Thy Holy Sacrament, Thy Presence—but so much against it!—for all the Masses, Communions, Benedictions, and last Viaticum—daily profaned in Thy immense Catholic Church against the desire of Thy Sacred Heart! O, pity us, JESUS!—spare us!

Eighth Day.

May be the last Octave of Corpus

Christi I celebrate on earth. I do thank Thee for my faith, O, preserve and increase it!—for my first communion and so many since;—for my living so near Thy altars and Thy tabernacles;—for all the graces Thou hast granted me, and dost still destine for me, not tired with my abuse of them.

I do unite my intentions and thanks to those of Thy Church on earth, and in Heaven.

I do pray for all those who know Thee not, or offend Thee in Thy Divine Sacrament.

I resolve to do this year all in my power for its best honor, reverence, and love in me, and in others, all through the pure love Thou dost infinitely deserve.



To Mother Augustine.

Sunday, June 22, 1828.

My dear Mother,

You invited me with so much politeness to your examinations, that I

ought, perhaps, to acknowledge it distinctly; although, for you and for us all, all is merely and simply for the service of GOD, as it seems best for the moment. That I did so badly justice to your intention, and rather troubled than assisted you and the good girls, I ought also perhaps offer apology, or beg to be excused. But again on that point I rely on your charitable allowance of intention on my side; and as for the girls, you will have settled well enough, though particularly the last class was so badly puzzled by me. All I want most in these lines is to express before GOD, all the edification I have received from such uniform modesty, patience, politeness of your excellent girls. Be it your joy and consolation, not from my poor testimony, but being so truly the case, that to call your attention to it is enough and whilst checking every spark of useless and sinful complacency in it, you can but praise and bless your dear Lord who rewards you so much above any sacrifice. Pray for your humble Servt. S. Bruté.



The labors of the Sisters for the diocese of Saint Louis were obtained through the instrumentality of Bishop Bruté. In 1816 as President of Saint Mary's College, Baltimore, he had received, and entertained as guests the first sons of St. Vincent, landing upon the shores of America. Amongst the number was the humble priest Rosati now become Bishop of St. Louis. The old-time acquaintance was not forgotten and he applies for Sisters hoping to obtain them through his influence.

Letter of Bishop Rosati to Rev. Mr. Brute.

St. Louis, June 23, 1828.

I come again to obtain through your intervention three Sisters of Charity for a hospital in St. Louis. When I wrote to you the first time, I had no certain information on which to build hopes of seeing an establishment of that kind in the city. I felt its necessity, and I desired to find some means to execute that which I wished to undertake. How admirable is Providence! Without having said one word, a very rich man offers me a beautiful piece of ground, with two houses in the city of St. Louis. He will give besides, another lot with other houses that will bring a revenue of six hundred dollars a year; he will give one hundred and fifty dollars for the journey of the Sisters, and three hundred and fifty to furnish the house. But, he will not

leave it in the hands of mercenaries; if we do not get the Sisters of Emmettsburg, this establishment will fail, for I see too many difficulties to obtain any from France, and those of Kentucky do not understand hospitals. Will the Daughters of St. Vincent have the courage to deprive the poor of this city and its environs of an establishment which is so necessary, and which will not be established if they refuse to come? I beg you to make them understand how unbecoming this piece of cruelty would be in persons whom we could not name without pronouncing the name of that beautiful virtue which is the great object of their institute. For the love of God, speak, pray, exhort, do all that is in your power that this good work may not fail.

Answer me as soon as possible, and address this letter to St. Mary's Seminary, Perry Co., Missouri.

† Joseph, Bishop of St. Louis,
and Administrator of New Orleans.

Father Bruté endorses this letter:

"Speak, pray, exhort, etc." I can but copy the letter and its informations. The prayers of this worthy child of St. Vincent are before GOD, where they will unite with yours to obtain on this point the inspirations most according to His providence and to His will.



Sunday evening, September 21, 1828.

My dear Mother,

Coming home I received a letter from Bishop Rosati dated "Seminary of St. Mary, Perry County, Missouri, twenty-ninth of August." I copy it...as it is in French.

"What pleasure your letter has caused me in giving the happy result of your negotiation, which assures to the city of St. Louis an establishment so important and necessary! GOD be blessed! I immediately communicated this news to Mr. Mullamphy, the founder of the Hospital, who awaited it with impatience. We are well pleased at receiving four, instead of three! The selection of a Sister who speaks French, could not be more happy. I will write to Mr. Deluol. Mr. Mullamphy will send him a check for One Hundred and Fifty Dollars which he destines for their traveling expenses." Then follows his invitation that I may

go along! Then many details of every kind, two pages more, of present good going on, and more of future promise. Your good proffer is again mentioned towards the conclusion. "It is probable that the establishment of Sisters in St. Louis will result in other foundations elsewhere. Let us follow Providence and I am confident that in following it as did St. Vincent, we will not fail to accomplish much good."

At the end: "Answer me"—But, for this I will first hear of you, and the good Superior who received, may be, also his own letter this same mail, and so will now take in direct hand the sacred business.

The next time that I will go to St. Joseph's, I will show you the letter of which I send you this extract.

Pray, Mother for your humble and obedient Servant.

S. Bruté.



Mr. Bruté offers some considerations upon the new work of the Hospital.

“Never too late for making observations.”

No! with ye people of love, whom God seems bound in His own love to follow everywhere as you scamper away hurriedly for His best service, thinking He will or should follow “*quand meme*,”—that is, *any how*!

Very well! Yet I would have first looked very grave when that officious Mr. Bruté handed his letter from—let us see! (holding up the letter)—the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosati of St. Louis.

Then after a perusal, lay on table said letter, and do ponder on it, and duly consider the matter, bearings, ways, means.

Humph! an hospital, to take off hands ready made and long tried? No; to be the nest-egg, “and beginning of beginnings” begun.

My first observation is this: An hospital we first missed,—an hospital ready

made in Baltimore. And what of it, did we not begin another? The infirmary speaks volumes of our capabilities for beginning beginnings, don't it?

Yes, with *eight* Sisters in the middle of all helps, and hands, at hand; superiors, priests, other Sisters, three or four of the school, and the Mother House at fifty miles only; that makes a difference.

Let us hear your next observation?

My next is one that almost goes before, or if you please treads the same ground another way. I would begin the second branch of Sisters' good works in this country (hospitals,) only when the first (schools) would have its fulfilling. For Providence, the circumstances here, and Archbishop *John*, * our venerable founder of Catholic things here, judged that seizing on that *instruction* which protestantism engrosses every way, was more urgent, and a more productive view of good to calculate upon than the field of hospitals, and simple relief of the poor. And so was the thing carried

* Archbishop John Carroll.

on, and blessed beyond all expectation. More than fifteen hundred children, as I am writing here, are slates and books in hands under the eyes of their good angels, in seven or eight schools, besides Sunday-schools, etc.

That good is above twenty patients, silently moldering under the roof of *one* infirmary, eight Sisters to the twenty and very much fatigued at it, though timely changing of Sisters and Superiors is at hand.

Called to Albany, called to Detroit, called nearer to Chambersburg, called soon to Hagerstown,—my word for it! —and why not sooner to Taneytown, or Westminster,—that way I would prefer to push, and smack the whip!

Poh! We *push* that way, our Lord opens the way, the call of a *Bishop* is His own,—of such a holy Bishop, and the very child of St. Vincent. Besides *St. Louis* says something for Louis Deluol and the French origin of the whole Sisterhood, D. D. D. *

* Dubourg, David, Dubois.

Well! Ladies and Gentlemen, let us launch on then bravely, and long live the hospital *quand meme*!

Only let us see a little bit of correspondence; even the Sisters going, or to write questions by post, no harm; and give hints of their rules, before they arrive; it can but put the good Bishop and managers on the way. Best look out for meeting your own *data* and leave something less on your own side to do to meet *theirs*.

Bishop not living in St. Louis. Who will there assist them? Yet, Bishop all in all for you, and first references of unforeseen difficulties.

Mr. Mullamphy,—and who else for *lay brothers* and friends?

Travelling expenses made, and arrival provided. What next? Is the house of sick ready? and what kinds of sick; men, women, children, insane?

And what servants? What doctor? and lodged, or not, in the Hospital?

And the house, beddings, doctor and

drugs first secured? are victuals and everything else round the year?

But stop! Do you think that there is one of these wise items which has not been thought of before, by wiser than you!

Trust, and go on. What is fifteen hundred miles to GOD, and has any establishment begun to prosper otherwise than by apparent destitution of means?...

Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not. Amen!

A call,—due call,—good Sisters ready, purest intentions, strict rules along, obedience and love. All is well, go on! He will send His angels in the way who will go before thee in the way and the Lord Himself will be to thee all in all, O, thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt.

October 2nd., Day of the Angels.

Note:—The work of the Hospital was accepted. Sister Margaret George, writes: "Our Sisters left St. Joseph's, October 15, 1828, five minutes before five in the morning to take the stage in Frederick Town. Many, and great were the difficulties they had to encounter from the time they left Saint Joseph's, ere they reached their destination. The names of the Sisters who first opened the establishment in St. Louis were: Sister Francis Xavier, Sister Martina Butcher, Sister Rebecca Dellone, and Sister Francis Regis."

The desires of that holy son of St. Vincent, Bishop Rosati were realized, the Sisters were in his diocese. He announced their arrival in a letter to Mother Augustine, and adds: "The Hospital is on the footing of all the institutions of our State. It is but in embryo. I have no doubt it will grow into perfection, but before this time comes, we shall do what we can. Mr. Mullamphy has made over every thing to me, and I have given *carte blanche* to the Sisters. They will have the advantage of not being under any other control than that of the Bishop of St. Louis who will never be in the way of their doing what they think proper, conformably to their customs and rules. I have been highly pleased with them, and edified at their conduct. I have discovered with pleasure that the Daughters of St. Vincent in America have perfectly succeeded

in acquiring the virtues which he transmitted as a precious inheritance to his Daughters of France. St. Joseph's School must be acknowledged to be as proper as that of Paris to transmit the amiable spirit of their holy Founder to the Sisters of Charity.

As for me, you may believe, that I shall spare no pains to foster an establishment which I have so much desired. In the beginning the Sisters will experience many of the inconveniences of a new establishment in a new country. The buildings are poor, the furniture is not brilliant, every thing bespeaks the poverty of a new country. But the Sisters give me great courage, and I have no doubt that such beginnings will meet with the particular blessings of Heaven. Such has been the case with all our institutions.

I have appointed the Rev. Mr. Dusossoy confessor of the Sisters; he is a very pious and informed priest. In my absence the three clergymen residing in the town * will render the Sisters every service in their power. Until there be a bishop in New Orleans, I shall have very little time to reside in St. Louis, or any other place, being continually traveling. I recommend myself to your prayers, and to those of your holy community. My best compliments to Rev. Mr. Deluol, to whom I an-

* *Three clergymen in the town of St. Louis, in 1828.*

swered before I left the Seminary, and to the Rev. Mr. Bruté. I am sincerely, Madam,

Your most humble servant,

✠ Joseph, Bishop of St. Louis.

By their devotedness, their energy and zeal, by their faithful correspondence to the wishes and views of the holy Bishop Rosati, the Sisters lost nothing of his good opinion and esteem. Very soon he was knocking again, and yet again, at the door of St. Joseph's for reinforcements of Sisters to whom he wished to confide other important institutions. "St. Vincent will bless you all," he urges in 1832, "for what you will do for the diocese of one of his children, and I promise you to take good care of the Sisters. So, know I am myself their chaplain, their confessor and director. They never miss their Mass, they make a regular retreat which I give them, and since the retreat, to continue the good that it has produced, every Thursday I give the Sisters an instruction such as I can. Do not disappoint us. Keep your word."

Sister Francis Xavier, (Mary Ann Love,) who stood at the head of the little band of Sisters for St. Louis, came to the Community from Baltimore in 1820. She was the adopted daughter of Dr. Love and upon her early history rests a cloud of romance, and mystery. She was one of the holiest,

most zealous Sisters in the Community, remarks an old Sister, "and always recollected, self-possessed, graceful, calm. Whatever might be the occasion, or however much the Sisters might be animated, Sister Francis Xavier was always the same, calm, undisturbed, self-possessed." She led a dying life many years before her death, the good Bishop Rosati offering violence to Heaven to keep one he believed so necessary for the success of the institution over which she presided. "Although often confined to the dormitory," he wrote to Mother Rose, "she is not only useful, but absolutely necessary to conduct the house, no one else could do it so well, so efficiently as she does." While on her part Sister Francis writes: "If you could give a more active Sister Servant, it would be a blessing, as she could assist the Sisters. As for me, I am like the idols of the Gentiles, I have hands, and cannot work,—feet, and cannot walk,—a throat, and cannot cry out. I live, I know not how, a hand past pointing out the way to others, and never moving."

Once she got herself into a difficulty from which the Bishop extricated her. An Indian struck by her grave and graceful manner tendered her a rose, which being interpreted in his tribe meant an offer of his hand and heart. Ignorantly and innocently she accepted the flower, and was no little aston-

ished when later he came to claim his bride. It was with some difficulty, and only after the Bishop's interference he was made to comprehend that the dignified and noble woman who had won his wild heart was espoused to the "Great Spirit," and had other aspirations than to share his wigwam, chief though he was.

Sister Francis Xavier died December 12, 1840.



Second Sunday after Epiphany.

1829, at the Sisters.

O Jesu! Jesu mi!

Weeks after weeks,—so nearer by a whole week to our Eternity!

Let us see only that week by week our treasury enlarges for that Eternity, in the Sacred Heart of JESUS, who keeps our whole fund and increase!

1. Do we *think* as He does?—have but thoughts of love for Him as He has but thoughts of love for us? Ah! a love once unto death, now a love to come and live in us!—a love so forbearing and tender for His weak and imperfect disciples whom He called His own

brethren and "friends." *Hoc, hoc enim sentite in vobis, quod et in Christo Jesu.**

2. Do we act only in JESUS, with JESUS, for JESUS, reckoning all lest that is not thus acted?—as St. Paul urges so fervently even for our most common actions, the necessary meals, eating, drinking in His name, the recreation in His name, the conversation, the speaking or listening, all in His name, all in Him. All duty, all good work, all suffering "in Him," else lost, and unprofitable to our Eternity. O, that our service be only continually kept in union with Him! There is a life, that has the name of life, but is death and shadow, no substance or reality in it, as in the Apocalypse is said, "thou hast the name of being alive; and thou art dead;"—thou sayest, I am rich, and lo! thou art poor, blind, etc. O *Jesu, Jesu*, my life, my all! Be truly to me all in all, else I know all is vanity,—all lost to my Eternity!...

* For let this mind be in you, which was also in CHRIST JESUS.

3. *Jesu, Jesu*, in our mouth, alas! so habitually, that only in saying our beads it is fifty-two times,—*benedictus*, blessed, etc; and it is sixty-two times in the litanies, and at Mass it is fifteen times more, and through our other prayers more than twenty one times, etc. One hundred and fifty times as St. Patrick,—in the office more than that. If only we did always pronounce it as MARY,—JESUS, my divine Son; and Joseph also,—my JESUS, our JESUS, with MARY; and we, JESUS, my Saviour! If we could but live and die with so glorious, so sweet a name in constant melody through our hearts and our mouths! *Jesu, Jesu mi! Jesu, Jesu mi*, this whole life! *Jesu, Jesu mi*, with MARY and His saints and angels in that endless eternity! *Jesu, Jesu mi*, a whole eternity!—

Happy Mother Seton! Happy ones with her! Happy Saints of GOD in that glorious Eternity.



(To Sister M. Xavier, probably, who was
Mistress of Novices.)

*Dispositions of a faithful and zealous
Mistress of Novices, when she hears of a
new candidate coming.*

This will generally be the case many times every year, and each time it is the moment of grace for a Mistress of Novices to renew and purify the more her interior dispositions in such an office; particularly concerning the last ends so glorious, so meritorious which she must have present to herself in her situation.

Indeed, to strive for the particular virtues of her office is her habitual obligation, and many occasions succeed one another along the year to excite her soul to a lively sense of them; but we may fix on this special case for the first point of forming to herself a proper sense of the last ends of her charge as Mistress of Novices, in this manner:

O my God! Thy Providence and Thy love towards that soul sends her to us,

and our Superioress trusts her to my care; teach me how to unite best to Thy grace, and Thy will in her case.

The point for that soul, will be to try herself and discern if she has a true vocation.

The point for me, is to assist her as *diligently, skilfully, and affectionately* as I can to that purpose.

I have to make her know the true, last ends of our holy vocation; the *obligations, the advantages, the difficulties, and the means of it.*

To do it well, I must myself first be as well instructed in them; or rather, my Lord, as deeply and sacredly impressed in my own soul concerning them as I can.

Am I, O Lord! Do I feel enough my blessed responsibility? The young souls come in obedience to their first grace, and the first directions of their confessor, but how little do they know, even the most pious among them, of all these points, and especially of the first; that is, the very ends we should propose

to ourselves, the esteem we should have for our heavenly vocation.

O Lord, renew, increase, enlighten every thought, every best feeling my poor soul ever had on our holy vocation; enable me in my utter impotence, to assist this new candidate in trying to be duly impressed with its best spirit. How happy, if I am faithful to the grace of my sacred trust, and can offer our new candidate the help her piety hopes to find in me! How unhappy, were I to neglect any of my obligations towards her.

Thus, full of animation, of holy aspirations, and earnest calls for grace, when the Mistress of Novices will hear some days beforehand of the candidate coming, she will do well to review a little what she will have to do, feel, and speak, when she arrives, and also direct the intentions of her prayers that way.



The Candidate tries to be deeply impressed with the main thought of her coming ; the whole offering of herself to God, for time and eternity.

Our Lord has Himself declared the preference and happiness of renouncing the world to attach ourselves to Him alone; His holy Church, and His Apostles have explained to us His divine thought and desire, so that we have the joy to know most certainly how our vocation and consecration to GOD is esteemed and cherished by Him in His Heaven. O the exceeding happiness of that first thought,—*divine faith itself is pledged for me!*

To that blessed faith, that our vocation of living consecration to GOD *is the best*, let us also join the hope secured to us, that it will have forever in heaven a much more exalted reward. Let us look at the places nearest to our Lord which are destined to those who embrace the religious vocation upon earth; more of

eternal love, eternal praise, eternal happiness secured to us by a few years of service and fidelity. O, goodness of our beloved Lord, O joy and magnificence of our hope!

My God, I firmly believe our vocation thus to be Thy best grace for us, when sufficiently known to be offered to us, and I humbly entreat to know if I may embrace it. If so, I beseech Thee to grant me its true spirit. That is, to consider myself as one of Thy angels, entirely separated in heart from earthly desires, and attachments whatsoever, and living only to Thy greatest glory, truly Thy child, Thy servant, Thy temple, *wholly Thine, O my Lord, for time and eternity.*

My soul, what do we say? How great and immense, how beautiful and celestial! Let us deeply imbibe the thought, —have it printed all over our own soul, so as to be its very breathing, and life; I to my Beloved, and my Beloved to me! My God, my Beloved, my Whole!

Thoughts, words, deeds, all made *His own!* Intentions, exertions, simple desires, or little things, as He will grant me to do, indeed, all His own! And best, my tender regret to do so little, my continual acknowledgment how much He deserves, and alas! how little I do! Nay, in His divine mercy, even the daily sorrows of my faults, omissions, deficiencies, offered also, and pleasing Him. All, O my soul, to our Beloved!

Sad condition of this life! Whilst I give myself to my God, I have to anticipate my infidelities! Whilst delighted with the goodly portion His love seems to prepare for me, I think of my abuses, my offences! Yet I have said it, and it is my only consolation; even my daily weaknesses along this journey, this exile, His pitying grace will teach me how to turn into another kind of acceptable offering. If I love much, He will forgive much, "He will fully pardon," says A'Kempis, 4th. Book, 9th. Chap. "and mercifully receive me to the kiss of peace." Every week, this

tender kiss of reconciliation *secured*;—
nay, my soul, hope rather, if truly lov-
ing, secured so often by true contrition,
the moment I may have grieved His
holy grace.

O, then, that I may only understand
the blessed end of my coming to be made
one of His Daughters of Charity; that
is, wholly to give myself, all myself to
Him, and become upon earth, His angel
of *pure love, and perfect service*. MARY,
my Mother, my Guardian Angel, holy
Joseph, St. Vincent, I come! Do bring
me to Him!—



*How to consider Absolution in a
spirit of Faith.*

1. "We look not at the things which
are seen: For the things which are seen
are temporal: but the things which are
not seen are eternal."

A sinner humbled at the feet of another
sinner, we see that only, but, O scenes
and transactions of the invisible world
and supernatural order which are pass-

ing beyond the curtains of sensible appearances! Who has a sense of faith lively, piercing, penetrating enough to see the change which takes place when absolutions are given upon earth in the name of JESUS? *His minister* speaks... *He* listens, and if the requisite conditions are complied with, fulfils Himself His promise; the reprobate becomes a saint ...he who was in the bonds of hell and the shackles of eternal death is released at the voice of his brother, like himself a sinner,—an atom! but made the dispenser of the divine mercies; given to him as a visible Judge and Saviour whose sentence and absolution is immediately ratified *in heaven*,—ratified by Almighty GOD: “*Whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven.*”...“Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them.” Can we dwell too long,—insist too strongly on such a divine transaction, such a spiritual wonder so much above all we admire in the sublime and stupendous scenes of nature and the art of men!

Ah, my soul! what do you say? Do you compare even at an infinite distance, Time and Nature to Eternity, and the things of spiritual order!

2. Ah! when will religion be better known. Alas! will it be only in eternity? Only then,—only then! Light shines now in darkness, in a dark place. We see through mirrors and enigmas, almost overwhelmed by the weight and thickness of sensible objects! Both the minister of these divine absolutions, and the poor sinners who come at his feet to implore their benefit, remain more than half insensible and unconscious of the inward part of the celestial and eternal transaction then performed; a transaction so powerfully performed through the name and merits of its divine Author, that it affects the whole of the invisible world of souls, where God, His angels, His saints, the bad spirits, and the spirits now in trial here, are in presence of a spectacle—God, the infinite God in His three Persons, Creator,

Redeemer, and Sanctifier of these spirits on trial; the angels, and the saints, either those already in heaven, or those still undergoing purification so truly, so intimately united in feelings of pure love, and communion of perfect charity with these poor souls in such a decisive trial; all of them praying in earnest to the Throne, and those at least admitted into heaven made witnesses for joy or compassion for the events of the trial; and these other horrid legions of spirits against whom is so considerable a part of our present fight, made also witnesses of rage and thirst of our destruction, and efforts to procure it. See, my soul, what is in the sight of these awful beholders the moment of the absolution here pronounced! O, arm of the priest stretched over the guilty head! O, words which are falling from the lips! O heart, hidden heart to which the whole is addressed!

3. We submit humbly to our present state of infirmity and only half-knowledge, and dim sight of faith; yet it is

sufficiently blessed with its proper grace, the grace of a state of passage, a path straight opened to lead us to the regions of *more abundant* light and love. O my soul, say of *infinite* light and love!—say again of *eternal* light, eternal love, never ending enjoyments divine! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and avail thyself with utmost gratitude of all He has done for thee! Does He not satisfy thy desires and thy wants with good things? Does He not renew thy youth and thy innocence in His fountains of salvation? Does He not redeem thy life from destruction?—forgive all thy iniquities?—heal all thy diseases? How compassionate is He for thee, and merciful, and even plenteous in mercies in His divine sacraments! Bless thou the Lord in thy state of faith; His angels above, His saints bless Him better still for thee face to face. Prepare only now for His graces; be recollected, full of love and holy fear, full of sorrow and pure resolutions when thou receivest thy absolution on earth; in heaven thy bonds are loos-

ed, thy sentence of death blotted out, thy name inscribed anew on the blessed Book of Life! Suffice now to thy faith to know it, but a moment more, and thou shall review the whole of thy trial in full light and eternal joy!



MEDITATION OR INSTRUCTION.

Charity the End of your Vocation.

You expect, justly too, that I speak of one precious part of your last end as Daughters of Charity which I omitted this morning.

Your name expresses not only love and service to GOD, as we have seen, but to men it associates you to the mercies of the Lord towards them, and associates you with His mercies towards them in every kind of misery, temporal, and spiritual.

1. To begin; charity at home; your name must remind you of the spiritual and temporal assistance you should give. Examine in how many departments and

offices, such a house as this offers occasions for the exercise of true practical charity. Prove here, first of all, *Daughters of Charity*, and then when you go hence, you will still be so.

2. It is a continuation of the same, to say that you should prove *Daughters of Charity* in any other house where you are sent, and there comfort one another in proportion as you want it more, far from the Mother House.

3. But then, does also your charity expand, and finds its way at large through all kinds of human want and distress.

See the education of the little ones here and abroad.

See the instruction of the poor ignorant.

See the comfort of poor, and sick, and afflicted.

See the care of a College.

In all these things you do good, both spiritual and temporal, both directly and indirectly.

But how should you carry on your good works, this is the point. Many do

good in the world; you should do it like angels and perfect Christians. See what intentions; see virtues to exercise; see spiritual reference of the action.

Means: Spirit of St. Vincent, rules, examens, daily watchfulness, retreat, corrections.

Our thought for the beginning "*pertransiit benefaciendo.*" * Our Lord who seemed wholly come to save souls, yet was all intent in every good work of charity, and made it the principle of our last sentence.

Sisters of Charity.

Holy for yourselves first, true; but to be also holy for others in the fulness of your name.

Ah! save souls: be not selfish; be truly priests yourselves;—priests of mercy and charity!

True priests of Charity, be certain of it, if you fervently prepare and sanctify yourselves to that purpose!

* JESUS of Nazareth: how God anointed Him with the HOLY GHOST, and with power, who went about doing good...(Acts, 10, 38.)

O, then, sanctify one another! Then sanctify your children! Then sanctify this congregation!

Pray, instruct, edify, I entreat you by your name; let your hearts be enlarged!

Who knows the good already done? GOD alone. Who knows what remains to be done? Your same GOD. O, be earnest!

I may call by names and offices: you, Mother,—you, Mistress of Novices;—you, Head School Sister,—you, all who assist,—but you, all ancient,—but you, also, dear Novices,—and you, Sisters abroad, Rose, Angela, Fanny, etc.

Sanctify your children, the youngest and the oldest; the new-comers, and those ready to go; the first Communions made, and the preparing ones; the Catholics, and the Protestants; the boarders, and the day-scholars, sanctify all!

Instruct the servants, the women, edify the workmen. Let the odor of JESUS CHRIST be spread. Console, edify the visitors, etc.

Say not you have as yet little to do: let only your hearts be enlarged,—how much for you to do, and how much to prepare for future times!



Third Sunday after Easter.

A little while, and to see God!

A little while...very little...and uncertain, and we shall see...no doubt, shall ...see! Shall see *Me*...Who is that *Me*?

Me?...Not those who praise you, No! ...Who blame you, No!...Not the objects of your vain or sinful passions. No!...No one of this earth any more.

Me? Me your GOD all holy, and perfect and beautiful, good, desirable, but also just, and a *Judge* first—a Judge!... You shall see your Judge, true Judge, and that in a little while.

Me?...Ah! shall I see my GOD, my JESUS in Heaven, and with Him His saints, and my Mother MARY?...shall I?

Conclusions how forcible!

1. Not to serve for human respect,

praise, etc., but by *deep conviction*, and interior piety.

2. Keep *ready* at all times...but a *while!* a while.

3. Prepare as for *seeing* a God, such honor and happiness! but then *worthily*.



Note to a Sister. (name erased.)

My dear Sister,

I return to you this note, and entreat you to read it again before God, to whom three vows bind you so sacredly to perfection,—when your very vows to baptism too, bind you most sacredly to use your grace of a Christian, with feelings and resolutions proportioned to it. I am nothing,—relying myself only on the goodness of that Holy Spirit that speaks within, when any thing is said or written. I try to listen to Him as I write for purity of intention, and not yielding too much to my own sorrow in using too many, or too pressing words when you lie still involved in such a dark state of

passions,—many, alas! captivating your soul under their heavy delusion; only, I *cannot*, from my own sense of duty, yield to your desire that I should not insist on *seeing* you. I do insist; and entreat that you see me before I go this evening. I will expect it—wait for it even one hour after the Benediction and instruction, if not come sooner. Yet, come so as to have prayed before, as in presence of the divine, that is, infinite Holiness, and infinite Goodness with whom you tamper too far. Alas! what are to you the pretended faults or mistakes of others. What but on the side of your only GOD so many beautiful occasions of virtue and merit;—so many real, and inestimable graces that you cannot despise, or neglect without adding new faults to first ones.

Your unworthy father,

S. Bruté.

Read in the Missal the Orison of Mass to-day, Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.



For the Sacristy.

Easter Monday, 1832.

My dear Sister N.—

It would be proper to put at least five benches, or even six, but five may do, across the floor of the chapel.

This morning there were between thirty or forty persons. It is often so, particularly when there are two days festivals as this Monday; many coming to provide an earlier Mass for themselves. When I entered, half an hour before Mass, many were already on their knees without seats. Now, in the house of Charity, it gives me great pain to think you are well at ease, and people who walked from abroad, men and women can't rest any time before, nor during the long *Gloria in excelsis*, *Credo*, and preaching.

Many are poor servants, fatigued the whole week, and to be the more so, coming from one or two miles, some to stand or kneel two or three hours. They are

the members of JESUS CHRIST whom we thus make to suffer, for want of a very easy service of charity, (our blessed name here!) perhaps to murmur secretly.

It should be rather a pleasure to bring the benches with a good aspiration: "O my JESUS, it is for Thy servants, at Thy Adorable Sacrifice!" and when returning them: "O my Lord, we thank Thy goodness that gave us means thus to assist Thee in Thy servants during Thy Holy Sacrifice!"

See, how much *merit* every Sunday! Observe that your own workmen coming late, fare often the worst...

I am thus in earnest, and very particular because this is too common a case and one which I confess, gives me much pain, and almost distraction, when seated seeing so many men and women unprovided.



(*Mother Augustine consults Father Brute about the fare and receives the following answer:*)

A. M. D. G.

My dear Mother,

My principles about fare would be,

1. *Community* fare, to the priests too, who must be the models.

2. *Economy* fare in houses in debt, and all addition along a year is real expense.

3. *Charity* fare, sparing for the poor.

4. *Exemplary* fare, that it may not be said that priests live splendidly, and better than the flock,—I always feel uneasy when strangers come.

5. *Mortification* fare; all are weak, and too copious fare tempts to gratification.

6. *Ordinary* fare, and the majority of priests live not so,—not the very Archbishop.

You may remember the old fare

under Mother Seton and Mr. Dubois for so many years.

Bread.

Buckwheat cakes, well buttered.

Eggs, potatoes, turnips tops.

Preserves, butter, raisins.

Apples, cider, coffee, cake sent after.



Father Bruté admonishes the Superiors of increasing "unblessed economy of time."

A. M. D. G.

*To the Superior, Mother, and Council
of St. Joseph's.*

Your old friend and servant humbly represents: That besides the Sundays, and Festivals of obligation, there are a few Festivals which are celebrated in all parishes and religious houses, not only by the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, as on common days of the week, but with some solemnity, and particularly the usual singing at Mass, the adorning and lighting the altar, some instruction of

the officiating priest, general communion, etc.; namely, on

The second of February, Purification.

The Ashes-Wednesday, opening of Lent.

The eighth of September, Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

The second of November, the Commemoration of All Souls.

The twenty-sixth of December, Saint Stephen.

And the twenty-seventh of December, St. John.

All these days were in the beginning celebrated here, as much as possible with the same rite and solemnity as in town, at the Mountain, or in Baltimore, high Mass, etc.

It seems the most proper to continue so; and one, or even two hours difference of occupation for the *School*, not a sufficient motive to alter so excellent an order.

This day, the beginning of career of penance, I felt most painfully, the difference of the religious house from

even simple congregations, whose people for the distance and later hour of Mass, have a much more grievous loss of time to suffer than here.

Besides, so many *whole* extra days are granted for simple profane motives, and with so much more of inconvenience. Even in this case, the 22nd. for the simple birth-day of a layman dead so long ago; though for the country there is already the 4th. of July, and perhaps the 4th. of March.

I think I cannot do less than represent and supplicate against such little and unblessed economy of time, and the further extension it will carry from year to year.

I do it as earnestly, and respectfully this day as for the second of February last.

Your humble servant in CHRIST,
S. Bruté.

(To Mother Rose,—he is made Bishop.)



My Mother of Charity,

Of so many years, your prayers helping my soul. I give you, as the common mother of all here, all the account of my soul to bless what is right, and help me to mind what is not.

My peace was: The will of GOD as I *will* know it.



Now I make it the will of GOD, as settled so,—a bishop: A good *christian*, a good *priest*, a good *bishop*, that is eternal glory to GOD,—eternal bliss to man, and each also promises it for others in his range: but now for me, what a new range opens!

I think almost of nothing as yet in particular, but the *will of God*, to study it, once settled for "*being*," but *how to be*, now the point...

I feel as quiet and elevated in my Lord as when a poor layman I thought

the *will* settled I would be a *priest* at His altar.

I see in those last letters that it might become my duty to desire, and call for Sisters. I would *then* do it, and leave you to consult the glory of God in balance with so many other calls you have; seeing, however, that *opening* of the West,—that connecting midway *Cincinnati and St. Louis*, etc. But now, it seems to me I must try to write to Mr. Reynolds first to preserve what *exists*. Pray, pray for

Simon.

Pray that I may first learn how to speak intelligibly, especially in common conversation, which from this happy solitude, is to be my daily bread. O, change! I must try to *speak*!



My dear Mother,

Your kind note received, and offered to God, as you did when writing it. He is All! I entreated at the door

of the chapel two Sisters,—I think Sister Xavier one,—not sure!—to remember only my faults to pray for them; if any good, our Lord may have it as His own. But my innumerable faults and omissions, so many years of His grace I had to dispense to *you*, and also profit by, do, do mind them charitably.

My eyes are full of tears, for I am here alone; and if I may have appeared hard,—too hard may be, at parting, I thought it best; else to begin only, I would have lost all self-possession, and mal-edified...All present, but keeping for the best the flood gates of such years of the long past; such things *now* to leave, such *other* things to go and encounter. Yes, it was best, and offered it so; but no harm to speak to you as so very weak, though our Lord grants me much grace, and I mean to try to honor His strength in my weakness,—our Mother's own Canticle, you know, Magnificat. None of us feel so well as she did, our utter nothingness; none either feel so well the joy of serving

GOD, and trusting Him. Let us be so!

Read sometimes with my intention those lines on "Douceur," that I sent you by Sister Xavier, and were copied. We all want particularly to represent our Lord in His *bonte*, but I am all the reverse. Pray for me, the Council particularly, head school Sister Ann Maria,* and Mistress of Novices, as if you did represent all, girls, Novices and Sisters. Yet may be, even to mention only you, is already more than I ought. My duty is at an end. GOD is all!

*Sister Ann Maria Hartnett. Not only head school Sister, but also, at one time, Treasurer besides. "But," writes Sister Bernard, "the union of hearts that prevailed made duties comparatively easy, for she had willing and efficient aids. Such was the ascendancy her sweet and gentle manners exercised over both Sisters and children, that the former were not only most eager and anxious to assist her, but were delighted to be employed by her, and the children found the discipline of the school light under her persuasive, yet firm government." She lies buried in our Little Wood.



Last Gatherings for Mother.

Sunday evening.

1. The cross—O good cross!
2. Gratitude for so much of His goodness expressed in all those hearts of St. Joseph's to their poor servant.
3. Begging humbly pardon of them for so many of his faults in their service.
4. And the same to the Superior (tell him.)
5. Particular gratitude in the name of the new diocese for all that St. Joseph's has done.
6. Also, as I just looked at it, for that little purse of silver \$240 about. Tell me who gives it, I did understand that it is Miss E. Landry; tell me. God the hundred and thousand for it in Heaven!
7. *Grant me, and send me* the crucifix of brass in my confession-room, under the picture of St. Louis Gonzaga. I had it so long before me.
8. Accept, such as they are, for the

good girls, or rather their teachers, these sketches of Geography, some may suggest better hints, I will send you more. Bless for me your good sister Eliza.*

9. See a cross at Laurentia's grave.

10. Remember me to Sister Martha's, Sister Augustine's, Sister Betsy's prayers—Sister Regina's, etc. Do pray all,
for S. Bé.

* Eliza Landry, a real benefactress of the Community, since her untiring services were given gratuitously. She acted as a kind of agent in Baltimore for all sorts of business, and all kinds of commissions. So constantly was she on the street intent on St. Joseph's business that it appears the purchase of her shoes must, at all events, have been stipulated for, and occasionally in her racy letters amongst other expenses she notes, "Eliza's shoes."

"Don't expect me to do anything for you, for the next two weeks;" she writes to Mother Rose, about the time of Bishop Dubois consecration, "*if I can I will*, but you must be satisfied if I don't, for I have to wait on the Bishop-elect. I have to purchase his cassock, and have it made, with his cape, and to have his gold cross and chain, and ring made; his rochets to alter; the sleeves are too large, the lace entirely too wide. He will not



Bardstown, St. Bridget's Day, and of
course, Sister Bridget's Communion,
October 8, 1834.

Dear Mother, and dear Brother John,
Pray, and ask prayers for all, and
our friends in town for that 28th. in
earnest, *the day*, now drawing so near,
I feel it; and just at hand when you
will receive this last letter.

I had begun a recreation on the other
page, but found it almost too light, and
laid it by. I met afterwards these more
serious and better lines of Father De la
Colombière; have them, all ye whom I
had so long to love in our Lord! "My
friends, they love me. I love them.
Thou knowest it, O Lord, and I feel it.

wear them so, and I have to alter them, and you
well know I am not smart, so don't expect much
from me!"

And to Father Deluol interceding for a party
she thought ought to be entertained at Saint
Joseph's: "I thought I would mention it to you,
dear Father, fearful to do it to Sister Rose, think-
ing she might tell me to mind my own business!"

O my GOD, who alone art good, alone art amiable, must I sacrifice them to Thee? Yes, since Thou dost wish that separated from them I should belong wholly to Thee, I will make this sacrifice which costs me more than the first I made Thee in abandoning the world. I do make this sacrifice, and I make it with a willing heart. Deign to receive it, O my Saviour, but in return, be their friend. I shall remind Thee of them every day of my life, and I supplicate Thee to make known to them what they gain in Thee, and what they find in Thee in losing me!" So do I say too.

But this I might almost regret to write, for it is only what all at St. Joseph's know, and practise so well on all occasions. When I left, to remember only how the least novice leaves for the farthest missions, and gives up all her most holy attachment to such a home, because in fact, it is only to GOD she is attached, in all she loves but for His sake,—to remember it, I say, was enough to encourage, or shame me. Do

so, continue so, all; it is your true spirit, Daughters of GOD, Sisters of all, for His sake whose name is *Charity*,—and so, in Him yours is *Charity*... Check most watchfully any temptation or imperfection to the contrary. My consolation is that I tried earnestly so to direct you, and to see no more, no less in us all, your servants for the Church, but “the dispensers of the mysteries of GOD;” GOD’S will, truth, and divine grace all, by whomsoever ministered to you. All comparisons for the better or the worse, where the Will of GOD is all, are but loss of merits, forgetting the spirit of faith, danger of sin, and later *reproach* when better thoughts return. But, enough, for souls so well prepared to be true daughters of divine *Charity* itself.

As for affairs, I am left much in doubt as for recalling to Vincennes the Sisters of Nazareth, or asking some of St. Joseph’s. I would call for you even through the advice of Mr. Reynolds,*

* Afterwards Bishop of Charleston, S. C.

did I think that you could grant me immediately the four, that would justify in Vincennes an Academy... But, first I know that you are more inclined to good large poor-schools, or hospitals, or orphan asylums, than pay school, and academy; and secondly, not perhaps yet well informed. I think, however, that the vicinity of St. Louis, Kaskaskias, here Nazareth and Loretto, and also Cincinnati, if you grant Mr. Purcell's previous call for his larger city, may leave, at least for a time, less importance to begin your Vincennes. A pity that the two houses, Nazareth and St. Joseph's can scarcely now be united, as the bishops here wish it so much; but I see little real opening as yet. Let us pray secretly, and if it be the will of God, it may a little farther on, open so. I have been at Nazareth,—truly such a beautiful house!—at Loretto too. I spare you the details; you have had them often...

One more from your New Orleans mission gone to Heaven, tells me Bishop

Rosati in a letter of September 30th. He does not tell me the name of the Sister,—no matter, if but in *Heaven*. Let us pray for her.

Your old father,
S. Bruté.

Notwithstanding he found the "recreation on the other page almost too light," he sends it along, and here it is :



Well; never mind, Sister Loretto! it rained hard but we came back, Mr. George Elder and I, full gallop from St. Thomas, so don't stir; we said Mass, and go to breakfast.

Where is Father Hickey, Sr. Felicité? Ah! I am mistaken; *here* is good Bishop David. And the beefsteak is ready, good coffee: for him a little wine and sugar, bread and butter; he says doctor orders it so. Perhaps it's his penance for so many good works on all sides. Very well, GOD knows!

"*Oui, oui, Sœur Louise* bon jour! Le bon Dieu vous benisse!*" You see what o'clock it is!

"Eleven o'clock, my Father."

"O well! it is near the examen; I will not hear any confessions, to-day!"

"I believe it Father," says Sister Benedicta, "you are too far; and you had better now mind your own business."

Truly, it is not Sister Benedicta, who said it; but I write on, and it is but *the truth* her kind heart, all of you Sisters, your own too, recommends I hope, to GOD at prayer: let him duly mind "*his present duty, the Will of his Lord.*"

* In June 1811, Rev. Mr. Dubourg returned from the isle Martinique bringing with him subjects for the Community. Louise Roger was one. She had been in the world dress-maker of the gay and fashionable Madame Guerin (afterwards Sister Madeleine,) who came at the same time to the United States (See note page 122.) In Community her duty became that of the habits, and probably more than one she fashioned for the penitent Sister Madeleine. Twenty years before her death good "Sœur Louise" became totally blind; yet,

After dinner there Patience, or Mary, or Olivia, or Michael, and a coming to take all away; and I go to the graves. No such thing! But I visited, with great edification indeed, that of Rev. Mr. Nerinx at Loretto; that of Rev. Mr. Derigaud at St. Thomas; that of Rev. Mr. William Byrne at his College, now the Jesuits, whom I visited also, and

as writes Sister Margaret, "no one so gay or cheerful as Sœur Louise." Rev. Mr. Butler carved on her ivory-headed cane this most appropriate verse: "Thou art my rod and my staff which have comforted me." In her state of blindness, prayer became her chief, and only duty; faithfully she discharged it, yet she loved not long sermons, and prayed that all who gave them "might be made bishops!" She had a fixed seat in church, a low chair between the communion rail and the benches, on the Gospel side. Once, when the sermon was unusually long she was seen to stand up, and slowly draw her beads from her pocket. The orator of the occasion was her good friend Dr. McCaffrey. Her only excuse afterwards was: "*Mr. McCapperty!* he so long!" The good old Sister died November 11, 1847.

also Nazareth. Sister Cornelia there; did remember so many she knew at St. Joseph's in 1818! "And how is Sister Margaret?—and how is Sister Sally? and how is Sister Adele? and how is Sister Joanna? and how is Sister Ann?"

"O! this last is in Conewago," said I; and *Mother Seton*, said I to myself, *in Heaven*, for herself knew it.

"But," says Mother Rose, "don't speak so much of Heaven for us; to pray still is always the better and safer."

"Right! But, listen; I hear the bell of the College!"

"Which?"

Bardstown to be sure; not Mount St. Mary's, not even Cincinnati's. Athenaeum's, so much nearer. But, there to-day, Bishop Flaget hears it, for he went there to meet Bishop Purcell for the consecration of his German Church, *that 5th.* the day you thought mine; and may be have put to my account a treasure of good prayers that will wait for my 28th. ah, so near! A treasure in better hands above, than St. Joseph's

temporals in those of Sister Genevieve. Well! do only all pray again for that 28th. and it will be double merit to you, double grace to me, and that new diocese you have thus to bless in my unworthy person; and I may now rest on that good hope, and without turning the page wait a little to finish this rambling letter....

Conclusion to Father Hickey.

I use, dear Friend, as bishop, your beautiful Breviary, and I thank you for it again. And the gold watch of good Dr. Shorb,—tell him again surely to thank Margaret for me.

I make my retreat with Bishop David; he is very well. We say together our office, chapelet, etc.; our three repasts together as with you.

Pray also for the installation at Vincennes which should take place on All Saints; but this day may vary, as Bishop Rosati does his best to retain us at St. Louis, a longer period.

Ah! all is holy charity at present,

too much goodness everywhere,—soon all alone at Vincennes.

GOD, all in all! GOD suffices for all!

Note: "A treasure in better hands above than St. Joseph's temporals in those of Sister Genevieve" ...Sister Genevieve Tyler was at that time Treasurer of the Community. Sister Bernard writes of this dear Sister: "Sister Genevieve Tyler was born in New Hampshire of most virtuous and highly respectable parents. Though protestants they were upright and earnest in their desire to serve God; and so true it is that He never abandons those who seek Him in spirit and in truth, it will not be too much to affirm that they were almost miraculously introduced into the household of faith. Mrs. Tyler the mother of Sister Genevieve was born in Conn. and was a presbyterian. From her earliest years she was fond of reading the Bible, and from this reading conceived there must be an older church than her own. She read and read protestant books which only convinced her the more that there was one true church, but how to find it she knew not. For ten long years she fervently prayed for light. Often she proposed questions to her brother, an Episcopal Minister, which were answered evasively, or by giving her more books to read. This brother's health becoming impaired he was advised by phy-

sicians to travel. He invited Mrs. Tyler to accompany him, and they set out for New York. Soon after arriving she went in search of a Catholic Priest, proposed to him her doubts which were so satisfactorily explained that she found herself a Catholic without knowing it. She made arrangements with Rev. Mr. Taylor, then pastor of the Cathedral, to be received at once into the Catholic Church and acquainted her brother with her intention. He immediately took passage in a boat, and hurried her off next morning without allowing time for putting her pious resolves into execution. Mrs. Tyler's cousin, Rev. Mr. Barber, was then in Rome, where he and Mr. Ironside, another protestant minister became converts to the faith. On their return to New York, Rev. Mr. Taylor told them of his interview with Mrs. Tyler, and her sudden departure, etc. It was then resolved that this sincere, and earnest soul should not be frustrated in her pious design, and Rev. Mr. Taylor not being able to go himself, sent Rev. Mr. French, who was accompanied by her cousin Mr. Barber. Great indeed was her joy to welcome a Catholic priest to her home. Mrs. Tyler, and her eldest daughter, (our Sister Genevieve,) were baptised and received into the Church;—within the space of eight years the father and whole family were admitted.

Two years later Sister Genevieve went to Georgetown where she made the acquaintance of Father McElroy, S. J. who sent her to St. Joseph's to become a Sister of Charity. Her two younger sisters not long after followed her example. Later, a fourth sister came to the Community—her brother became a priest and died Bishop of Hartford, Conn. During her Seminary Sister Genevieve was a model of regularity and strict fidelity to our holy rules. So great was her exactness that she said, "she would scruple going to early bed unless there was a necessity for it." It may be said of her that she faithfully fulfilled the injunction of our Lord to Abraham: *Walk before me and be perfect.* Only one of the Sisters who was with her in the Seminary still lives, and she declares without hesitation that she never knew her to violate a rule, or to fail in the least pious custom of the Community. Once only, as she was walking through the yard, she plucked three cherries from a tree and ate them. For this she was so grieved that she wept bitterly, and went immediately to the Directress to acknowledge what she esteemed to be a great fault. After making her holy vows, she was sent on mission. She filled at different times, offices of Sister Servant, Directress of the Seminary, or Mistress of Novices as it was then called, and was Treasurer of the Community for six years. In every position she acquitted her-

self with the greatest ability. Her peculiar attraction was for a hidden life. She avoided every thing calculated to bring her into notice, and when free on Sundays or festivals, spent hours in sweet converse with the well-Beloved of her soul in our humble little chapel from whence ascended to heaven the perfume of earnest prayer of hearts burning with love of Him who graciously condescended to remain in our midst. Though holding responsible positions, Sister Genevieve never betrayed the least sign of importance, she was humble, simple, condescending to all,—the least and last in the house. Her manners grave and reserved, were nevertheless gentle and kind. It was however, in the midst of her little family on the mission that the beauty of her character was displayed; her sweetness and affability to her Sisters were truly admirable; though mortified and austere towards herself, she was full of tenderness for them. Her loss was keenly felt by all. She died Sister Servant of the institution in Frederick. Father McElroy kneeling by her side, when her beautiful soul took its flight, July 3, 1839.



St. Peter's Church, near Washington,
Daviess Co., Ind.

Nov. 13, 1834.

This is from the first place I visit, twenty-five miles from Vincennes, which I rode well enough yesterday; and so I get again accustomed to the horse. Arrived Wednesday last at Vincennes; the installation took place the same evening. Bishop Rosati, a little indisposed had not been able to come. Bishop Flaget addressed me with his usual fervor in French. Then Bishop Purcell gave a long discourse to a crowded audience; and so, the Thursday, Saturday and Sunday morning; Mr. Hitzelberger, Friday evening, and Sunday evening. The Sunday I said Pontifical High Mass, Mr. Hitzelberger deacon, Mr. Lalumière sub-deacon; Father Petit, of the Jesuits, master of ceremonies, and the two Bps. on their opposite benches. Bishop Flaget preached at the Gospel in French; Bishop Purcell after Mass; Bishop Flaget said

Vespers, I preached in French, and by candle-light, Mr. Hitzelberger and I added some words in English. So, Vincennes had its full that day with the three bishops. But, alas! Monday morning the two ones that went away;—the poor one left alone!

GOD is all; only pray. The people all kindness to me. Kindness and money, etc., may prove very different. But what signifies, you may say, and my whole heart would say if not that point of *money and helps*, a necessary condition for more important other things,—just as is the health of the body for the much better things of the *soul*.

Well! if *necessary*, GOD will afford to it at least His adorable and unsearchable measures. Why, perhaps United States money may come this way. The chief of the savage Miamis has a right to Ten Thousand Dollars a year for the education of his young boys, and young girls, and may be willing to see them trusted to the care of the Bishop, with Jesuits and Sisters; words have already passed

to that effect. But, if he were willing himself in the end, how will I redeem the proffer. Are you ready to come for the good young squaws?—will Jesuits be granted to Vincennes?—or Father Butler, or Father Sourin be ready in their place, to come with half a dozen of their young men?

Let then the good *talk* go on, such as some zealous friends here have suggested, and it *goes on*; I, for my part, dare not hope much. Of a College of civilized lads, or a seminary, I would like better to see the *talk* at hand, and its Ten Thousand Dollars for it, at hand too.

What can be done in a *first* week? patience!

I took to this more easy step of a visit here, and I can't help to give you a small account further. This is the place of Mr. Lalumière, where for awhile, as at Vincennes, the Sisters of Nazareth kept a school. Being in the interior of the country, five miles from Washington, the school, as that of Vide-

Poche, could not be numerous: it was more so, however, having twenty-five day-scholars, and six boarders. The house also, is much better than that at Vide-Poche, though a plain log-house too. The church is near, across a small yard in grass,—a neat frame building of forty-feet by twenty-eight. A farm is attached of one hundred and sixty acres, woodland, corn, cattle, etc. My fancy, with the good catholic or friendly protestants around, at one, two miles, etc., this would be my holy hermitage for life, as Mr. Le Saulnier at Vide-Poche. But of a thought or fancy for you, I would see this turn, if Vincennes was granted by you, Nazareth leaving it... See, your Bishop of Indiana, sowing what best comes across his mind and heart, for his flock and for yourselves... All then to GOD; all in the result, adoration, love, and resignation to His own unsearchable ways of preparing the future blessing of this new diocese.

Pray, dear Mother, dear Sisters, who to name here, one by one would be too

pleasing. Pray, and Father Hickey for,
† S. Bruté, Bishop.

The death of our Most Rev. Archbishop, and so soon actual exercise of Mr. Eceleston, we heard when approaching Vincennes, some gentlemen coming on horseback with Mr. Lalumière to meet us. The Friday we had a Mass in black for it by Bishop Flaget, who the day after was entering his seventy-second year,—Rev. Mr. Badin his sixty-ninth;—returned all across Indiana to his Saint Joseph's River, preaching in the Court House at Indianapolis; then Mass on All Saints at Logansport, all activity with his snowy head.

I ought to have told you, how kind beyond acknowledgment, were the Sisters of Saint Louis to me, procuring everything they could imagine: a light purple cassock, to fold, with a small rochet, for the mission; good, well stuffed over-shoes; large boots, given I think by a Carroll, sister of Henry and Charles of Hagerstown, married at St. Louis. I am in excellent health.

If you have received my letter for Emily for those Fifty Dollars, use your influence with her. I have paid out, 1. My traveling expenses: 2. ditto. Mr. Hitzelberger's: 3. Fifty Dollars to send a priest to Chicago who Bishop Rosati has lent me for that place for one year. 4. No subscription has yet been organized for my benefit; *I pay my board at Vincennes.* 5. And furthermore that of my first seminarian, Mr. Ratigan, the good Irishman, all ready to be ordained who I have brought back with me from St. Louis. We make together the conclusion of his seminary, our exercises, etc., even in traveling, for I have brought him here with me, and this evening we review Liguori, etc.

Voila pour *money*!

Oddity! the organ of Vincennes is a hand organ with a row of pegs, and a set of popular tunes! And Sunday, at Vespers, and at Benediction, for masterpiece, the organist gave us the *Marseillaise*!

A letter in which he answers many letters in one.



*Vincennes, on the Wabash, Indiana,
23th. of November, 1834.*

My dear Mother,

What a consolation in our Lord, the reading of that good long letter, or many letters from St. Joseph, as received, last week being without any letter, (and so am still) from over the mountains; none from the Mount, or Baltimore, or farther East since the last days of September.

How gratefully did I read it!—and how joyfully when seeing that hope so near to see our good Superior* here, for surely, he will not return from St. Louis by Cincinnati, without taking Vincennes on his way. It will be by the stage of St. Louis, as it runs still till January, and sometimes during it, if the roads are yet good. I have no doubt, that on the whole, that visit of the Superior

* Father Hickey at that time Superior of Sisters.

will be a great blessing for the places he will visit, and for your family.

Ah, Mother! when I say that "I have no doubt," your humble fear of God, all, makes you add, "Father, father, or good Bishop rather, (for I am pretty to write me *good* too!) poor Bishop—(true so!) you ought to leave room for trials, crosses, disappointments, that may be destined to us, and to any place, by that all adorable and unsearchable Providence.

You are right, Mother and Sisters! And if I speak so, it is because our Lord is pleased to see His children full of confidence, and looking for His best service, and greatest glory, as first appears to them. Yet so as to acknowledge that as He needs not our little service and glory, but only our full obedience and ready love, cross or blessing as He may grant, we should in our heart, leave all to His own measures, certain that in the end, *all* will be His greatest glory before His angels and saints above.

Well! only then that we be *there above*

in the Heaven of His saints and angels, amen!—a thousand delightful *amens*! And Mother and Sisters say, ‘*Yes, Father, or poor Bishop now, ten thousand amens!*’

Let us see then the best measures to take to be of this number. Ah, well! humility, charity, simplicity—that is *all*. That is not difficult; then poverty, chastity, obedience. It is all very good; and then to secure the whole, RULES,—that is all: with a bit of Superior and Mother to put it a-going! O dear souls, have I not *rules* enough, and Superiors enough to put me also my true “going!”

Sister Margaret,—Poh! she is on her mission to Richmond.* Many a growl

* Yes; Sister Margaret George was on her mission in Richmond. She makes this note: “November 23, 1834. Feast of St. Cecilia. Richmond Mission. Rev. Mr. O’Brien having previously demanded and obtained the promise of Sisters to commence an establishment in this city, on this day Sister Margaret, Sister Editha, and Sister Ann Catharine left home by the way of Baltimore, thence in steamboat for Richmond.” Then she

from the enemy, as once when she approached with her Sisters, his Frederick, now so much less his own; to be sure, the little finger of that *sly Jesuit*, Father McElroy, still more the cause. (So will say the modesty of St. Joseph's.) Yet, for the consolation of all, they may hope

adds: "Sister Margaret's last writing in this book. When no longer a busy, active member of this too dear Community, those that remain do pray for her poor soul." She remained only three years however in Richmond, for when Sister Benedicta volunteered her services for the Vincennes diocese, Sister Margaret was recalled and placed at the Treasurer's desk. She liked Richmond too. A letter addressed her by Sister Josephine Collins, commences: "Here I am at last, in your *beautiful Richmond* and you may expect me to abuse it for the next six months. Although Sister Matilda insists that the views around are beautiful, I can see nothing but hills that take your breath to climb. Here is a little *nigger* standing by me who I asked where God was, and he told me in the *Cage*. I wish you could see him; he is about two years old, and very intelligent. He is talking now as fast as his tongue can run!"

indeed, that much of all the good that makes the wicked growl, and do his worst, is carried in the Book of Life to their account. And all say "Amen, Father, or poor Bishop of Vincennes, Amen!"

So, Sister Margaret is too far; let us see who next to answer.

Sister Louisa:—O, a mistake! She did not write to me. She didn't! Don't say so, but remember that beautiful letter without ink or paper, or of course, need of eyes, of which St. Paul speaks, written on the tablets of the heart, answer if you can? O, I can; it is a way convenient, and sparing of time, sure to answer well at St. Joseph's with so many that wrote as Sister Louise,—no ink, no pen, and no paper! But, let us see.

Sister Joanna, O, you keep no order! Well, of age at least some,—perhaps if Ma Ferrell, † dear, respected Sister

† A dear old Sister. As Bishop Dubourg presented Sœur Louise to Mother Seton as an "Israelite without guile," so Sister Margaret George speaks

Bridget, had written,—but of it another time! O, most grateful, Sister Joanna, that you also encouraged me so far, after I was last year encouraging and helping you for the much farther voyage to Heaven. But, lo! you were left still to pray for the travellers of this earth. Since you cannot much more now, and would not, for instance, accept to be my Grand Vicar here, as you were in Frederick,—though I have none here to dispute the place, I am *alone*,—and my

of her own mother. That the prayers of this simple and benevolent soul, pierced the clouds, must have been a recognized fact, for on occasion of the building of the Church, the bricklayer proving refractory, Mother Rose sent the two Israelites to pray that “he would be a little more pliant and act with consistency.” Cheerful and light-hearted she must have been too, as well as prayerful. On October 8, 1838, Sister Margaret notes her mother’s feast day: ‘Feast of St. Bridget. Dear old Sister Bridget looks as happy as a queen. Sister Mary Joseph made her a handsome crown of queen-margarets. Mother caused her to breakfast in her room.’ Sister Bridget died, March 30, 1847.

good seminarian, Mr. Ratigan, is not a good one for the ringing of the bell of my Cathedral, I could authorize you to *order* any better hand in Vincennes to come and do it,—better, may be, then the Bishop knows himself how to order it, for I had sometime to ring it myself; and remember, that first after tonsure, it was next to be made “portier,” gatekeeper and bell-ringer in the Church of GOD. Well, I am sure that yourself would like to do it, and did not Laureta* like it, though now so highly promoted?—a Sister Servant I understand! Not she now—not she to ring this bell, when the little boy don’t come! Well, I will then ring it still, if need of it, or teach my good Mr. Ratigan to ring better.

Sister Frances might cover the bell with her finest beads, from the bell to the ringer’s hand, fifty or sixty feet long, perhaps; and think, all ye who laugh at the Bishop of Vincennes, that thus to set a-going the tongue of the bell that

* Sister Loretto O’Reilly died in Donaldsonville, La., August 20, 1848.

gives the signal for Mass is a holy work, full of many more holy aspirations than the tongue of our dear mouth would make, if we did not watch the string that moves it from our hearts, and touch only that which can move it right. Alas, me! Sisters, do pray that discretion, prudence, charity, proper zeal, be so *tongue movers* of mine, from so weak, so quick and unguarded a heart. And once more, do all forgive me, all that among you, I may have thus sinned; and on my knees, would I ask the same from all over the mountains, and try on to speak better.

And now, will it not be *order*, if I answer Sisters Ann Maria, and Eulalia the archangel, and angel of the dear girls in one?

No, Father; it is truly disorderly, to go on thus abridging the duty.

O Sisters! page after page would not fulfil it. Days after days, for years did not, when so many hearts sought nothing in mine but that I could help them

the more to love and serve on earth that God, for whom our immense love, and endless service in Heaven will alone satisfy the beautiful destiny, which alas, so many forget all over this world...To both, and with you Sister Mary Raphael who gave to the girls that repeated signal between the exercises on my 28th. for one who had so little served them. And with the three, three more, and still three and three more, till both sides of the house I would have passed in full review, do accept truly in *one*, as very good order, the heart of all gratitude and respect, and forever persevering affection, and devotedness of your, once father in service and ever in feeling,

✠ S. Bruté.

What shall I say of my little daily, passing events? One day a visit walking along the Canadian habitations on the prairie through which that splendred river, so clear, so wide, the Wabash flows. One day one solitary first Communion; another day business so different of an old

claim, and suit of damages during the Revolution. A will having made over to the church *that hope*. I am obliged to try to recover them from the State of Virginia, as her troops caused the damages to the deceased. Another day trying to fix a school for boys. For the girls, hopes still towards Nazareth or St. Joseph's. Another day, they bring wood and meat: "Right well!" says Sister Felicite.* Then two extracts from the old Register of Baptism, brought fifty cents: "Well, but not much!" says Sister Geneveive.

And, O Sister Benedicta! a traveller from near where your brother Thomas lives, coming to see the Bp., after having long left the Church, gives you distant hopes of another, for whom I am watching some further opportunity, having first sent the first letter... Your own lines to me could not be forgotten, but you also are one with Mother Rose, so and so, day after day, and since every day it is here as at the Valley, or the Mountain

* Sister Felicite Delone, Procuratrix.

that unspeakable Morning Altar, all is well, till Eternity come.

S. B.

Sister Bernard's notes of Sister Joanna, who is mentioned in the preceding letter :

"Sister J. Smith was probably born on Carroll's Manor, Md., where her family resided. From her earliest years she manifested a remarkable piety, was the object of her father's peculiar care, and seems to have been a favorite child. Some years after his death, she entered the Carmelite Order then established at Port Tobacco, but ill-health, and the advice of her director, convinced her that it was not her vocation. For ten years she remained in the world leading a most edifying life. In the latter part of 1812 she entered our Community of which she was a most exemplary member. Her piety was most tender and affectionate. Her prayers and exercises of piety were embalmed with tears; scarcely was she in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament than her soul seemed lost in God, and tears of tender devotion streamed from her eyes. Her very attitude in the chapel would inspire one with a sense of the presence of God. She was a rigid disciplinarian, and never passed a breach of our holy rules, or the least want of religious decorum without giving a reprimand.

We, who were young, were obliged to walk circumspectly when Sister Joanna was near. She held many important offices in the Community, Procuratrix, Sacristan and Sister Servant. She was appointed to begin the Infirmary in Baltimore, and the Orphan Asylum in Albany; was some time Sister Servant at Saint Mary's. Though her exterior was rather stern, she possessed a very kind and charitable heart, and was compassionate and tender to the poor."

Sister Joanna died January 21, 1841.



A good Christmas and New Year to all!

Vincennes, Monday, Octave

B. V. M. Im. Con. 1834.

My dear Mother Rose,

All the best remembrance of the Bishop for those for whom he was once the honored father in the Church of God is, to pray for them all incessantly, that they be all Sisters of Glory in heaven, as of Charity, and most tender union on earth, in their happy life of same vows, and service of their Beloved. And if now writing timely for their holy Christ-

mas, or New Year's day, to write usefully, respectfully, affectionately, and so:

1. Let the early, punctual, modest, and devout getting up at the very first sound of the bell, I liked so much to hear when happening to sleep at the brick house,* be kept as a main pledge of a whole good day, and good week. How much St. Vincent of Paul insisted on it! How many virtues are practised at once in that precious and so decisive moment! Three hundred and sixty-five times its treasure filling along the year, and carried on to the ledger above; the good angel's inscription and witness.

* The "brick house," pulled down in 1884 was the west end of the infirmary. It was disconnected from the main building, and when priests remained over night, they lodged there; their rooms were on the second floor. It is said, often the Sister going over in the morning after Father Bruté had passed the night at St. Joseph's, would find the bed untouched, just as she had left it the day before. "And he made nothing," says an old Sister, "of watching and praying all night for a Sister who was in trouble."

2. Fervent morning prayers, and first whole offerings; then meditation, as the subject proposed leads on, or grace besides, stirs the soul. There again, what pledges of perseverance, renovation, remedy to all temptations, security and consolation of your vocation, all, candidates and beginners, novices of the first stage, or approaching consecration—Ah, vowed ones old, and late ones! Keep humbly to method, as did Saint Louis Gonzaga, especially if dry, distracted, tempted, and all will be still so holy and strengthening. Again, how many inscriptions for the Book of Life!—Yet so early and now,

3. Mass. O, that Altar! the folding doors thrown open—(taking care, the one who opens, for the fingers; and also apropos, the lamps a little higher, or removed farther from the Altar; you see, since I wear a mitre, I can but the more remember it!)—How most seriously, and earnestly may I still recommend you all, that exercise, of all the holiest. Indeed, the Holy of Holies in sight, and union

through the whole of so divine an action. I now not only celebrate it, but empower others to do it. O, pray, pray for good priests, and many, to be granted in every diocese,—many here!

Shall I continue, Mother, or is it presumption? *This* is not my intention, but still to show love for those our Lord loves so much; and still try to acquit my old debts, and supply my deficiencies where I ought to have done good to so many, especially the candidates, and novices. Thus I think you permit, and on now!—At breakfast.

Breakfast, dinner, supper; three good and valuable times for offerings, and holy empire over the servant, the body, in behalf of that poor soul...O, so many ways!

4. Work! Work whatsoever of *obedience*, not choice; of *punctuality*, not remissness of *rule*, not arbitrary way; of example and cheerfulness, not sad necessity and depressed spirits; of union with Nazareth, Egypt, the Temple, the Cross, according as it may be of house-

keeping or teaching, of travelling to town or the Mount, or care of the altar, of the infirmary, etc., etc.,—O, work and true love, true prayer in work, true penance, true charity, incessant occasions of charity, all manner of merits! O, sweet Lord, help thy holy daughters! O MARY, all their works in union with thy own!... She was housekeeper, nurse, tailor-ess, instructress etc., and of whom? Of the same JESUS whom you serve too, since He takes as done to Himself all you do for one another, for your children, your good servants, and all other people. O Sally, is it not so? Is it not so, all ye Sisters of the school, kitchen, garden, work-room, infirmary? For I see you all through the busy hive of our Lord; and the beauty and perfection of all, and the least thing you do, reflected, as it were a fair mirage on that firmament above Vincennes—you East, I West,—then piercing the skies, reaching in sight of the Throne,—all inscribed, your angels witnesses. Amen! O, for fidelity, Amen! and pray for me. Pray also for

me, good Superior at your letters, orders, busy, busiest life, good John!

5. But how can I go on? Such treasures of good, and of merits all the day long at St. Joseph's Valley! Then, as much, if not more, (though more of difficulty, less of exterior support,) but the same, or more from the Beloved in every distant establishment, from my West, St. Louis, to your East, Boston. Yes, that work-room, those many departments, that chapel and choir, that infirmary of the late Laurentia, Gabriella, etc.,* such a variety of merits, occupations, exercises, graces; examen, prayer of agony, adoration, beads, reading, night prayers,—nay, have I forgotten *recreations*, so full of merit or of faults; alas! our weakness and readiness for faults in silence, as in talk. "Watch and pray," the watch-word of our JESUS: and the bright and decisive: "Who perseveres to the end, shall be crowned, and

* Sister Gabriella Zwyre (who labored for the cholera patients in Philadelphia in 1832) and Sister Laurentia Carr, both died in 1833.

blessed to such an *Eternity*! A moment, perhaps not one whole year more,—a moment, I say, yes, surely all this life truly a moment, and then an *Eternity*!

A good Christmas, a happy New Year to all.

Do grant me a letter; some of your last news, and of the Mountain, to pray the more for both. I see that our good Superior don't come.



Cat River, twelve miles from Vincennes; Farm of Mr. La Violette, January 16, 1835, four o'clock in the afternoon, fine weather, not cold.

Started yesterday from Vincennes at ten o'clock. I dined five miles from there at the house of Lambert Barrois, a good Catholic, one of our "trustees," one of the small number of men who come to communion, as does his wife; a little orphan, (bound.) Eleonora Mallet, one of my twenty first communicants at Christmas. Two old uncles, Canadians, septuagenarians, lively and talkative: "Ah,

you are well drenched!" (the rain was pouring.) "But that does not cost one's life, Bishop: I have seen many others in the same plight. The night has overtaken me sometimes," said the good man, "lost in the forest, black as earth, and with everything to fear from the Indians. I would take off my saddle, get on it astride, or sit on it, my musket on my knees, my elbows on my knees, my head in my hands, and my blanket over my head, the rain falling in torrents, awaiting day-break, and the horse at my side who did not budge any more than myself the whole time which seemed so long,—so long!"

What an idea, to repeat to you the account of this man, and still more to sketch him here, drawn up in his saddle and the poor horse!—

They talk, they talk, and dinner is over, and my brave trustee wishes to prevail upon me to return to town, rather than continue my journey; but the good man sustains me. "The Bishop is right; I have seen others just as

wet!" I remount my horse and trot, the rain driving in my face and cold as January. It is the old story for me, when I came to the Mountain in 1811, and the daily bread of missionaries, and of Mr. Flaut and Mr. Hickey.

Eight miles farther on, the rain increasing I stopped at old FlumEAU's and once there, the chapter of Mr. Flaget commenced, for these old settlers still often call him so, and we thought no more of the rain. It was from 1793 (December of 1792) to 1796 that he was here such a good pastor.

"Ah, Bishop! During our great sickness, the small-pox, I was young; but he was much stronger than I, and after I had followed him around to so many sick, he still came after me, and I went and hid myself, for I was out-done with fatigue; but he knew well where to find me and it was necessary to do still more!"

The rain decreasing, I hastened towards the Wabash and: "Holloo, ho!" as loud as I could for the ferry. The

wind so strong and contrary, prevented them long from hearing the passenger. Finally, I hear the happy response, they come; two miles more, and behold me arrived, and the evening passes in conversation. This good family continue the review of old times; Mr. Rivet, that saintly man whose writings edify me so much; his piety, his preparation for death and burial, and writing to Archbishop Carroll; arranged before and prepared even, the sacerdotal habiliments, and the crucifix, with an image of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he had always the most tender devotion, upon his breast. After Mr. Rivet, Mr. Olivier, Mr. Chabrat; the good priests of Mr. De Andries, Mr. Rosati, (Bishop of St. Louis.) Mr. Blanc, Mr. Ferraris.

This morning, Mass, one baptism, one marriage, then some confessions. I shall remain here until Sunday. The Mass in the log house of a poor widow Languedo. They place the best they have on the altar, and with a good intention; two small frames unsuitable on an

altar, though indifferent elsewhere; my two ends of candles, used for the first time; they will do for to-morrow, for here everywhere they make use of black lumps of lard, so unsightly, and unfit to place on an altar. The loom on one side, the cask and pot of soap to be made on the other.

They talk from house to house about building a little chapel, and dispute much about the location, there or here, since it is here they now have Mass;—or farther still to be more central, which I gently insinuate, but which does not please my hearers. Great embarrassment! Alas! the greatest is not the chapel, but to be able to promise the regular services of a priest once a month or even less frequently. Ten years ago, Mr. Blanc put up a little log chapel; it was never completed,—it no longer exists, but was converted into profane uses, then the logs taken away for another building. The work should not be thus recommenced. Ah, my Lord, grant us priests!

21, January.

But behold me again at Vincennes! I have a thousand other things to tell you about this mission. Now, my bed made, and my floor swept,—which the Bishop no longer does except from time to time, in order not to forget how!—behold me continuing a little recreation. If I lost myself yesterday in the swamp, it was because I would start too early to visit a sick person eight miles distant on a road which I could not find alone, and it being only five o'clock in the morning, after my Mass at half past four, it was but early dawn, and I met no one. I went forward however three or four miles, but finding I only lost my way more and more, I returned to my *episcopal city*, took my breakfast, and better directed, I started again about ten o'clock, and arrived at port.—The good man Board, from St. Mary's County, where he remembers in his young days, Fathers Neal, Bolton, etc., lives at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Clements of Charles County, where he was at the time of Mr.

David. I prepared the good man who will not die this time. Then I ate with a hearty appetite their corn bread, with lard, hot or cold at choice, and drank their coffee without sugar, for one finds this commodity rarely in the interior. When the provision of maple is exhausted, as was the case at Cat River where we were three days ago, they make use of honey, but that too was scarce. Ah! it is to amuse you, and Sisters Felicité and Michael, that I put that here, because it was after all an excellent meal; above all seasoned with the chit-chat of a neighbor named Purcell, his father from Ireland, from the city of Cork, which *proves* that he ought to be a relative of the young Bishop of Cincinnati who has electrified and charmed every one hereabouts. He would convert all Vincennes if he could remain there two, or three weeks. This brave man said to me: "Do not fail to let us know if he comes there to preach!"

The return was very pleasant, the

horse went so well. My health is excellent.

Ah, here is your good letter of the first of January, full of your usual benevolence, and charity, dear Mother!

And two pages from Sister Benedicta. I would have wished they had come yesterday for your brother from Terre Haute passed through Vincennes on his way to Bardstown; so much like Hilary in appearance that I was much moved in looking at him.* We talked long of you, and of your uncle in the Bank; then a little controversy ensued. I found him well inclined to receive instruction had he the opportunity, and he urged me much to write to him, but it is so difficult to do this at length. Pray much for him; I trust our Lord will grant his conversion to your prayers, and those of our dear dying.

I see that Mr. Butler has not been able to accept the office of confessor, they

* Rev. Hilary Parsons, Sister Benedicta's brother, a holy priest who died of slow consumption at the Mountain.

are so overburdened at the Mountain, and it seems the same every where else in Maryland. Ah! how then shall I obtain priests for our Indiana! Let us pray,—let us pray!

My dear Mother, I expect our Sisters of Nazareth after their 25th—like yours! Ah, this 25th. your vows! I priest, and bishop! Mine to my GOD.—Mrs. Grandville keeps the school while awaiting them; you have seen her at St. Joseph's, you and Mr. Hickey. I want to hope however for our Sisters of the Valley. I think I shall ask, and obtain them, if only for this St. Peter's where is Mr. Lalumière, if those from Nazareth cannot return.

I fatigue you writing so much, and I scruple it as you have so much correspondence of direct obligation, and also family recreation more in order than mine, poor stranger!...

The Telegraph, January 16, has Vincennes letter, over which my good brother John may look as if his friend the Bishop

could chat still as at his breakfast table...

Adieu and pray for

✠ Simon Bé.

Bishop Bruté sends a copy of his Pastoral.



I send this beautiful pastoral letter in which Bishop Purcell has kindly done his share, while starting for *Paris*, *Terre Haute*, to return by way of *Palestine*, without counting so many other names inspired by faith in this country. I therein place some few lines in the heart of the good Mother, and of the good brother, the dear Superior. I received yesterday a letter from Bishop Rosati, who writes to me his heart full of his ordinary so tender piety, that at the end of the novena to St. Philomena, to whose intercession our Lord appears to accord so many miracles, Sister Francis Xavier has recovered, and enjoys as good health as she has for a long time. He writes me of the holy death of the Brother—lay Brother, Olive, whom we saw at St.

Louis with the air of a saint. He had come from the Barrens, where he was stone-cutter, and has for ten years prepared the stones of the church, uniting to each blow of his hammer, all the love and offering that a saint could do. He will not see the church finished on earth, but from Heaven he will regard it *plus à son aise*.

We passed our January, which was like an April; the last two weeks it has been very cold, and much snow, but now good weather and Mr. Ruff and I, we have two good horses. I am going to see at Terre Haute about twenty Marylanders who are coming to settle near Vincennes—Alleluia! Clements, Gettings, Howards, from Montgomery County, friends of Father McElroy. From there I go to Edgar County.

Pray for this little mission, etc.

✠ S. Bruté.



The Annunciation of the Incarnation of Our Lord.
25th. of March, 1835.

Ave Maria, gratia plena!

I arrived from Cat River where I celebrated this beautiful day with the Illinois. All French there, poor and so forlorn. It is the third visit, but what of that; it is four months since last November. An assiduous care is necessary there. However, I had some communions—Ah, *at St. Joseph's* to-day! The joy of the Angels bearing to Heaven each of the three vows of the Sisters consecrated anew to the service of its great King;—or the desires, and preparations of the fervent novice! Go, go, good Angels, and tell, at least how the old Father unites himself from here to his happy family of 1834! His actual family is wholly in Indiana and the Illinois, but the remembrance of *St. Joseph's* can but animate him to serve them better. To think of those whom the

Lord blesses there so abundantly,—Superior, Mother, the council, sisters, novices, children, consoles and encourages him to hope for the future of this poor diocese—Pray much I entreat you,—all depends upon St. Joseph's—(word erased.)

26th. Thursday.

I erase a word too familiar, and commence again some lines for St. Joseph's, after the prayers of this 26th.—O my GOD! I feel myself almost without courage to write to you; because to do so always in quality of beggar would be an excess; and as for letters of edification I do too little here, and you receive from all parts letters far more edifying than mine. As for preaching to you still in letters,—Ah! I write no better than I speak, and pages would not suffice. Yesterday, by example, could I have spoken or written of what the Saints and Angels see in the mystery of the Incarnation...Ah! behold what you would have loved! But how to do it, and to do it in letters from Vincennes; you in the

fervor and excess of graces, as you were, —I, receiving the first confessions of large children, fourteen or fifteen years of age, who did not know the beginning of their catechism, nor the acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, nor entirely the Creed: others *not all* of the Our Father or Hail MARY;—"I know a little of it!" and they commence to stammer. And, if I try to get "I confess to GOD," it is always, "I believe in GOD," which comes. If I ask some very necessary questions, "I don't know," is answered with an air so *naïf*, and so simple, that the manner at least gives satisfaction. But, alas! to this candor and frankness in depths of countries abandoned to ignorance, is added the habit of swearing according to the French custom. The name of GOD, and "Sacre!" flow like running water from the lips alike of women and children, as if there was neither GOD, nor any thing sacred in the world, and without reflection, it would seem;—alas, if it were without sin also! Notwithstanding, there is faith, and the "my Lord, our Bishop," I

have more than enough of it; and they take my hand to kiss the ring, and then treat me with a cordiality that moves me to tears, thinking how incompetent I am to serve them well; because it is not I who know how, there should be here my good Flaut, my good Hickey, persons of true piety and simplicity of heart, and not people gay and light as myself. But let me not say it as if I murmured against the adorable Will; I bless it, and do as I can. They see, at least, that I have the good will to assist them.

I was writing to you yesterday, your great 25th. when returned from my visit, and Mass at Cat River. On the road we passed at eight miles the house of a poor protestant dying, and one of our Catholics with him for three nights. They spoke together of calling me. "But how much will he charge for it?" asks the poor man. "O, nothing indeed!" said the Catholic; and, of course, he came early to call for me. I have been there, found him eager to die a Catholic, though a methodist for seven years past.

I did all; finding him so sensible, and receiving instruction so well, I did not leave him before administering all the Sacraments. I had another in town who thus called for me, and died a Catholic. This is the fourth adult, (men) received. One a man of Tennessee, six feet, two inches high, and his babe, baptized together. Lately, the fuss, so miserably raised, has begun to reach Indiana,—not Vincennes though! Here, the “man of sin” is but Bishop Bruté, just as it was Bishop Flaget. It does not take! One simple man however, came to Vincennes from fifty miles; would not leave it without coming to look at me, and seeing what strange being that “man of sin,” seated now in Vincennes could be. How we did laugh together at the silly notions he told me his neighbors in that country had about me, and said he would be so glad to tell them he knew better, etc., etc.

Pray for a number of first Communions I prepare for Easter. Remember me to all the Council, and Sisters Gen.,

Fel., Stan., Xav.,—I bless the whole,
whole I can bless.

✠ Simon of Vincennes.

And to Jo-aa, Loué, Ar-ra, Pat, Del,
Sly, Aa-ee, Aa-ie, Oa-ia, Ry-Fe,
Sally, Magdala, Catharine, Rosalia, Mary Felix.
'Phel, etc.

*(He writes underneath in small characters, the names
in full.)*

Ah, that Episcopal recreation! At
least, a good offering of them all to their
Lord in their fresh renewed three vows,
and renewed desires of the same!

My dear Mother, pray for me, as does
Mother Seton, and I feel it. Fear not
that I have unworthy regrets. No, I do
rejoice. I just had in the cabin of that
good convert all the same joy my good
brother John enjoys at his ministry kept
along with your care...



Ascension Day, May 28th. 1835.

My dear Mother,
To you this page; send the first to U.
B. Campbell, Baltimore, after you have

read it, and read what you please to our dear Sisters...

Do also pray for me; pray that I may see well what to do in my utter destitution of priests, a more fatal thing than the very want of money, which may be now mending, as I understand the Leopoldine Association is coming forth for Indiana.* But O, for good priests! I must, I think go and look for them abroad, since none are to be obtained here. Pray for me as I am thus deliberating aloud with you, perhaps with excess of simplicity, but what will more of mystery avail. You did send my letters to good Emily. Too bad, they were, I suppose, and she answered me nothing; answer me you, if time, when this reaches you. Thank Sister Benedicta for her kind letter, and most edifying details.

* "You will be happy to learn," writes Bishop Purcell, about this time, to Mother Rose, "that Bp. Bruté has just received from the Leopoldine Association at Vienna, 12,000 florins. I got from it not a cent. *Deo gratias!* In God is our trust; He loves the poor!"

I had read them, (as if it were in the mind's eyes,) when thinking within myself what must have been the last moments of our sainted Hilary. I saw again her brother in Terre Haute. I was there Friday last.

Thank with me, our Lord for my health. I hesitated cowardly for that long start, more than six hundred miles in all, and the first five hundred and fifty on horse-back. One day sixty miles till eleven at night, horse knee-deep in the wet prairie near Chicago. You would scarcely believe that every evening I was no more fatigued than if I had not left my room. I fatigued but the throat, talking and controversy, etc., every where;—not always so very well understood, though generally so. But, I may say again a truth, not once a word of ill-humor either said by me or to me. Indeed, everywhere the full hospitality of this so much traveled country; generally low charge; some, a few, charged *well* enough. Think of twenty-four days thus spent, except Edgar County and Chicago

three nights each. Every other night and almost every meal at a new place, besides the feedings of our faithful animals. This has been quite a new life for me since the days of the library, the class, and *your confession room*; but do pray that such poor little beginnings, and scatterings of seeds to the winds, may have in time their blessing. Alas, me! the poor "sower of words," I am! Pray, dear Mother, dear Sisters, dear Superior, for your old friend,

† Simon of Vincennes.

Paying for my fellow traveller, and with what I had to give in different places and occasions, that travel cost me nearly One Hundred Dollars, and I received Thirteen Dollars.

Our Sisters here do well. They have four boarders, thirty-five day-scholars, and good promise; but what a trial for them my absences. Oh, des prêtres! Anéantissement! Amour! A.—A.—A.—!



(He writes from France whither he has gone
for Priests.)

*To Vincennes,—to the Mountain,—
To the dear Vale.*

Dear Sisters, read my letter to Rev. Mr. Lalumière. I must address a few lines to St. Joseph's from Rennes. Ah, a few moments would not suffice; after all, here is my letter for Vincennes. Cut it and send it on. Pray, pray for dear America, Maryland, Indiana, etc., etc.—*all* one! And, my good Superiors, you too must pray;—and you, my worthy friends of the Mountain. I will perhaps bring you another good Priest if you wish; if not he will follow me to Vincennes. I will write to you. Rev. Mr. Butler had better write to me; he will have sufficient time to do it, as I will leave here about March or April. A good Professor, and a zealous Priest will be a treasure for the Mountain.

I am obliged to close, and to end when I have scarcely commenced.

S. Bruté.

Rennes, 12th. Oct., 1835.

Good, and dear Brother, what a pleasure your letter has given me. It has animated more, if possible, my zeal for our Indiana, for which the people here show a great interest; first of all, by their good prayers. For you have no idea in the midst of so much evil, of the zeal for the Church, and for souls, of the piety, and love of GOD in this beautiful France; my former country, for I am more now an American, like yourself, my dear friend.

I have been to Havre, Rouen, Paris, etc.,—now at Rennes, where all are so kind to me, officiating every day somewhere. Yesterday at the parish of St. Germain, where I was Baptized in 1779; made my first Communion in 1791, and returned there a Priest in 1808; and I am now at the same altar a Bishop; (1835) perhaps to-morrow, a

corpse! If not, I will soon be at the altar of St. Francis Xavier of Vincennes. Our Bishop here so kind to me. I officiated pontifically before him at his Cathedral last Sunday. I arrived here on Friday, and the very next day, he went with me to the retreat. He made me conclude it, I gave the last exhortation, said Mass, and gave communion to five hundred persons of the six hundred who were in retreat.—Our good Mr. François knows the retreats of our Brittany!—I am every day at some of our communities, parishes, etc. On All Saints I officiated again, and preached at the Cathedral, and this week I will set out again for Paris, Lyons, etc. All this says nothing to you as yet of what I am trying to do for our dear Vincennes, but let us wait and pray.—All in the measures of the Lord! As for those who are making all efforts as you say to oppose the work of God, ah! leave them also to the measures of the Master of the field, who foretold from the beginning,

that scandals must come. The Apostles were themselves, like us, opposed to the same. Let us be like them, all firmness, mildness, patience, joy in our holy Faith, and an invincible rock! After all, we must be full of resignation to the measures of our Lord, who loves Vincennes more than we do, and the Church for which he has given His blood! *That* we have not as yet done; but let us be devoted to Him faithfully till death, that will do!

— Write me again at the reception of this letter; all those details please me so much, and your prayers for the dead, etc. I must share all. Remember me to *every one*,—to the Sisters, above all; to Moore's family, Hayes, etc.,—our dear Frenchmen, Barrois, Paget, etc. Ah! what a joy to me to see you both so much at work to repair my faults, and advance the work of our Lord. Spare, however, your health. I give the care of it to Louise and Jackson. Is Manuel with Father Petit? It would be very desirable. Adieu all! Yours, S. B.



Written on board ship, ere he touched the shores
of America.

1. My dear Mother and Sisters.

When I passed last year, I thought it best before our Lord to make the full sacrifice, and I did not come up to the Valley and the Mountain.

2. This time I thought I was at last rather to come than not to come;—but, you see, it is but for one short moment, and how vain if it was mere pleasure, not edification for our eternity.

3. But, in our Lord, it is by His divine grace, edification many ways, and He may bless here, and bless Vincennes for it.

4. Mainly, since once more I will have been at that altar, more closely and vividly united to this, His so holy family of souls at St. Joseph's, so earnestly engaged and vowed to His purest love and service, and so ready, after I am gone to feel a renewed interest for the diocese to which they have sent one

of their former servants, one of their family for so many years.

5. Moreover, I will have certainly, many graces offered me there,—in that chapel, at that altar, and when a moment seeing you,—offered, I say, to my soul to be anew excited to many impressions of true duty for my past or present life. *The past*, to thank for so much grace offered me there by my merciful Lord, and repentance for so many faults; *the present* to see all that divine Providence may destine from *nothing*, from desert places, to His Church,—perhaps, (Ah, pray!) to His Indiana and Illinois, as to this Maryland, this Emmettsburg.

6. I then hope that my momentary visit may be permitted me, whilst my good men can wait in Philadelphia where they enjoy the gratuitous hospitality of all, the Bishop, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Fresnaye, Mr. Hurley, Mrs. La Jusse, Mr. McDonnell; and I pray that you offer it to our Lord, and even by a Communion for Vincennes when I am gone.

7. I ask you to read in union with me the Seventeenth Chapter of the Third Book of our good A Kempis, that our whole trust, and firm will, be God alone, all in all; and, if you choose, the Sixth of the Second Book, that joy of a good conscience, that we will ever build in God alone; so that what we are, only that we are in Him, and all else *nothing*.

8. I must decline speaking in particular to my dear Sisters whom I love and respect one by one, but have not now to serve otherwise than by habitual union of prayers, and that I do, and will ever do.

Yours humbly, respectfully,
gratefully, devoted,

† Simon, Bishop of Vincennes.

So the good Bishop came to the Valley, and an old diary renders the following account of his visit:

August 1, 1836. In the evening, about half past seven arrived Bishop Bruté, Father Deluol, Sister Olympia, and a boarder, Miss M. Stewart, daughter of Dr. Stewart of Baltimore. Father Bruté had

just returned from France. His arrival in Emmittsburg was made known at St. Joseph's by Mr. Scott, one of the workmen, who only remained in town long enough to convince himself that it was really the Bishop, and then was off with the good news. The bells commenced ringing at St. Joseph's before the Bishop left Emmittsburg and continued until he entered the Chapel. After a few moments adoration, thanksgiving, etc., he proceeded to the work-room, gave his blessing to the Sisters, then went to the study-room accompanied by Father Deluol and the Superior, where the children were assembled. After giving them his blessing he was addressed by Miss Catharine Haggerty, (the piece composed by Sister M. F.) to which he replied with much affection. Then he returned to the work-room, where he, Father Deluol and the Superior remained a few minutes conversing with the Sisters in groups; or rather, the Superior accompanied Father Deluol as deacon, to introduce him to those he did not know, and Mother performed the same office for the Bishop. After taking supper in the sacristy, the Bishop and Father Deluol retired to their rooms in the brick house, and the Superior returned to town.

August 2. Father Hickey said Mass during meditation; the Bishop said the Community Mass, Sisters and children present. Sister Mary Xavier had

the altar in its best, everything else corresponding, Father Hickey served Mass. Father Deluol said Mass immediately after the Bishop; singing at both Masses. After breakfast, the Bishop went to the study-room and related many wonderful things, accounts of his travels, etc., all of which delighted the children very much, and the Sisters *more*, and Mother *most* of all. About ten o'clock, he left with Father Deluol for the Mountain. There, in the midst of well remembered scenes a few fleeting hours were passed. Twenty-seven colored women and seamstresses belonging to the establishment besides two or three of the congregation were engaged in the pious exercises of an annual retreat when their beloved Father Bruté arrived. He addressed them in words expressive of the feelings of joy and gratitude which glowed in his pious and benevolent heart at finding himself once more among them, and more especially at finding them thus assembled before the altar of God in prayer and meditation; and he congratulated the Reverend Gentlemen, who have the arduous duties of the College to discharge, on the consolation they must experience in witnessing the happy effects of this short retirement, which they allowed, and during which they assisted by their zealous and frequent instructions to procure eternal good to the Pious souls before him. After giving the pontifical

blessing, and presenting his Ring to each individual to kiss, he departed.

He returned to St. Joseph's with Father Deluol, about three o'clock, gave his blessing to the Sisters,—the children were all out in the woods,—and left the Valley, accompanied by the Superior, for Gettysburg.''

The following note was written the same day, probably while at the Mountain, or perhaps in the early morning at St. Joseph's.



Tuesday, 2nd. of August, 1836.

My dear Mother,

Two letters of the miracles of our good Bishop Flaget, who is all simplicity, humility, amiability, and makes all cherish his presence wherever he goes, and detain him on his way as long as they can.

The one, Mr. De la Bassatière, read all if you please, but the *miracle* begins rather at the third page. The one to the Bishop of Vincennes, etc. I will tell you more of it.

Dear Mother, I check my joy, or rather, try so to enjoy it as to offer it all to God, and improve my moment among you in securing again your prayers for the new diocese of Vincennes. You did so much for it that I beg nothing, but only thank you all;—and also for that charming reception and beautiful address of the good girls.

After I am gone this evening, obtain one of your next communions for me; it is to bring grace to said new diocese, and therefore according to zeal, and in true union with the desires of our common Father, Gregory Sixteenth.

Pray Mother, for your

Respectful and devoted,

✠ Simon of Vincennes.



Vincennes, August 29, 1836.

My dear Mother,

I am finishing just now the *matins* of St. Rose.—To-morrow, must I not repair a moment to St. Joseph's,—

the heart, I mean,—and join in the blessing of all for you? Nay, bless all those too with whom I thus unite from afar. No, no, very *near*, for who can mind distances at our Altars and Communion Table!—St. Joseph's, or Saint Francis Xavier's,* with my now numerous clergy, and yet some more are left behind, even in Maryland! Pray that they all be found the blameless, holy priests, and most useful missionaries. Oh, "Our Father in Heaven, Thy Kingdom come!"

All seems to begin well, only the house and lot I expected to obtain near the church at three thousand dollars,

* Cathedral of Vincennes. Not vastly superior probably to the Bishop's palace. "Sometimes," says a Sister who was on mission in Vincennes, "Bishop De la Haillandière would say, 'Now you've seen *my* house, come, let me show you Bishop Bruté's palace,' and taking us out in a poor, little mean out house, standing in the middle of the floor he would spring it, rising on his feet, and you would think the whole place was coming down about our ears."

has been raised by the possessor to five thousand which we could not give. I offered, but in vain to give three thousand five hundred. To go higher, would be too much for us, but time is coming when we will regret much not to have secured it. Our Seminary would have been so well there; nay, the two houses built on that lot could have been a provisory one, and long dispensed from building. Alas! for some such generous advance, trust, or gift to this poor Vincennes,—often the ten times more are legacied to the foundations of sects! We must give up. I can't write more, and it is too much thus to satisfy my desire, and cost you the postage. Excuse for the day your humble, affectionate, and grateful old friend, of all at St. Joseph's,

✠ Simon of Vincennes.



On the 13th. of March, 1837, Bishop Bruté writes again trying to obtain Sisters, and adds :

Deign, at least, to pray always for him who would never have left you, except when forced to obey, against his first impression, to what seemed the will of GOD. Pray for me, as separated from you only in this way,—but since in *this* way, I permit myself no voluntary regret. Very soon, Heaven!—what matters it what one does, or where, if it is the Only Will!

See now, our good Mr. Deydier, who is going to be ordained a priest on Holy Saturday. I recommend him very earnestly to your prayers,—it is his wish,—and to Mr. Hickey and Mr. Xaupi, and to the Mountain. At forty-eight, and with his health he can yet a long time serve and edify the Church. Twenty, twenty-five years, thirty,—all in the secret of our Lord. It is question of praying much to second the good desires of this old friend of the Mountain, and of the

Valley, as Mother Seton would have prayed, in Heaven, I hope, and others! Say it also to Mr. Vabret.

I could say much more, but it is time to stop. GOD bless all.

✠ Simon, Bp. of Vincennes.

I forgot to tell you to pray also for the first priest ordained yesterday at Vincennes,—Mr. Shaw, our Englishman. Mr. Lalumière, born here, was ordained at Bardstown. Behold the first priest at Vincennes, and by this poor unworthy Bishop. He said his first Mass this morning, and could not go on for his tears. Pray that he may persevere well.

I expect to start from here the 27th. and to be at an early hour at the Mountain, if I am there to administer ordination. O, pray for this West and its immense future!

The Bishops were coming to the third Provincial Council held in Baltimore in the Spring of 1837.

Oppressed with infirmities Bishop David had re-

linquished the charge of the Community at Nazareth. From his "Solitude" he united his voice to that of Bishop Bruté in an appeal for the Sisters for the diocese of Vincennes. He writes on the

"Feast of the Dolors of the B. V. M., 1837.

Bishop Chabrat will start from here for the Council on Wednesday after Easter Sunday. I will persuade him to pay you a visit, though he appears anxious to make as short an absence as possible. But he will be in company with Bishop Bruté, who will certainly visit you. This good Prelate is much distressed about his school, as the Superiors of Nazareth are determined to withdraw the four Sisters who are at Vincennes. He will solicit you for some to replace them. I hope you will not refuse that favor to one who has served you so long, so faithfully, and so fruitfully. I don't approve of the resolution of the Sisters of Nazareth, but, I have now no control or influence over them. There is a good deal to be done in that new diocese. If he can obtain nothing, he will be compelled to form a new society out of the wreck of old ones. He is so holy that I hope God will direct and bless him."

(The Bishop came, but no record was kept of his visit.)



Vincennes, Pentecost Wednesday,

May 16, 1837.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus!

Did I deserve, Mother, so interesting a letter on that beautiful death of Beata? * How grateful I feel to you to have thus permitted her good Sisters to write to me what indeed spreads to day the most pleasing edification among us all; so, do you permit me too, to acknowledge it with the kind writers.

My dear Sister Mary Raphael, every line,—every word has been so pleasing! for, you know of old that at Saint Joseph's, death,—thanks to GOD!—loses

*Sister Bernard writes of this dear Sister: "Our Blessed Mother claimed, in the May of this year, (1837) one of the fair and fragrant flowers of her nursery in the Valley, one who had been enrolled under her banner as a child. This was our dear little Sister Beata, whose family name was Eliza McGlue. She had been several years in our school. Though gay, she was always pious and gentle, and a great favorite among her companions. As soon

its terrors; and after spending your lives in watching and cleansing incessantly that poor trembling soul that has to enter into judgment and reckoning with a GOD His tender mercies seem generally to come forth and meet you even this side of the curtain ere it drops. A God and our *little soul* to meet! It would seem as Beata exclaimed: "A God, and a drop of water!" But, lo! it is, and has been incessantly covered with the very blood of that good GOD shed

as her education was completed, she returned to her home in Washington, but a very few months wearied her with the fading and perishable pleasures of this world, and her young heart yearned to devote all its affections and life itself to the Divine Spouse, whose unfading beauty had so enamored her that everything else was esteemed as nothing. In Him she found her treasure, her inheritance, her supreme and only good. He was satisfied with the sacrifice she offered, and though she labored but one hour in the early part of the day she received her reward exceeding great, by the crowning grace of a most beautiful and saintly death."

for us on a cross, planted for us on the calvary of our earth, and brought present on His altar. O, yes! that precious body and blood to be imparted repeatedly to each of the souls for whom His love made Him die our very death. O, that all knew that as at St. Joseph's, and it would be for all, as at St. Joseph's death losing its terrors! So, it was before that very picture of St. Michael, she breathed her last earthly breathing! And the donor of old, Mr. De Montmorency, did die at three o'clock, Holy Friday at his adoration in the church in Paris, close to the repository adoring for that day, as you know in Holy Week. Happy Beata, and your *latinists* know it is the same;—"Beata," "*Happy.*"

As Anina, she liked a moment of holy melody near death.

But enough! I carry water to the fountains, and suspect my heart of more pleasure for *self* than necessity to add the least where edification is so ex-

ceedingly abundant, that I had better instruct you all to pray for such vast, destitute regions as I am now seeing trusted to my all incapable care. O, do, do pray, Sisters, for this poor diocese! Do, Mother, do cause many prayers to be directed for the West. Do, Mary Raphael, since you had the charity to write for me that delightful letter. Do Maria, who wrote too,—every one, ye Benedicta, Joanna, Louisa,—(once more left behind!) and Rosaly, and Stanny, and every one that seems to die and long remain,—as Xavier too, of those dying and remaining ones;—and ye, the younger, who thus run the faster, pray whilst on earth, that the kingdom of your Beloved be spread far and wide. Alas, the thousand of thousands that reject it! Alas! for the last Gospel every day at Mass that struck so much Mother Seton. Pray, pray!—each name that I name not, pray!

I was writing to you, Mother, and Father Hickey, the other day,— did you receive it? I was then much ex-

hausted; I begin to refit every day. Do grant prayers to your old friend,—

Ever humbly devoted friend,

✠ Simon, Bishop of Vincennes.

Mother, we saw Charles and his good wife at Wheeling where Bishop Blanc said Mass, and Bishop Purcell preached as usual so well. All love to Mr. Xaupi; also Dr. Shorb and *Grandmother*.

"Grandmother" was Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Dr. Shorb's grandmother; a good, pious old lady whose only wish after the death of her daughter, Mrs. McMeal, was to prepare for death in St. Joseph's House.— She was received as a boarder in 1836. Two years later, Nov. 24, 1838, Sister Margaret records her holy death. "It is something remarkable," she writes, "that last Wednesday week she herself walked to the confessional, and requested Father Xaupi to give her the last Sacraments... Nov. 25, Mr. Obermeyer said high Mass and preached, dear old Mrs. Cowan lying in the little room of the widows' apartment... Nov. 26, conveyed her remains to the *Woods*."

An asylum for widows was a dream of dear Mother Rose's benevolent heart. Sister Margaret

alludes to it, stating that the carpenters were at work March 27, 1838, fitting up the old wash-room for the reception of two elderly widow ladies, and suggests that this "perhaps is a beginning of the Widow House." This widows' apartment was located in "Shady Garret," now the childrens' wash-room. A narrow stair-way leads to the lower floor. Here the young Sister Euphemia received a lesson in religious decorum, for having run up these same steps for a handkerchief, and down again, she was halted at the foot by an old Sister, who sent her back to the top-most step to descend with more gravity.



Vincennes, 19 July, 1837.

A day of crowded remembrances, but let us make of it true merits. Alas, what merits now to gain for me when my heart returns to your happy St. Joseph's! Plenty, no doubt, of fresh self-denials, if renouncing what would be of mere consolation and pleasure, (even of the best spiritual turn;) and cherishing sincerely, as I ought to do the sacrifice imposed of leaving your Vale and our Mountain for GOD's service wherever

His will called, and at whatsoever station more fearful and laborious,—and again, if thinking rather of faults and omissions, etc.

Well, pray Mother, that all my souvenirs of St. Joseph's be no others, for others avail not—No, GOD is all! Only, do keep enough of your remembrance of me, all of you, as to feel some degrees more attentive to any call that might come from this so distant Indiana and Vincennes, to obtain some share in your labors of charity and zeal; the fulfilling of your only object to *serve* GOD your best by procuring that others know Him and serve Him; but do so just as His holy will directs it.

In Vincennes our Sisters still remain with us and their boarders were twenty; twenty-one at the vacations, which have just begun. Will they remain to open another year? I hope so; not yet certain.

My friends urge me to call however the Sisters to Terre Haute, where I know it, they would be immediately welcome, and surrounded by numerous

boarders; say, more than twenty-five, to begin. Terre Haute is a pleasing new town wholly American, that is protestant; with very few catholics and a priest who says Mass there only of three Sundays one, as he has two other chapels in the country for the other Sundays; all extremely friendly, or as you say it, *liberal*. My friends are so eager and so sanguine that they tell me our Catholic congregation will soon increase, and that I may see it increase faster by the very presence of the Sisters. It is true, but I would regret too much to see our dear Sisters deprived of Mass, and the presence of a priest where they live. But, O Mother! keep alive your kindness,—and my good Superior too; he knows my situation here with such a vast diocese trusted to me to create; and he knows how much Sisters do everywhere. Nazareth could not help me with one farther than the four I had, but now *two* being recalled, what can I do with two,—even with hired hands! It is not their fault, having not novices enough;

but, indeed, I would have done better to take at once those of the Valley when I was coming; and at Nazareth they rather desired we should do so. Some delicacy prevented us,—proper as it seemed then;—we regret it.

The two recalled are the Sisters of the work; the two school mistresses remain; one being besides the Sister Servant. As I write the thought comes to me of proposing that *three* might be granted, one for Sister Servant, two at the work. *These two* I have permission from Nazareth can remain with me to found a branch institution, but I doubt too much their ability, whilst you have such Sisters. I name none,—could name many; and her two Sisters, with my two teachers, good and pious as they are!...

Your old father,—(poor head at creations, will my dear Mr. Hickey say,—and so Mr. Deluol,—) writes, you see, at least in all simplicity, as it comes forth. The property is made over to us; I bought it for thirteen hundred dollars, so I have entirely the disposition.

Could I rely on you, I could leave at once Sisters S.—and R.—return to Nazareth, but what can I do until you answer me but improve Nazareth's good will? that is, to let them remain to commence some branch, if I can.

Understand,—for I am not clear in my writings,—S.—and R.—who both were granted, and made their vows the last twenty-fifth of March, are both true Sisters, *ready to return* to their community, but both through zeal for continuing so much of good here, having shown themselves ready to remain with me, *are permitted to do so* *... *I call you to help me if you can.*

The future good for this vast diocese; then for those around us may strike you, prudent and deliberate as you are.

Trusting God, for great good is so beautiful! Trusting Him in proportion as you will in council surely esteem my abilities low.

After all, your three Sisters remain-

* These truly good Sisters eventually returned to their own Community at Nazareth.

ing at your recall. Being mainly trusted by me to a most prudent and experienced priest, Mr. De la Hailandière, (Mr. Borgna saw him at St. Louis where Bishop Rosati had taken him,—) trusted I say, because I am often absent through the diocese.

Do, Mother, consider, pray, and answer me. In 1810 I came: in 1834 I had to leave you. I served you as constantly and resolutely before God, as I could, under Mr. Dubois, Mr. Deluol, and Mr. Hickey. Anything you prescribe I will follow as faithfully, and if our essay fails what harm can there be? None, it seems for you, for myself, alas! I would then have to try, and try again for thus must I try, and through better friends of God, I could not have tried first, as I do first of all,

Your humble, devoted,

✠ Simon G. Bé., Bp. of Vincennes.

I wish much you recommend me to the Sisters' prayers; I do need them much, and Bp. Blanc, who I understand is falling into consumption.



Vincennes, Saturday, 26th. August, 1837.

The Feast of St. Rose was Wednesday last; I arrived too late, but the day could not be,—was not, forgotten here.

O, what a family has our Lord given to Saint Joseph in his Valley near Emmetsburg, and to Saint Vincent! Will ever the banks of the Wabash enjoy the same?...Adoration, annihilation, and love! Only the Will of GOD in the secret of His providence!

His *providence* for us so far, was:

1. In 1834 our Vincennes Sisters removed, that I might come, the new bishop, bringing those of St. Joseph.

2. We declined it from St. Joseph's; so Father Hickey remembers.

3. Return of the good Sisters of Nazareth only in April 1835.

4. The School resuming credit, and twenty-one boarders this year.

5. But, Nazareth insisting to recall Sisters and sell their property here; (pushed for money and Sisters by the

new foundation of an infirmary at Louisville, and buying a considerable lot.)

6. I have, after much negotiating, obtained that two Sisters would be left to me with all due order, and simple transfer of their obedience to me, if I buy the property, which I have done \$1300; then that I might undertake a new sisterhood with them—alas, two only!

Thus I remained owner of all,—lot, house, and furniture, and two Sisters, (Sebastia and Rosalia, the two schoolmistresses) with me; Sisters Angela and Bridget gone home...

I have put my trust in our Lord, and from the great desire of the Holy Father and the Church to see this new diocese established, I call on the zeal of Saint Joseph's to come forth and help.

I can scarcely go on and secure my only first religious house in this vast diocese with these only *two* Sisters; but three more from St. Joseph's, one a *head*, might begin with great promise.

Your kind letter,—that is, of Sister Benedicta,—and some lines from your

hand, announced to me that the council would consider and do for the best; my only hope is in your zeal,—both you, and Father Hickey for the good you may see at stake. I am not so presumptuous and unreasonable,—nay, so unfaithful to the holy thoughts that do act upon the mind and heart at St. Joseph's, as to mix any personal appeal to the case. May its merits speak for themselves, and the peculiar situation of Vincennes be seen, and must yet for a good while remain. Much then may be granted, and GOD bless you the more for the courageous resolution!

Our two Sisters are very laborious, able, and industrious at their classes; but even if I had some candidates,—I had one; she did not show the right spirit, and though the poor thing wanted to remain, I returned her to her parents,—they could not attend to form them. For help for the kitchen and temporal care, I can hope but some French girl to hire, or some good Dutch. We have as yet few Irish, or American

ones; yet Sister Sebastia hopes that some of the bigger girls will help them.

Indeed, I am in hopes against hope, and my two good Sisters so. How can they alone begin a branch, get novices, etc. How different if Saint Joseph's stretches a hand of holy help for the trial.

Pray, as I do pray, that our Lord's will be made manifest, and that we be blessed,—both you, and poor

✠ Simon of Vincennes.



Vincennes, Sept. 25, 1837.

My dear Mother,

Your kind letter of the 14th. has been to me consolation, not cross; not so much for anything personal, and remembering me with so much of charity in my great need, but because it seems to open such good hopes for this new diocese, and you will permit me to say in my eagerness, for St. Joseph's also, already so useful to this most important

Valley of the Mississippi, and its future promise for our Lord.

To answer immediately, it is enough to say that our two good Sisters will feel, as myself, happy to see the union you do encourage just as you ought to wish it for the only solid way for it,—that is, as soon as sending the desired Sisters,—beginning to see St. Joseph's in them, as they had so far seen Nazareth, and receiving so but one common direction, all in all for conformity of constitutions, rules and regulations, dress, etc.,—*all*. So they say, and I did not expect less of their piety and good sense.

I have no possible suggestion or desire as for the good Sister Servant you will send; none as for what you will say of trying some candidates that offer themselves,—much less as for what our Lord will show of your further study of His will here for having other schools, V. G. in our thriving Terre Haute, etc., etc. No; the moment of Providence is plain:

"you come, and see, and try." And come so, when yet fair weather.

I need not to add that all you will state of the usual charges on my side for the travel, stay, etc.,—nay, if ever necessary, recall to your own blessed Valley, I will abide with.

I do not see what now to add.

† Simon G., Bp..of Vincennes.



Kaskaskias, At the Visitation,
Sunday, 12th. November, 1837.

Behold me still absent on account of this poor health for more than a month, now however returning to Vincennes from which I have received no news for fifteen days—I know not if the Sisters have arrived or what you have written me, or Mr. Hickey. But, I am going to employ myself for the moment that I may be better disposed to resignation, and to reproach myself for my letter from the Barrens to the good Superior. However, he could have seen in it but a heart of devotedness to St. Joseph's, and

a desire to obtain therefrom for Vincennes some hopes of a community, the Sisters of Nazareth having withdrawn their assistance.

I take my pen after having finished reading here at the Visitation,—(I have seen Samuel Anna who seems well and contented, also Sister Marianna, I believe, she so small and frail,)—reading, I say, the chapter of Saint Francis de Sales, Book Seventeenth, Chapter Eighth of his Spirit, *on Foundations*. It is so wise, so good for you, that I engage you to read it again, though without doubt you are familiar with it.

O, I love too much the church, and St. Joseph's to have wished to urge beyond measure; but the worthy Superior, as you yourself, sees only *reasons*, and you hold yourselves superior to every other impression. I hope then, that my reasons may appear good, and thus, only thus, prevail. For the rest, you will see only a movement of the heart, which the heart will excuse, nothing more. The will of GOD be done!

Vincennes, Eve of St. Francis Xavier,

2nd. December, 1837.

I returned here Saturday last; my health seems improved.

You see in what a resigned manner I was writing from Kaskaskias, and I beg strength from GOD to close my letter thus submissive to His will; though I truly suffered coming back to find neither the good Sisters, nor any letter from St. Joseph's.

I almost thought rather, that you did not receive my answer so entirely in conformity to your request. I sent it.

Had you some more explanations to desire, do write to me. If you can't, then, alas! I must go on as we are. The two poor Sisters keep on in the most edifying manner. I went yesterday to examine the school; only seven boarders,—besides three as candidates,—and about thirty day-scholars.

Indeed, poor Vincennes with me! It gave me the more of that involuntary pain, as when I left St. Louis so delight-

ed at the Hospital, and the Asylum, the good Bishop told me that *you grant him new Sisters for Cape Girardeau.*

I passed it in the steamboat,—a very small village,—and arrived well humbled at our proud Vincennes left destitute both by Nazareth and St. Joseph's. I waited some days. I write.

Pray for me. It is all I can now not to consent to any of my many temptations. Yet, why to sin in any degree, and thus become the more worthy of final disappointment. Truly, you seem to leave me little hope, yet be blessed all, and pray for me,

† Simon G.

Bishop of Vincennes.

Note: But good news was already on its way. Sister Benedicta Parsons, of lofty and generous soul was at that time Treasurer of the Community. The appeal of the good Bishop was irresistible. She proffered her services for the wild, unformed, destitute mission, and the Council accepted them. On November 24, it was decided that Sister Benedicta Parsons and Sister Mary Margaret Cully were to go to Vincennes for Bishop Bruté's diocese.



Vincennes, Dec. 15, 1837.

Octave of the Immaculate Conception.

My dear Mother,

Your letter of the 1st. of December is received to-day, and with all thanks to GOD, and to you, and to the Superior. Now for His providence to bring all the good intended when the two Sisters sent will have seen, and enable you so to judge, and to decide on what and how, of all our pure intentions on both sides according to your own rules and spirit.

For to repeat, or explain the more on my side.

1. My letter of positive answer to your main question was that on the part of our two Sisters here, the union if you granted it, was unconditional, that they had to be just the members of St. Joseph's as they were of Nazareth.

2. I said I thought that they were vowed Sisters for many years; that they did not leave of themselves their Community, but were authorized expressly by their Superior and Council, with all

the approbation of Bishop Chabrat to be now under my obedience with their vows until otherwise provided, either by the union thus solicited and sought for as now I hope to be fully accepted by you, or trying to form a small beginning of Sisterhood and novitiate for it as well as we could.

3. That as for candidates and novices, it would be of course *entirely* for you to see how they should be disposed of,—sent home to their parents, tried here for a time, or sent immediately to St. Joseph's if approved of; for I said to the Sisters, that very likely once the desired union granted, it was not with a special novitiate here, but as even from further, for instance St. Louis, promising candidates should be sent to St. Joseph's *unconditionally*. That is, not to be formed for us, or any special place, but for the Community, and at its obedience for mission any where. And, in fact, the very origin of Nazareth, you know, as a separate branch, was because Mr. David claimed to have a novitiate in Kentucky,

and Mr. Dubois to have but one for all the United States which has so well succeeded.

4. That as for the rules observed by the Sisters of Nazareth, they had been a copy of those of St. Joseph's; so that when I was in Bardstown coming here, when I asked to see the rules, I found the book put in my hands, was the very one which Mr. Dubois had made me copy, of my own writing to be sent to Mr. David. I see, however, some slight changes, (for example as for the cap, etc.) which I said in my letter would have most simply and "unconditionally" to be reduced to St. Joseph's rules.

The *Constitutions* having of course, thus to follow on for any thing of difference, or the form and wording of the vows....

All will be as you say "to see," and give you account, and then you to decide with the paramount conditions, and manner of the union sought for. I did not meddle any way, not so much as presuming to desire for such, or such a

Sister, but remained, as I do remain, fully relying on your own choice, their account to you, and Providence.

Yet, as there was something of novel case, and as you say trial, I said that I would feel obliged to account not only for the kindness of sending Sisters, (for which you here find the blank to fill of an order on Mr. Frenaye of Philadelphia,) but also for the expense of recalling them, if you could not grant us the blessing we thus fully and “unconditionally” count for in our Lord; or not recalling them, grant them to be a second school in this destitute diocese, say in Terre Haute;—or, if better, would remain here, and I dispose as easily for that same place, or another, of our two Sisters; of the candidates that are now present here, as they might of course choose for either side. But others soon to be found, and I hope, good ones, for truly, Mother, I feel proud of my three present young ones, but must indeed, say nothing, for it is

our two good Sisters coming that will have to see, and write about them.

O, I feel happy to-day!—full of good hopes, relying that those four good souls, nay, seven, with said three candidates, have learned, or are learning, as much as our human infirmity admits, of the great motto Humility, Simplicity, Charity, and thus our divine Lord will bless any how. All, all be His only adorable will.

As for my health, how grateful am I for *two* novenas, and your Communions! What word of my heart could acquit me! I am better, and it is the secret of our Lord how so, in the secret of so much of prayers as I was unworthy to be the object of. As for remedies, I took none, save a little hoarhound tea, and gum arabic.

Accept, and the Superior, and all at St. Joseph's, the respectful and grateful feelings of,

† Simon G. Bruté,

Bishop of Vincennes.

A good, good, most holy Christmas, and New Year to all in the house. O, of course, good Mother Cowan, also Dr. Shorb, so often in the house.

Note. The more practical turn of this letter must have pleased Mother Rose, for she has written on the outside; "This poor Bishop is much more reasonable than our old Father!"

On the morning of December 11, 1837, Sister Benedicta and Sister Mary Margaret left the Valley for Vincennes. They were accompanied by four Sisters destined for New Orleans. "On the morning they set out," writes Sister Bernard, "St. Joseph's choir sang, 'Soldiers of CHRIST, arise!'" and many tears were shed by the travelers and the loved companions they were leaving. Dear Mother Rose's kind and tender heart had been ingenious in contriving wrappings, shawls, socks, etc., to protect the travelers from the inclemency of the season." A journey over the Alleghanies by stage in the month of December was not a light undertaking. The Sisters were more than two weeks in making the entire journey. At Cincinnati, where we had already an establishment they paused. Here they separated from the Sisters destined for New Orleans, who continued their journey down the river, and here they were met by a letter from Bishop Bruté

who had been ordered South for the winter by his physician. He welcomed the Sisters to his diocese, and announced to them that his Vicar General, the Rev. Mr. De la Hailandière would hold his place in their regard until his return in March.

Sister Bernard continues the history of their journey: "The Sisters resumed their journey down the Ohio river in a steam-boat. They had no hope of seeing Bishop Bruté until his return from the South, but to their most agreeable surprise they met him at the house of a good Catholic in Evansville. He told them not to open their school until his return.

"The next day the Sisters continued their journey in a miserable, old, and open stage, half filled with the roughest kind of men. The Wabash at that season was not navigable. They traveled all day, passing little huts on the road, but no place at which they could expect to get dinner. Towards night the stage stopped at a house somewhat larger than those they had passed, but still a very-miserable one, and here they were told they would have to remain over night. A meal as uncomfortable as the house was placed before them, and their sleeping apartment that night was a log-room adjoining the building "chinked," but not even filled in with mud. The December wind came sifting in cheerily; there was no want of ventilation. Fire there was

none; but with clothing taken from their trunks, the Sisters made themselves as comfortable as they could. Next day they proceeded on their journey, and as on the day before found no place to stop for dinner. It was nearly dusk when they arrived at Vincennes. They were conducted to the house prepared for them, and found some girls there who brought the Sisters their supper. And here the hardships of a new mission in the wild West commenced: comforts there were few, and even want of the necessities of life was often experienced; but, Bishop, Priests, and Sisters shared alike in the same hardships."

In January the Bishop writes to Mother Rose:



New Orleans, January 20, 1838.

My dear Mother,

Take your time;—no affair of immediate reading! You know our Vincennes news now, before from this place I could communicate mine. I had the consolation to see Sister Benedicta and Sister Mary Margaret at the landing at Evansville, arrived there the day I was coming to take the boat for New Orleans, or day before.

All seemed ready on our side when I had to leave Vincennes, and Mr. De la Hailandière, and Mr. Vabret were there to do as well, and better than myself.

I ceased not to remember with joy, and with gratitude to you, that arrival; as I was sailing for seven days to come to New Orleans, it was my consolation. And a few days after how much increased, when in a few lines, Mr. De la Hailandière informed me that all was settled with Sister Benedicta as we had desired and tried so earnestly; and more of blessing was now to come forth than our weak beginnings had so far secured.

What remains for me now here but express as I try to do, my acknowledgment to St. Joseph's; and how much more to adore with you that goodness of God, reaching from end to end, and prepare by daily application at the Divine Sacrifice to concur the more with His grace, and put no obstacle of our own to His mercies.

I speak, write, feel not half so well as a Bishop ought, and I must leave it

so, as simply as I can, to your charity, and to your own prayers.

I was this morning at the Hospital hearing a few of the confessions of the retreat which they have all the happiness to have from Mr. Timon, arrived here with some Lazarists,—one priest, Bishop Blanc going to explain the rules, and also hear confessions.

I went also to the Asylum where Sister Loretto remained alone, to see Sr. Francis Xavier arrived very weak.*

* Sent there like himself in pursuit of health. Under date of January 11, 1838, Bishop Rosati writes to Mother Rose: "Although I wrote you a few days ago, I must write again to inform you that pursuant to the order of the physician, I have sent our dear Sister Francis Xavier to New Orleans, to spend there the winter. Dr. Lane has assured me that if she remained here this winter she would not live till Spring. To prevent such a loss I have ordered her to go to New Orleans. Perhaps by this means she may recover her health, and continue her valuable services to the institution to which she is absolutely necessary. I hope you will approve our determination. The weather is beau-

She came with Sister Angela. May be she will yet recover some strength as the other Xavier used to do at St. Joseph's when she seemed a-going!—I was there a few days ago to say Mass.—They

tiful, the steamboat is one of the best on the Mississippi, and Providence has disposed that the Rev. Mr. Buteux, a very worthy clergyman of the diocese of Vincennes should make the same journey on the same boat."

The holy old Bishop does not seem to have recognized in Father Buteux the same difficulty that existed in himself, for when in the Spring of 1837, the Bishops were called to the Council in Baltimore and Mother Rose proposed to give Sister Francis Xavier a little change by letting her come East under Bishop Rosati's escort, he promptly declined the honor. "I am glad you have given her permission to pay a visit to St. Joseph's;" he writes, "I consent to it; but on condition that she must be sent back to St. Louis. As to her coming with me, I think it will be better that she should go in company of some good female friend. I will tell you plainly I do not like much to travel with women, even when they are Sisters, and very good Sisters; besides I shall have to stop in several places on my way."

came from St. Louis with one of our priests, Mr. Buteux of Terre Haute, where he is busy to build a brick church etc., and of course, busy here to collect what he can. Well! Father Hickey could send no brick for it, it is too heavy,—no mortar, it is freezing,—plank too bulky, what else then?—Well! indeed, he sent the best, such a promise that Sisters ere long may be there too. Since I trust the candidates that Sister Benedicta will have properly judged by this time, may be destined by our Lord to open a fair trade of two for one Sister; and two and two, I think we may be able to send to you from these untried mines of Indiana.

Let me but hope so, and say the Cantic of Simeon. May, may the Kingdom of our Lord get every where its openings, and we, our time over, be dismissed in peace!

But, there is really no sign of it about me. I am strong and hearty at the very first sight, so as to be thought *le malade imaginaire* to travel so far in

quest of health, because, forsooth I spit a little ugly. Who does not, and can well go on. Many of you remain at duty that would be more in need, you could say, of this expensive travelling they ordered me; yet, in fact, I feel much benefited from it...

My dear Mother and Sisters, and particularly Sister Xavier and Sister Helena, so kind to me, though I cannot answer, at least now—I pray for you, I do humbly entreat your prayers for

†Simon, Bishop of Vincennes.

P. S. I have been reading here a splendid eulogy of the Sisters of the Hospital of Baltimore in a late Travel in the United States; and also of St. Mary's of Baltimore, and Mount St. Mary's—Poh! what is it for those who know that it is not men but angels who carry on the true accounts, and whilst poor sinners print on earth, do in Heaven transfer to the Book of Life the rich budget of every day work for the true reckoning in due time. Amen.

It was at Evansville that the Bishop embarking for New Orleans, and the Sisters disembarking met. In this little village on the banks of the Ohio* was stationed the Rev. Mr. Deydier to whom Bishop Bruté alludes in his letter of March 13, 1837, as an old friend of the Mountain. Seeing the Sisters pass on their way to Vincennes, 'awakened hopes that his own new little parish might be blessed by their presence and labors, and he writes to Mother Rose.



Evansville, Indiana.

Feb. 22, 1838.

Dear and Most esteemed Mother,

It has long ago been one of your wishes to see that old deacon, Anthony Deydier raised to the order of *priesterhood* that he might contribute his poor mite towards the salvation of souls. Your kind wishes have at last been accomplished as far as the external circumstances extend. You have undoubtedly understood before this that I was ordained priest by our Rt. Rev. Father, Dr. Bruté,

*"A stream," writes Bp. Purcell in a friendly letter to Mother Xavier, "not unknown to our friend Bp. Bruté who has named it at the season of summer, *La belle Riviere sans Eau*,"—The Beautiful River without water.

the holy Bishop of this diocese of Indiana, on the 25. of last March, a day which I desired myself to be appointed for that purpose for various reasons viz., 1st. Because it is one of the greatest feasts of our Blessed Mother, the Virgin MARY,—although it was transferred last year, as well as it is this year for the office, at least,—and consequently I could every year celebrate that anniversary on such good day: 2dly. Because it was a regular time of ordination, and I expected to partake of the prayers offered all over the world, and at St. Joseph's Valley in particular, (for I thought of that blessed abode of so many good pious souls,) for those who are on that day to be promoted to holy orders: and in fact, one of my brothers wrote to me on that day he was actually making a particular remembrance of me at the Holy Sacrifice.

I hope you will excuse these personal details, and pray to God that what has been done to me by the hand of the Almighty, may not at the last day turn to my confusion. However unworthy and unfaithful I have always been, and am still, I put my trust in the mercy and grace of God who is able to help my weakness and use me, a poor frail vessel, to show His love for souls redeemed by the blood of His only Son, by recalling those who have gone astray, and keeping in the right way the few who try to follow it. I may say that since coming to

this place He has helped me in my difficulties, and seems every day to widen for me the way of doing some good.

Yesterday I purchased a beautiful lot for the erection of a church. But not only for that purpose, otherwise one half might have been sufficient. I have had all the while a thought towards St. Joseph's Valley, from which I expect one day or other, to obtain the assistance of good and pious Sisters, in order to regenerate this part of the world where prevails, not so much a direct opposition to religion, as the absence of any sort of religion,—where you find families in which neither the children are baptized, nor their parents, nor their grand-father nor grand-mother,—where every man whom I have questioned about his religion has answered me that his father or mother were of such or such a religion, but that for himself he belonged to no religion in particular. It seems to me that the prejudices of these people soon vanish before the rays of truth, and experience has shown me already, in some cases, that it was not very difficult to bring them over to the right way. It is in favor of such a population,—in favor of the rapidly growing town of Evansville, where no priest had ever resided before me, that I solicit, not for the present, but for a not very distant epoch, the assistance of some of your Sisters, well qualified to

keep a good school; and I think that I can safely prophesy that they will sweep every thing before them. All the parents,—protestant of course, for there are here as yet few resident catholics, although immigration daily increases their number,—all the parents, I say, with whom I have been acquainted, and to whom I have mentioned the subject, show themselves determined to send their children to whatever school I may establish. I have made no noise, but I am daily gaining friends, and friends to my cause. I hope that in a few years Evansville will have one of the finest congregations of this diocese. My plan now is to build a temporary church, but so constructed that it may be easily converted into a two and half story house with a basement story, for the use of the Sisters as soon as our means will allow, and our numbers require that we build a larger church. My object in buying a pretty large piece of ground was that it might at the same time contain the church and the establishment for the Sisters, who would never consent to be far separated from the place where is their true Treasure upon earth.

Dear Mother, excuse me for writing this long letter, to which I was, in some measure advised by Sister Benedicta of Vincennes, that you might in time think of my early application, and give your approbation to it, as well as beg for me that of

your Rev. Father, Mr. Hickey, to whom I pray you will remember me most respectfully. I solicit earnestly the assistance of your and his prayers, and those of all the Community.

Yours in the Hearts of JESUS and MARY,
A. Deydier.

In October of the same year Rev. Mr. Deydier came to St. Joseph's on a begging expedition. "We and our workmen," says Sister Margaret, "gave our mite."

But a period of thirty four years was to elapse before the Sisters went to labor in Father Deydier's parish.

From New Orleans Bishop Bruté addressed the following to two of his St. Joseph's friends.

- J. M. J.

15. March, 1838.

My dear Sisters,

Why should I not, in the very heart of Mother, answer mine to yours, for your two letters which good Sister Benedicta delivered to me are continually present to me, written with all your usual charity for a Father who, as it was his sacred duty felt at least so much for every one of those souls who from the

days of Mother Seton were trusted to him at St. Joseph's. Have then here again and all around you, and those afar when my feelings can again in any way reach you,—have again all the blessings and prayers of the old Bishop. Yes, growing old, and in his sixtieth year when you read this; weaker too, a little, but trying then only to fulfil the more every proper sense of duty: and I feel now most freely in the very heart of Mother and of the good Superior that mine cannot too much have and express of respect and gratitude for all at St. Joseph's,—all, all!

Do pray for me, and beg one Communion,—I mean one intention given for me as if present next Tuesday, my 20. March, I would humbly ask it.

✠ Simon G. Bruté,

Bp. of Vincennes.

My Calendar:

17. St. Patrick.

19. St. Joseph.

20. Anniversary of my birth and baptism.

25. Your great day, all on the great day of the very Incarnation of our Lord:

Et Verbum Caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis.

MARY the Mother of God.

The Sisters remained in Vincennes awaiting the return of Bishop Bruté from the South. He wrote frequently to encourage them. Sister Bernard continues the history of the mission: "In about a month they received a letter in which he desired Sister Benedicta to visit Terre Haute and see what prospects she could find there for a school, as he wished to establish Sisters' Schools in the principal towns of his diocese. She thought he had other motives too;—one, that she might meet with her protestant brother and effect his conversion—(a hope never realized,*) and the other to afford the Sisters some change, a little break in the monotony of their waiting. Everything appeared favorable at Terre Haute, and Sister's brother, Mr. Parsons encouraged the enterprise, but the difficulty of

* "She could never do much with him," says an old Sister. "He said he never got the book she sent him, but it didn't make much difference for he was as sure on the road to heaven as Benedicta. He used to write her right saucy letters."

obtaining Sisters was so great, Sister held out no certain hopes and returned to Vincennes to await the arrival of the Bishop. He came the latter part of March somewhat improved in health, and full of interest in the opening school. His plan was for a Boarding and Pay Day School, with a separate Free School. There were but two Sisters, and the house they occupied poor, small, and dilapidated. However, the Sisters were hopeful of receiving reinforcements from Home, and provided the Bishop would increase their accommodations were willing to undertake the work. Ready to do the impossible for the Sisters, out of his slender resources he purchased a property near his poor Cathedral, and much superior to the place they then occupied. It was a fine, large, corner lot, with an extensive garden. There were four buildings on the lot, which would afford ample accommodations for the Academy, Pay School, and Free School if united. The principal building was a two story brick house, two large rooms below, separated by a passage and staircase, and two rooms above, all newly plastered, but not whitened, and the wood-work only primed. A few steps from this building was another one story brick house, containing two rooms. At the north corner of the lot, about twenty paces from the other buildings was an old frame house containing five rooms. A black smith's shop,

separated from the other buildings by a fence, made the fourth.

All were in a lamentable condition when the Sisters took possession, but they went to work courageously, had the houses white-washed, did the painting themselves, all except the front door for which they engaged the services of a painter who laughed and said: "The Sisters would take away his trade." They also painted and varnished all the old desks, and fixed up things according to Sisters' notions of neatness and propriety. They employed a man to prepare the ground, lay off the walks, etc., then they planted the seeds and with the help of two large girls they had taken to instruct and make themselves useful, (one of them Ann Brown) they cultivated their garden. One of the lower rooms in the larger brick-house was converted into a parlor, the other into a study-hall; the room above, into the boarders' dormitory. The black smith's shop, designed for the free school, when white-washed and fitted up, was the most spacious edifice on the premises. Meantime permission was asked and obtained from Superiors to teach the same branches of education taught at St. Joseph's, and application made for additional Sisters.

Bishop Bruté returned from New Orleans, writes :



St. Peter's, near Washington, Ind.

1st. of May, 1838.

My dear Mother,

I ought to have written to you before this, though I did to Father Hickey as in one heart.

I never saw more the conduct of divine Providence leading from end to end through intricate, trying, perplex cases, than in our own now coming, it seems, to its clear plain path, full of hope and promise. After I had to experience, and to fight through as temptations, my many fears and anxieties, lest I would disappoint so much of good will, forbearance, and longanimity as St. Joseph's was showing since December to our poor Vincennes.

In the most doubtful moments, our Lord has shown each time how He mercifully drew nearer to the ends of His own providence; and especially, when after my arrival three weeks ago, (a few

days more,) I did see well enough how it would end for the two Sisters. Mr. Reynolds wrote that they would be received "with joy" at their Mother House, as they had left regularly, and with such good intention. Bishop Chabrat wrote the same from the Superior;—a good gentleman was going, they went, and in two days they were in Louisville. We now go on our own way.

Next, a bargain of long standing and hesitation was concluded, and a much better ground, and better house exchanged for what I had bought from Nazareth, (with, to be sure, a good deal of money to boot,)—Sister Benedicta quite pleased after she had visited it. So then, now for our next greater blessings still, I hope.

Say first, the coming of a couple of Sisters more, indispensable now; and second, the visit of Father Hickey, who I am confident,—hope, I mean, in our Lord,—will feel by sight his interest, then yours all the more increasing;—

this West, such a field of daily developing promises of Providence.

Ah! this day of St. Philip and St. James; how would piety and faith take their range, remembering what the faithful word of our divine Lord has done in this world with His twelve poor apostles;—thinking now in the same spirit of faith which made them boldly start with the weak, sinful, but penitent, and ardent lover Peter at their head to go to *all* nations. And so were since all nations visited, France in its turn, and Ireland, and now America, which was to come last but not least in the promise. And do remember when great Mother came to Baltimore, and Mother Landry, a child, how a small frame house, not yet any chapel in Baltimore, was with old Mr. Bennet, old Mr. Walsh, etc., the day dawn of the present wonders.

Now must the wonders of the West begin;—and see Bishop Flaget has seen Missouri without a priest or a church, for Kaskaskias, Prairie du Rocher, Cahokia were this side of the Mississippi,

(Illinois,) and lo! there are as many as in Maryland,—many more than the almanac quotes;—and from the poor humble man that was Bishop Rosati, who was with Mr. De Andries at the door of the College in 1816, when they called me then the big President there to receive the first crew sent by Bishop Dubourg * who came with so many more the year after; what change!

But, O Mother Rose, forget not—nor Sally—the *Stone-House*, and see whether Mother Seton could have then suspected what was destined through fidelity and generosity, to her little crew also, from Boston to New Orleans, and Albany and Utica, to St. Louis, and now *Vincennes*, I hope. She died,—we will die, even Father Hickey so much the young-

* Bishop Dubourg who surely has claims upon the gratitude of St. Vincent's Children in the New World. After first instituting the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's in 1809, he called the first Lazarists, and Rev. Felix de Andries came with the first "crew" as says Father Bruté.

er, but the great things will go on, and grow greater, even in proportion as hell, and its unhappy ministers will stir in opposition.

I am a little better, and gave Confirmation here last Sunday. To-morrow I go for it to New Albany, at the parish near it of Mr. Neyron, in hopes also to meet there our old patriarch Mr. Badin. Pray,—not for the Confirmation, (too late!)—but for their perseverance in the gifts and fruits of the HOLY GHOST.

Do send us now as soon as you can, the help that Sister Benedicta wants so much. She wrote herself, for I must not interfere; only pray, and Joanna, and Stanny, and Xavier, and Rosaly, and Louise, and all the host of those hearts of charity for

✠ Simon G., Bishop of Vincennes.

P. S. Mrs. Cowan, pray for me; remember me to Dr. Shorb.

Note: The "Stone-House," the cradle of the Community at St. Joseph's, but occupied by Mother Seton only from July 30th. 1809 to the 20th. of the

following February, after which date it was used for washing and common work. The old Sisters still call it the "Stone-House;" it is plastered on the outside.

As the north door is entered a little recess is seen at the left hand; it is just between the corner of the house and the window, the projection of the fireplace into the room forms the third side of this spacious chapel. Here, against the north wall Bishop Dubourg had the little altar erected, and said the first Mass for the infant Community; and in this house he kept the first retreat of the Sisters. Archbishop Carroll administered Confirmation in this chapel to Harriet Seton, and in this house she died. Through the bitter cold of the winter mornings, his beard and hair stiff with frost, came down sturdy Father Dubois from his Mountain height to give Mass to the Sisters. In the garret of this house was a dormitory. The two windows were guiltless of glass, but a few rough boards served to keep out the violence of the weather; nevertheless, the Sisters sometimes awoke to find themselves partly snowed over, and Mother Rose records that nearly two cart-loads of snow were on one occasion shoveled out of this fine dormitory.

Writing of these early days, of these beginnings in the Stone-House, she says: "All was strange around us; the new house under cover, and the

carpenters at work, and we not knowing exactly what we were to do. However, it was necessary to make some little arrangement of rules, and begin the order of the day. Sister Kitty Mullen was appointed House-keeper; Sister Rose, Mother's Assistant, Sister Cecilia, Secretary and School Sister; Sister Sally Procuratrix, washer and baker; the Sisters in turn to cook, all lending a hand to ironing. Our washing place was the creek, where we took our clothes early in the morning, and remained the day, not a plank to stand on, nor a covering but the tree under which we would place our tubs. If rain came we would bring up the clothes all wet,—had no accommodation, no water to wash with at the house...Sister Cecilia Seton continued sick; in December, Madeline* was taken sick. Her bed and that of Cecilia were in the room next to the chapel. Mother slept in the same room on the floor with Rebecca and Josephine. When Mass was said the door of the chapel would be left open so that the two dear Sisters could have Mass, and often partake of holy Communion. The people of Emmetsburg would attend early Mass on Sundays, and often Rev. Mr. Cooper, who was then a Seminarian, would come to serve Mass. It was a sight for angels to see, the sick and the well, the old, and the young and externs, all crowded round the little

* Harriet Magdalen Seton.

altar, and the sick beds. On one occasion, Harriet expected to receive Communion, though we knew she could not, as she had been burning with fever during the night, and had broken her fast; the fever had affected her head, while her heart was alive to all that was heavenly. She eagerly watched the priest as he gave Communion to each one expecting he would come to her, but finding him turn to the tabernacle, place the ciborium in it, and close the door, she began to speak in the most plaintive, sweet voice to our JESUS of her disappointment, so tenderly as to cause us all to shed tears. We were unconscious how near she was to her dissolution. On the 22d. of December she gave up her beautiful soul to God. Her sister Cecelia, who was lying in the next bed, begged to be raised, and leaned over and kissed her, thanking our Lord that He had taken her to Himself."

Continuing her journal of these early days at the Stone House, Mother Rose writes: "Sister Sally was taken sick with chills and fevers, and before she got quite well she had to give up her cot to Sister Susan who was sick. We had but two cots for the sick Sisters; all the rest had to sleep on the floor—Sisters became sick, several at once. Good Archbishop Carroll paid us a visit, and was afraid we could not keep on with our work; yet our Lord was pleased to support us.

We walked every Sunday to the Mountain. At this time there was neither road nor bridge. We had to cross the water on horse-back, one by one when it was high, and when low we would walk over the creek on stones, climb the fences, and often lose our way through the thick woods. We carried our dinner in a sack, and often fried our meat at the Mountain and taking it from the frying-pan place it on a piece of bread and eat standing, take a good drink of water, go up to the church, and wait for Vespers. Often we would be caught in the rain coming home, and at this time we never wore a shawl,—much less had an umbrella. When we came to the creek, we would meet a horse which Father Dubois would send from the Mountain to take us across, and the oldest Sister would remain standing in the rain by the oak tree until all had passed over. We continued this Sunday going to church for many years, both winter and summer.

We received two candidates at the farm House from New York. We became so crowded that it was thought necessary some of us should come up to the new house to sleep. Accordingly, Sister Sally, Sister Kitty, and Sister Rose were named to go, and for several weeks we slept in one of the unfinished rooms, and would often rise at two,

three, and four o'clock, and go down to the farm House thinking it was time for morning prayers, and the ground was rough ploughed and often very muddy. Sometimes we were forced to stay all day up at the new house the rain would be so heavy; one would go down, and bring up something to eat. We had spinning-wheels, and would keep ourselves employed.

On the twentieth of February, 1810, we moved from the farm House to the new house, the Blessed Sacrament brought in procession, Sister Veronica* walking before with a bell and a cross, Rev. Superior carrying the Blessed Sacrament, next Mother and Sisters following—Sister Sally† had in her arms Sister Cecilia, as she was yet very sick. The present choir was made the chapel, until the little chapel was finished, which was completed before March. On the 19th. of March we had High Mass for the first time in the Valley''...

But the poverty of the beginning did not cease with the taking possession of the more commodious dwelling. A want of the bare necessities of life was often experienced. "We didn't have much to eat," says an old Sister of those times, "but we

* Sister Cecilia O'Conway, sometimes called Veronica.

† She was a strong, muscular woman.

had such good appetites every thing tasted good. Dedderick, the gardener who had to work, got the best of all. I used to sit next to Mother Seton at table; many a time she used to eat my crusts. O, she was a lovely woman, dear! When Bishop Cheverus came to St. Joseph's, a Sister came and told her there was some one in the ironing-room who wished to see her. When she went, she found it was Bishop Cheverus. She knelt at his feet I think five minutes before either spoke a word. He spent the day with us—O, we were so happy! He talked to us as if we were his children. He said Dinner Prayers with us, and read the Gospel, *What went ye out into the desert to see!* I never forgot it." Mother too preserved a tender remembrance of this visit. Among the relics of these olden times is a tiny card scarce an inch square on which is traced: "The Bishop of Boston sends his thanks and respects. Never will he forget, and he begs not to be forgotten in the prayers of his dear Sisters." At the bottom Mother puts the date: 'St. John of the Cross, Nov. 24, 1810.'

Moved into the new house, the Sisters began to make a home for themselves, and old books and papers render accounts of their first expenses, sometimes given in £. s. d., sometimes in federal money. "Charles Lee, a free black" (grandfather of our good Martin Lee,) brings in a bill for "Five days

digging holes for to plant trees, at 75 cts. a-day ;" one "Henry Dishour," a bill for "*2 raks and one wil barro,*" amounting to £1 s5. Sister Sally Thompson, the Procuratrix of the Community bought 1 set of cups and saucers at five shillings six pence; 1 sugar dish at one shilling three pence; 3 pairs of stockings at s 3 d 4... Then, T. Custerman the gardener contracts a bill for something "for the use of the Nunnery!" This Theodore Custerman, sometimes called "Teddy" then "Deddy," and finally Dedderick, was one of the characters of the times. He was the only man on the premises; used to serve Mass, "and made the responses so loud that the girls used to take him off," says Sister Helena; "and he used to walk to Taneytown to make his Dutch confession." Finally, good Dedde came to die, and Mother Seton, whose children he had loved so well, writes to Father Bruté: "And poor Dedde who yet said the last word after telling Sister Sus: "*Pray hard*; I have such a hard fight." Then, a minute before going: "Sister Sus, I have peace now."

Mr. Cooper had given the land; his benefits did not cease there. His generous hand continued to give, give, give. In a letter to an intimate friend, dated March 26, 1810, Mother Seton enumerates some of his lately received benefits. "A barrel of honey, one of treacle, of which we make great use;

a box of Smyrna figs; one of raisins; one of prunes; and seventy or eighty yards of *pelisse* flannel, besides pieces upon pieces of India muslin for under-wear,—that was a good thought, you will acknowledge. He will never let us want what he can give. We never see him, or even thank him for his pure benevolence. Many strange beings there are in this world, dearest.”...But Mr. Cooper left a legacy to the Community, it would appear; it was the spiritual regeneration of his native State; and dear old Sister Mary Paul, it would seem was his executor, for, according to an old Sister, it was from Mr. Cooper she got the strange injunction she laid on Mother Euphemia while yet Assistant. “*Never to refuse Sisters to Virginia, for the Sisters were to convert Virginia.*” A charge those interested in the diocese, have well known how to turn to advantage. And Mother Euphemia has given six establishments to Virginia. When urged to make further concessions she said a little resentfully: “I think I have done my share.”

In Vincennes the want of Sisters was experienced; only two were there, Sister Benedicta and Sister M. Margaret Cully, for a Boarding School, a Day School and a Free School. The Bishop wrote again:



Vincennes, May 28, 1838.

Good Mother Rose,

Try to send some help to our *two Sisters*. Truly, they have too much to do; and though the more the better for Heaven, yet for what is now going on I pray to God that He preserves still long our dear Sister Benedicta, and her worthy companion, meek, quiet, all-laborious Mary Margaret... Think of us with about forty children to manage, and I may say to manage too the good girls that help, but want to be managed, directed, taught what to do. But, I had better leave Sister Benedicta write herself, and after all, it is the Council which has so many claims to adjust, and I can only make out our own.

As for the arrangements of the school, I leave all, of course to Sister who knows so much better than myself, and has been at it as long as I myself was only at my books and our seminarians,—two words that could make the heart jump

against the ribs, "books" and "seminarians!" But I teach that heart better, and to behave even as an Episcopal heart spread now over hills, and dales, prairies, and rivers,—at least, in continual solicitude where so soon health has been left behind in the race. However, I think it returns, and I must resume traveling.

I went lately to Washington, and St. Peter's to give Confirmation; thence on, eighty miles farther to the Knobs, a most beautiful hilly country, to give also Confirmation; but landed at one mile and a half, I had a creek to cross twice on foot, and lo! a good, stout Irishman took me twice across on his shoulders, and returned for Rev. Mr. Shaw, who was with me, and for a smaller man, his friend, who was ready to wade. No, no! wait also, and he carried him: all heart at it, he, delighted in his living, ferry-like charity. I found Rev. Mr. Neyron waiting for me to confirm sixty-three persons, and a poor protestant family that he has received in the Church.

I had the grandmother, eighty-two, lively as Mrs. Cowan; her daughter, and her granddaughter to confirm,—the three generations in one. I then visited Madison,—saw there the father and mother of Sister Euphemia who served my Mass the three days I was there.* Then Miss Geyer, with her ticket of

* It was an old friendship formed in Maryland. Not unfrequently after one of Father Bruté's excursions on foot to Baltimore, at the close of her weekly confession, the young Sister Euphemia would hear: "My poor Blenkinsop! I saw your good father in Baltimore; he was well."... This acquaintance was renewed with redoubled pleasure in the wild West. In the dead hour of night a knock would be heard at Mr. Blenkinsop's door; a call from an upper window: "Who is there," was answered: "Poor Bruté." The Bishop was visiting his diocese. That friendly, hospitable roof gave rest to heart as well as to limb, and no wonder that in the close of his weary pilgrimage the thought of a quiet upper room in his friend, Mr. Blenkinsop's house presented itself as a temptation to rest; he repelled it, exclaiming: "*Shame! non recuso laborem.*"

First Communion signed by Sister Jane, but, lo! I think I wrote it to you,—so much for memory!

Then coming to New Albany, I confirmed thirty-four there; some of Mrs. Richardson's children who lived near, or in Frederick in the time of Father Dubois; Mr. Hickey may have known her.

Now then, rather to drop the pen,—I just took it because Sister Benedicta seemed to feel so much to-day the want of three or four Sisters.

I wish Father Superior may visit us. It is true that he will see every where he goes, through all his holy family, labor equal to any human ability to endure, that he wants to strengthen himself in steady impartiality to try only to do as he can, not as he wishes as well as myself. Alas! for priests; I can but on so many sides disappoint so many who claim to have some. Let us pray the Master of the harvest.

This beautiful octave of Ascension to be followed by that of Corpus Christi,

what a life on earth, if there were true priests enough—good Sisters enough. Let us pray and adore, adore and pray.

✠ Simon, Bp. of Vincennes.

Sister Benedicta adds a rather lengthy post-script to the Bishop's letter :

Dear Mother, I received your letter giving me a little more hope of help being sent, than Father Hickey; yet there appears much uncertainty. We have scholars offering daily, boarders too, if we could take them. We have now a fine property; spacious yards and garden, good houses,—three of them on same lot, within the enclosure; and in a short time we shall have every thing fixed very conveniently, and it is so now in many things. We cannot do much credit to St. Joseph's here in the West, where people are much smarter, than they are generally thought to be by folks in the East, if you do not send us help. Two Sisters cannot do properly all that ought to be done, even to half, or whole kill themselves! You know my strength; I am perfectly willing to exhaust it in so great, and good a work, but if I do, half will remain undone, and the other half be not well done. We have to part with Ann Brown, whom we will send you soon, the only girl who knows anything about house-

keeping; we have some others who work half their time for board and schooling, but I must be continually behind them to tell, and show them. Ten children in the house besides, to wash and iron, mend, cook and clean after, and to nurse when sick,—two now sick. The fair will take place Wednesday for our free school, which on account of the opposition of the people we will have to keep separate from that of the boarders and day-scholars, or forfeit the good we can do to the rich, and at the same time the support of the house. The dear Bishop has paid so much money to fix us comfortably, we cannot expect him to support the house too. The people in general, are far too poor to do it. Unless we take boarders, we cannot do an extensive good for the diocese. The Bishop is better. Sister Mary Margaret unites in love.

Do please, for the love of our Lord, send help. Dear Mother, such fine prospects here—I think you ought to give the preference here to opening a new establishment.

Your affectionate,

S. Benedicta.

Poor Mother Rose! it was not easy to answer all demands; even then Bishop Purcell was approaching St. Joseph's, petition in hand. Turning a leaf in Sister Margaret's Journal, we read:

"Wednesday, May 30, 1838.

But hark! what rumor causes the commotion I hear? Bishop Purcell arrived and at the Mountain! Here comes Sister Julia* quite anxious to see our good Superior's wardrobe in perfect order ere he goes to escort the dear Bishop from the Mountain to the Valley. Sister Josephine† everywhere. Mother all animation.

Quarter before two his Grace arrived accompanied by our good Superior. Sister Margaret on the watch,—received instructions to ring the bell. The school bell added its chime, and Mother apprehensive that these two were not sufficient, got her small bell and rang it. In a few minutes the Bishop was seated in an arm-chair in the choir in the midst of Sisters, Novices and Candidates. After a few moments the clock struck three; he read the adoration prayer, resumed his seat, and after conversing twenty minutes with a few, he was ushered in the school-room. Miss Petinos played; Miss Ennis addressed him in a few lines composed for the occasion; other young ladies played and sang. The Bishop appropriately replied to these greetings, after which he visited the new part of the establishment with the Rev. Superior and

* Sister Julia Shirk.

† Sister Josephine Collins, Mother's Assistant.

Sister Josephine; then proceeded to the stationery, (where refreshments had been prepared,) conversed with some of the Sisters, who met him here and there, in a kind and friendly manner, and visited the infirmary. Rev. Mr. McCaffrey came for him about five, and after supper went with him to the Mountain.

Mother received a letter from Bishop Rosati, loudly calling for ten Sisters, for three different places. Bishop Purcell quite urgent for three, to take charge of the German children of his diocese. They must be acquainted with the German language; that is a *sine qua non*, so of course, I don't go on that mission."

(Poor Sister Margaret, of whom so much can be said in praise,—so much in extenuation!)

Bishop Rosati. Indeed, he called loudly! "I expect a favorable answer," he writes, "or rather, I look for the Sisters before any answer. No excuse,—no delay! The river is high; send them to Pittsburg, and for the expenses of their journey, send to Capt. May of Pittsburg, a draft upon me at sight. No excuses, Mother! St. Vincent will not receive them." The Sisters not coming, a little later he cries out: "If you do not send them next Spring early, you will compel me to come to Saint Joseph's to take them myself in person!"

There was at Vincennes a good and holy priest,—

a Eudist,—Father Vabret. A letter from him to Mother Rose urging her to send help to Sister Benedicta, gives also a little picture of how the Sisters lived, and what they did in Vincennes.

“Vincennes, June 3, 1838.

Good Mother,

Being entrusted by the Bishop with the care of your good Sisters, I think it my duty to make you acquainted with their present situation, and entreat you to pity them. Indeed they are in need of pity, for both of them are sick having a great deal too much to do. Sister Benedicta has been confined to her bed during two days. Sister Mary Margaret, had of course, the whole charge; but she also has been the victim of her zeal, and became sick. Happily for them, they have three days' of vacation,—yesterday, to-day and to-morrow,—otherwise they would be obliged to close their school, being unable to keep it. The school is too large for two Sisters only. They are obliged to refuse admittance to many applying. The number of boarders is increasing, but they are obliged to receive as few as possible, being incapable of attending to any greater number. Sister Benedicta has been until now, stronger than she has been for a long time. She was, indeed, so healthy that she felt quite another being, but being exhausted

by excessive labors she loses her usual strength. She would want to be in many places at the very same time; but, good Mother, until she will have acquired a universal omnipresent capacity, she needs your agency to furnish her with three healthy Sisters.

All the citizens of Vincennes, except very few, are very well pleased with the Sisters; the girls are not less so. It would be very difficult indeed not to be pleased with so good Sisters. As for us, we are extremely thankful to you for having granted them to us. They have a cheering prospect of rapid increase, but it is *absolutely necessary* for them to receive *immediate assistance*.

They have a good, new, and large brick house, large yards, garden well planted with good fruit trees, etc. They are very well fixed, and sometimes to amuse myself I quarrel with them, telling them, that they are too well fixed for *Sisters of Charity*, and that if you were to see their papered rooms you could not prevent yourself from scolding them for acting so contrary to the spirit of poverty.

Please, good Mother, consider the situation of your two good, and truly worthy children. Have pity on them, and do not forget our infant mission; its present condition is such as would cheer you, and induce you to afford promptly other laborers.

Religion is making rapid progress in our poor

diocese, and from time to time, we have the happiness of seeing some wandering children re-enter the pale of our holy Church. Many churches are built, or being built in different points of our vast diocese, and we hope in less than six months there will be about twenty-five churches where two years ago there were but two or three. May Heaven bless our poor Indiana!

Next Wednesday, a fair which will continue for three days will be held at Vincennes for the benefit of the Free School kept by your Sisters. All the good ladies of Vincennes, even protestants are very active for its success; your boarders too, have made a great many fine little things.

I hope, good Mother, your charity will be great enough to excuse me for writing you such *good English*. It is to obey you that I write you such idiom. I will not close this letter without relating to you a fact with which you will certainly be pleased...

Then follows a lengthy account of a remarkable conversion, and he concludes his letter with:

"Nancy Brown is always in the same dispositions, and they wait an opportunity to send her to you. Sister Benedicta has without doubt spoken of her to you. She possesses an admirable disposition, gentle, obedient, pious, always disposed to do what she is told is for the glory of God and the salvation

of her soul. She is such, that I hope you will not repent of having admitted her. The Bishop is absent since some days: he tells me he is well, in a letter this instant received,

Your humble servant,

S. Vabret, "*Eudist.*"

Nancy Brown, known in Community as Sister Aurelia, came to St. Joseph's the following September. The expectations of her friends were realized, she proved a good and edifying Sister of Charity, cheerful, laborious and exact to rule. In childish sport with her little brother she had lost the first joints of the fingers of her *right hand*, yet energy of character conquered the impediment, and she became an expert seamstress, and knew well how to manage work and loved it. She was employed on different missions, Pottsville, Frederick, and came Home in 1844, where she remained until her death, May 3, 1857. Her death was that of a good and edifying Sister of Charity, yet it is related that for three successive nights she appeared to a companion,—Sister Marcellina Dorsey who was an inhabitant of the Infirmary at the time of her death, and forewarned her of her own which was approaching, and to prepare for it. In the last interview, she added: "Is not God good to let me

finish my purgatory here!" A few weeks passed and Sister Marcellina received a stroke of paralysis from which she died.

Sisters Gabriella and Aurea were sent out to help Sister Benedicta, and the school prospered. In the Boarding and Day School, besides the usual English branches, French and Music were taught, and plain and fancy needle work. Sister Benedicta's little protestant niece of Terre Haute was one amongst the first Boarders, and the only one that died there. She was between seven and eight years of age, but received the grace of conversion and asked for baptism which was administered by the Bishop.

In the Free School were about eighty poor children. They were taught the English branches and the French Catechism, as the Bishop wanted them to learn the latter in their mother tongue, most of the inhabitants being of French origin.

At the beginning the Bishop helped the Sisters along, giving them from time to time pecuniary assistance, and sharing with them whatever he had, but the success of their school soon rendered this assistance unnecessary. It was the old story, —the Sisters commanded the confidence of their Bishop, pastor, patrons and pupils, and they wanted for nothing, neither for themselves nor for the poor they visited and assisted.



St. Rose's Day, Aug. 30, 1838.

Sta. Rosa, ora pro America!

Chicago; one hundred and fifty miles north of Vincennes, on the Lake Michigan, south-west corner; a city of seven, or eight thousand,—largest in the diocese. Alas! so small a wooden church where I have just celebrated the Divine Sacrifice, though we have near a thousand Catholics, they tell me;—one priest, Mr. O'Meara,—I had a second, Mr. Schofer, our Lord recalled him to Heaven, I hope.

But, so I am writing my long date, and do not begin the body of the letter; yet it is my very letter to have written here; "St. Rose's Day,"—Mother Rose's day, celebrated at home with so much of love and prayer. You see some days after, that it was also *here*, so far West from Saint Joseph's, as so far East, (Boston,)—and so far South (New Orleans.) But, to make out better the four winds, I ought to yield the West to

St. Louis, and take this Chicago for the *North*, with Utica,—not a *chilly* North, the heart all warm with the same true love and prayer; at least, I beg it to be so, and may forever keep pace and beating with the true hearts of that Saint Joseph's.

Arrived yesterday night from the line of the works of the Illinois canal. I will spend till Sunday here planning and devising for my successors. Alas, so little of genius at plans!—unless our Lord Himself pity such an immense "*avenir*," that I know not how to begin well!

Pray, pray,—do all who love the Master of the harvest, pray Him to bless! Pray the Lord of Kingdom that it may come and settle! "*Adveniat regnum tuum.*"

I dream of Sisters here!—but how so? Col. Beaubieu offers lots, etc.—Very well!—but Sisters?

A small wooden church, not sufficient for the fourth part on Sunday; and yet most, (as usual,) of our Catholics are of

the poorest; and the few better off, (as usual too, in our West,) so eagerly busy at the great business of this West, growing rich, richer, richest;—too little ready, when the talk is only of lots, interest, and estate in Heaven; or of placing in its Bank on earth, by the hands of the Church, and that poor Bishop, the cashier of said Bank, in this part of the world, who could sign the bills of millions of eternal acquittal, etc., etc. Well, Mother! tell me how I will succeed to spirit our busy Chicago to build a good, large brick Church. Another man,—yes, some proper man, might succeed, not this unworthy Simon.

But, enough! I must go to meet Mr. O' Meara, and devise *plans*. I would take more pleasure to speak of the *shanties* where I have lived, and have done some duty these few days past; but now I am in the city, and owe myself as well to the *city* as to the *shanties*.

Pray for your old father,—and also good Superior with you. Be all blessed.

✠ Simon G., Bp. of Vincennes.

Father Hickey will put the English on the other side of that *Orison* to St. Rose.

Dear Mother Rose's heart was busy with churches that very day, but not with the future churches of Chicago. Sister Margaret George writes: "August 30, Feast of St. Rose of Lima. Mother dined in the refectory,—was addressed and crowned as usual. About half past six, Mother and some of the Sisters were invited out to the spot on which the church is to be erected. Rev. Mr. Butler presented a spade. Mother dug out the first spadeful, Sister Bridget the second; before doing it she made the sign of the cross, and then took three spadefuls, in the Name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Each of the Sisters took turn, all thinking themselves highly honored to be thus the first laborers. May our JESUS bless the work, for if He does not, they labor in vain who build it."



Vincennes, on the Day of the Holy Angels,
Oct. 2, 1838.

My dear Mother, and Father Hickey,
In one same heart of thanks for

the grant so needful that they say "the Prince of the Church" obtained in Council *...

But, my blanks, I see by Mr. Frenaye's account have been quickly enough filled up. I suppose, good Mother, that it was to feel authorized by some subtle turn of charity to fulfil your very proper suggestion to me that it would not look well if my name, (poor as a western Bishop is supposed, of course,) did not appear one way or other on the subscription list for the Church of 105x88. So, from those blanks once filled and acquitted by Mr. Frenaye, you will have put my name, "Simon, Bishop of Vincennes, for \$——" Well! I leave it blank again; but once the money received, it matters little to put more than less in that very obliging manner of honoring the old name so long united,—1810, one year, but the first,—to the very name of Father Dubois, (the big thumb, and the

*The Council had granted permission for the Sisters to teach music and drawing in the school at Vincennes.

little finger in those mighty foundations!) His resolute "Depend upon!" and Simon's feeble words, and bad utterance in the track. Our Father dashing through Tom's Creek's highest waves,—Simon coaxing Jack to come along the log,—*he could not*, and the saddle and silver, "*John Dubois*" on it down the stream,—O, too many a day, and night too!—(for six months of the year, our morning was night,)—to come to the splendors of that happy altar, than which not even the splendid one now building, can ever be happier.

Too many,—too many, the items crowding each for mention on the heart, yet better to be forgotten, was it not for a turn of service one moment for that poor Prince of the Church so far off now. Too many the living to appeal to, although too widely dispersed through this whole vast Union of States, and heaps of cities and establishments. Too many *the dead*, although closer clustering, most of them, in that *Little Wood*, too many, although some would make,

I know, very loud their holy appeal for me...and lo! the very ones who now help you at home, and abroad,—(better helpers than I could be,)—*they too would say*: “Old Father Bruté helped us that we might help you.”—And of them also, many slept their holy sleep on the Mount, in Baltimore, many places else, as far as my France itself, and its farthest extremity—Marseilles. Perhaps Bishop Purcell is visiting now that tomb, on his way to Rome,—good, good Egan!—Whilst another in our West, will have hard to struggle in St. Louis, not to fall into his own grave,—poor Francis!* still so truly I think life in jeopardy, although better.

My dear Mother!—dear Superior! you can't treat me only as a “Prince of the Church,” I claim some closer remembrance at heart, if ever time come again to call for favors;—although I am willing to remain so kindly honored by all...

* Francis Patrick Kenrick, the future Archbishop of Baltimore.

Of news here, little, as I leave it to Sister Benedicta to write; and as for myself, it would be poor words of health, or no health, yet going on, and just returned from some nine hundred miles alone, more than three hundred in open stages or rather *char-a-bancs* without tops, from the 22. of August, to the 19. of September. Ye Geographers may reckon it from the onset, Joliet, at two hundred and forty-five miles; then Chicago, Michigan City, Laport, Niles, South-Bend, Logansport, Indianapolis, Vernon, Madison, Louisville, and Bardstown, and back here. Bardstown's glorious day, first six hundred Communion of a fervent retreat given in the Cathedral; followed at nine o'clock by the consecration of Bishop Miles, a Father Dominican from Maryland: forty-seven years, looking so venerable, as Bishop Rosati looked too consecrating him for Nashville, Tennessee. Pray, pray indeed, for the founders of the Church in this far West, that part of the immense blessings you enjoy in the East

be granted them. Be yourselves more than ever blessed, and so I close leaving to your charity to acquit me all round the house—Joanna, Louisa, Rosalia Ann Maria, Adela, Xavier, Stanny, Sally, Fanny, Margaret, and her happy mother, and Josephine and Sexton, and Felix, and,—and the many more, and why to name all that are but one only same heart of charity, humility, simplicity—the less named the better pleased. O, do then, all in all, pray for your old Friend,

† Simon, Bishop of Vincennes.

P. S. George Elder, President of Bardstown College, died the 30. Pray for him.

“Good, good Egan,” who lies buried at Marseilles was the young President of Mount Saint Mary’s College who died abroad in quest of health. He was nephew of Bishop Egan of Philadelphia, and brother of Sister Mary Teresa Egan who sleeps in our “Little Wood.” Brother and Sister were children of the Mountain and the Valley. Two little old-time oil paintings on varnished paper represent Mary and Michael Egan as children of

ten or twelve, with fresh, innocent, guileless faces. "Rev. Mr. Egan was so pious, so good," says an old Sister, that in the poverty of the Mountain, the Faculty fixed him up and sent him to Europe in the hope of reestablishing his health; he died however,—died of heart disease. His letters were considered so beautiful, and edifying, that after his death some of them were read from the pulpit." One of his letters to Mother Rose is preserved.

Mr. Egan's letter, to Mother Rose.

Rome, Jan. 1st. 1829.

Dear and respected Sister,

I have delayed the fulfilment of my promise of writing to you, until my arrival at the term of my pilgrimage, the capital of the Christian World. Thanks be to a tender and protecting Providence, I have at last arrived, after a very severe and dangerous journey of three weeks from Paris. The distance is about twelve hundred miles; we travelled night and day, seldom stopping to rest, or recruit our strength by sleep. When I look back and see the imminent danger to which we were exposed, on sea where shipwreck, and a watery grave stared us in the face, and on land where we were frequently on the point of being dashed from precipices of several thousand feet, or assassinated by banditti. I see throughout the care of a Father,

the protection of MARY and our Angel, and the effect of your good prayers and those of so many innocents under your care. I assure you, my confidence was great, and when I had prepared for death at sea, and there appeared no possible chance of safety, I still thought of the promise you made me, and felt a confidence which at that moment seemed vain to others. Contrary to my expectation also, our Lord provided me companions across the ocean and even to Rome. I had two young men with me as far as Paris, Charles T. White, of the Seminary of Baltimore, and Richard Whelan, from the Mount. Arrived in France, I found good Mr. Wheeler waiting for me, and determined to accompany me, his original intention having been to remain in the south of France until Spring. The weak state of my health rendered his company of essential service to me, independently of the pleasure and gratification arising from the society of a friend and brother clergyman, I have every reason to bless and thank our Lord. It was solely in obedience to His will that I undertook this journey, and whatever may be the issue of it, I feel confident He will ordain all for His glory and my good. On our way from Bologna to Rome, we passed through Loretto. You know it is the most celebrated resort of pilgrims from every quarter of the world, who come there to offer up their vows to

our Blessed Mother in what is call the Santa Casa, or Holy House of Nazareth. This house is said to be the same in which MARY and Joseph resided in Nazareth, and in which our Lord was brought up. It was transported by angels to the spot where it now stands. They have built an immense, and splendid Cathedral over it. I cannot describe to you the feelings I had, on entering that sacred place, which has been honored and revered by so many saints, and where so many miracles have been wrought, and favors obtained through MARY's intercession. How earnestly did I implore her protection for her Mount, and the Valley of Joseph. I thought of you, my respected Sister, and your Charles and Catharine, and begged of MARY to obtain the long wished for object of all your sighs and prayers. I procured two masses to be offered up there, one for the Mount, the other for Saint Joseph's. They showed me the cup or plate out of which our Lord is said to have eaten. I put my beads into it and had them indulged. I shall never forget my visit to that spot.

Since I have been here, I have gone out very little, my health requiring considerable care after so severe a journey, besides having a great deal to do, contrary to my expectation. Yesterday evening, I was present at a very imposing and edifying ceremony in the Church of the Jesuits. The Holy

Father attended by the whole Sacred College of Cardinals came in procession ; arriving at the foot of the Altar, His Holiness bent in prostrate adoration almost to the earth before the Blessed Sacrament, and after remaining so a considerable time, intoned with a tremulous voice the *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving for the favors and graces bestowed by the Almighty on His Church and her children during the past year. There was something very striking and sublime in a spectacle of such a nature, where the sovereign Pastor of the Christian world acted as the interpreter of the gratitude and homage of his children ; speaking in the name of the whole world as if it were but one family under one head. The picture of His Holiness stamped on this letter is very correct. I have had an opportunity of seeing him close. I shall leave nothing undone to procure for the good Sisters of Charity all the spiritual blessings I can possibly obtain. We will remain here until the 25th. of April, and leave France on the 15th. of June, if our Lord wills it. I feel like an exile, ardently longing for my return to America, ignorant however whether I may not find a grave on this shore—all is left to God who delights to extend His protection to those who trust in Him. We cannot honor Him better than by an unbounded reliance on His paternal care, leaving Him to act for us. This thought often gives

me consolation when I begin to let my mind suffer uneasiness about the Mount and its prosperity,—tho' I must confess such thoughts are importunate.

The good Bishop of Philadelphia was rejoiced to see us. He is very well and contented. He talks of returning with us in the Spring. I must conclude by earnestly entreating a continuance of your charitable prayers. You know how dissipating travelling is to our poor frail minds and hearts; it is difficult for the interior not to suffer. Happy those who can preserve that holy presence of God which in the midst of every distracting duty, may serve as a refuge and a source of blessing! I have never felt its necessity so much, nor its benefits so great. May I ask to be kindly and respectfully presented to your good Sisters. Sisters Apollonia, Alexius, Mary Agnes, and to be still remembered in their prayers, and those of the orphans to whom I feel grateful. In return, I promise to say Mass for you all on the 29. of March, as by that time this letter will have reached you. So this happy communion of our prayers will, I trust, find us all united in the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, and be a pledge of that happy union in Eternity to which we aspire. That such may be our lot is the prayer of

Your obedient servant and brother in Xt.

Michael D. Egan.

He never returned to America, but died and lies buried at Marseilles. Mary, the model of all good little novices, died while he was yet a boy at the Mountain. She was worthy of such a brother, he of such a sister. Mother Seton's own pen gives a little record of her Community life and happy death: "The most pure, heavenly minded Mary Egan departing. I have been watching the little lamp these twenty four hours, and when we thought it just out to the last minute, all the Sisters gone, the last Indulgence given, she turns suddenly to her poor Michael, her brother, with a smile and tells him: 'You know not how sweet it is to die in the arms of JESUS or you would not cry. Rejoice with me Michael, thank Him; He takes me to Himself. Be faithful to God—the last words my father said to me.—I leave you in His hands, Michael; I am going home, my brother, I go a little before you, to beg a good place for you, Michael.' Then gives me the smile, and says: '*Rebecca promised to get one for me.*' And turning again said: 'It is so sweet to die in the arms of JESUS.'"

"We never yet had one, since Anina, with such a love and patience for little ones; never weary with them, and glad heart when she was called to serve them. Gentle, peaceable Mary, now like the white

lily yonder in the garden. This day of St. Aloysius, like him she goes from this world, all adorned to meet Him she served with a care so exact, that she has been called *our walking rule*, since her first admission. When I began to read the prayers for Extreme Unction for her, I was sure the Superior would anoint her, when he came, and this would to all appearance, be her last day in this land of offence. She looked so pleased, so many pressings on my hand, whenever the word, 'Thy will, my God,' would come in the prayers. Yet she so ardently longed to live, to be a Sister, as she so often said, and her little notes on the day she was admitted to her novitiate, speak an ardor little expected under the most uniform serious look. '*Your promised Spouse*, this day, my JESUS,' she says. 'Oh, that the day would come to accomplish all!' Well, it is come for you, my happy Mary! I never saw heaven so wide open for any one, as for her. For all she could, she did, through persevering suffering, since she kept her class till this week, and so ardently desired to do to the full extent of days, if she had been permitted.

"*Sunday morning.* Now all the girls around our first little novice, stretched in the choir, where my Bec lay last. They so tenderly loved each other. Cecilia just says, how admirable her little writings when admitted to the candidateship. The hope

that He would accept the service so unworthy a creature could offer. And when on the Annunciation, the day of our vows, when she spoke to Him of our happiness, and said: 'But, you know well, though my happy time to make them is far off, yet *my whole heart is yours*, and with it I pronounce them with all its affections.' Precious child! every little comfort I could offer her in her sickness she would stop, recollected, and say: 'If you say so, my Mother,' and would not take even a drink, she was parched for, till Mother said, or when present gave it."

Her vocation counted by months; she entered the Community, November 27, 1816, and died, June 20, 1817.



J. M. J.

My dear Mother,

This morning all the Sisters went to Communion for our good Apollonia the Second, (Apollonia Jordan the First.)

21st. Dec. To-day, I suppose Mr. Thomas McCaffrey ordained priest. Ah, if such good head and heart, and body was coming to take up with us the western creations,—that, for instance, of our

College with our zealous Mr. Berel. Poor Mr. Vabret, already disabled,—though I hear he gets better at New Orleans where he is gone in my place this year as he was sinking so much faster.

22nd. December: So near now so great a day at St. Joseph's!—no less the great, great, happy, most happy day for us surely, but all the holy fuss can't be the same and we have to make up by more of spiritual insight of contemplating; and then I dare say, you would, and Sister Xavier with her novices, and your most *spiritual* Father Xaupi say that we have the best share of it in our so much poorer Bethlehem. Yet nature is weak, and our Lord who knows it, as well as the Church that has His Spirit; we put on all our efforts to support it by as much of beautiful ceremony as we can. So, although I did not understand much about it, I always encouraged much Sister Betsy, when with little Sexton behind her on the creature,—(O *Sister Maria* I should say!)—she was proceed-

ing up to the Mount, or since then Sister Loretta—(who now I know not!) to do their best.

Well! I must make my best too, so you said, to get my best of subscription for the church, or Twenty, or Thirty,—perhaps Fifty Thousand Dollars which St. Joseph's, through that most eager and ever successful in all—Brother John, the Rev. Superior—offers this year at the Manger for next Christmas, I suppose to supersede that old little Bethlehem, where had long already prayed Mother, when Mr. Godefroy came to arrange that great effort of the four flat pilasters, and all the carved wood painted so white with high gilt columns, and all around gilt wainscoting,—there prayed Mother before same said altar as beautified by Mr. Godefroy just as fervently as before, and surely no less fervently and undistractedly would she pray before even the most splendid altar that good Father Hickey means to put up. And so would have Sister Kitty—don't you think so Sister

Xavier?—with her novices,—and so would have Mary Ann (1) with her little verses and poetry,—and so Madame Guerin (2) most elegantly, and so...O! ten,—twenty,—thirty—forty now gone; till Apollonia *Second* went after the First,(3) whom Sister Fanny remembers well had the many years before carried the name above.

Now, mind well all ye who carry so second hand names (for example Anna Maria *Second*, for if my treacherous memory fails me not, the good sister of Mr. Gartland (4) was the First, mind, I say with respect, affection and aspirations that you carry these *second* names as sure as the first went to the heavenly seats! Ah, you Mother! carry well in last perseverance your first name ROSE,

(1) Sister Mary Ann Butler.

(2) "She was like a little fairy," says an old Sister.

(3) Sister Apollonia Jordan.

(4) A mistake; Bishop Gartland's sister was Sister Jane Frances.

after the first in Lima; St. Rose of 30. August.

Well, I forget that I must subscribe... so, Twenty-Five Dollars... Thus Twenty Five Dollars paid as a poor niggardly man bound now to spare all he can for his poor holy spouse Vincennes, as you for St. Joseph's know so well to do,— and good Mr. John McCaffrey for his Mountain must try to do, and does. As for the heart and feelings, all, all, all continually before GOD from

Your old friend,

† Simon G. Bé., Bp. of Vincennes.

P. S. If Sister Sally wants to make any deduction from my cash of the Twenty-five Dollars as paid below, for her basin of *whiskey for my feet* on a certain Christmas that set the house a-laughing, and myself (as I had then better health,) and puzzled not a little first, Sister Loretta and Richard and Mr. Hitzelberger, tell her to remember that my feet refused the use of said

whiskey, being of the Temperance Society!

Sister Apollonia Graver who bore the "*second hand* name," bore it well. "She entered the Community, October 8, 1821;" writes Sister Margaret George, "filled many important offices on mission; of very amiable and kind manners. Her last mission, the Mountain, where she was Sister Servant, lasted but four months precisely; having broken a blood vessel six or seven weeks previous to her death, she gradually sank, and expired this day, Feast of St. Francis Xavier, 1838."

"I was placed when a candidate," writes an old Sister, * "with Sister Apollonia in the childrens' clothes-room, and remained with her until I went on mission. She had a very religious, dignified appearance, was recollected, and very patient. She suffered many inconveniences in her department, a dark, contracted clothes-room over the old kitchen, trying her best to find room for the clothes of over one hundred boarders. She was a model Sister of Charity; many an instruction did she give us in that old clothes-room by her spirit of recollection, patience, and love of labor. I remember how very exact the dear Sister was in the care she gave to the clothing, and the motherly way she always

* Sister Camilla O'Keefe.

spoke to the children when they came up for an article; and with what kindness she would teach me to do things properly, even the sewing of the names on the articles of clothing,—for I would be sure to put them on crooked, but she would kindly point out the defects, saying: ‘My dear, you are not accustomed to this kind of work, but you will learn. See, the name is not straight; if you were doing it for our Blessed Mother, would you not take more pains?’ Another time she would say: ‘Do you know, my dear, that the smallest action done for God will have its recompense? You take a good deal of time every day in folding and unfolding these pieces of clothing, then sewing on the names, etc., and the price of time is eternity. These little things, my dear, will be laid up for you in Heaven, and now when young try to accustom yourself to do your little work to please our Lord and Blessed Mother’ ”...

One of Sister Apollonia’s regrets, says another old Sister, was to have entered the Community after Mother Seton’s death, and to have been deprived of the consolation of knowing one whose name and virtues were on every lip. It is believed she saw her on her death-bed. Rev. Mr. McCaffrey was there, much moved at witnessing the death of one he esteemed so highly,—others were there when she suddenly exclaimed: “There she is!”

"Where?" was asked; "There!" pointing to the foot of the bed, but no one was seen there by the assistants.

"Sister Apollonia's remains were brought by night from the Mountain," writes Sister Margaret, "Sister Josephine, Sister Margaret, Sister Mary Felicitas, Sister Julia, and Sister Mary Xavier accompanying them in the carriage, Mr. Brawner and Mr. Yerk on horseback. Many of the Sisters with Mother remained up waiting for them. The funeral took place next day at two o'clock."



Mr. Dubois fast going I am told. Pray for him.

J. M. J.

4th. of January, 1839. Vincennes,
700 miles from St. Joseph's Valley.

4th. of January, 1821. Eternity.

My dear Mother,

Praise to GOD alone in all! in your heart and that of Sister Xavier for this special remembrance I do mark a moment once more on earth this early morning when Mother Seton lay in her silent, cold, stiff clay, the soul gone to

her Saviour after her fervent last appeal: "Blood of JESUS, purify me!" and last perfect adorations and submission to the only Will, as Pius VII's Prayer expressed it for her, "May the most high and amiable Will of GOD be praised, and exalted in all!"—That poor humbled clay now finishing her moulderings; and, O! if you did open that grave, such a nameless mass now, in place of that so placid, pious, kind, affectionate,—yet for the sins of this earth, and exceeding misery, something melancholy countenance, of a face where in a look, in a smile, all was told of that soul, and heart, and mind so much as it had pleased GOD your foundress should for His glory possess above any common level, that it was enough for one of her little letters for Archbishop Carroll, one half hour introduction for Mr. Gaston, one same half hour another time for Archbishop Maréchal to feel so charmed and delighted as to be obliged to express it: "What a woman that good Mrs. Seton!" I,—I bear that witness. But what need of it for

you Mother, Xavier, or any one, who all of you, bear rather with a temptation of impatience that I essay any way to represent to you after seventeen years of anniversaries what is for all who knew her—You, you my brother Hickey, whom she affectionated for GOD'S sake so well, is, I say as present and vivid as to me, when you choose to recall a moment before you, realize one sight more of Mother Seton—I *see* her—you *see* her!

Now I lay by this page, and Sister Benedicta may fill by and by, these other blank ones with our little details of the moment. My heart is full of confidence in our Lord that your Vincennes also will succeed; but our first small items come as yet humbly, after your accounts from all quarters of much more commanding attention. Let us go on, one of the last and least, until our Lord, if it is His will, give the display; myself so willing to have only these small, smallest beginnings, and others after me, (as already Baltimore alone five successors,) the full harvests of your kind mission.

Four such excellent daughters of such Mother-house—well now! I say, silence! for I am not good any more at details; only the one line of my wishes and prayers for you all, dear Sisters.

A good New Year ye all, and a splendid Eternity, ye departed ones! But for you be our constant prayers, the living and the dead united every day at the same altar!

In this letter the good Bishop yields a little to his old-time fancy of sketching. Under the date "4th. of January 1839," is traced in spectral lines "4th. of January 1821;" and on the last page he draws a map of the missions as they then existed: "St. Joseph's,—Mt. St. Mary's,—Frederick,—Martinsburg,—Richmond,—Norfolk—Washington, Baltimore,—Conewago,—Pittsburg,—Cincinnati, Nazareth, of the same family by Father David,—New Orleans,—Vincennes,—St. Louis,—Wilmington,—Philadelphia,—Utica,—Albany—New York,—Brooklyn,—Boston, near Charlestown," and this last he has enveloped in sable wreaths of smoke, in memory of a shameful conflagration.

"*Mr. Dubois fast going too, I am told.*" No: he was to survive him some years, and would, this

very year of 1839 revisit the Valley. Sister Margaret's Diary tells how on Saturday June 1, a carriage arrived bringing from Frederick, the dear, respected and beloved Father Dubois, Bishop of New York, and how Mother and Sister Margaret ran half way down the avenue to meet him while all the bells of St. Joseph's were ringing.

At his last Mass in the Valley a crippled Sister,—Sister Perpetua Shannon was instantaneously restored to health after receiving Holy Communion from his venerable hands,—two days were yet wanting to complete a novena. "The children," writes Sister Margaret "were the first who observed and noticed the fact that Sister Perpetua was cured, as they saw her rise up, and kneel down." In 1886 an old pupil revisited St. Joseph's, and indicating the spot said with emotion to the Sister who accompanied her: "Sister! I saw a miracle performed *just there*." The "*just there*" corresponded to the position in front of the granite steps leading into the church door from Mother's yard.

"*When Mother Seton lay in her silent, cold, stiff clay, the soul gone to her Saviour.*" Happily the space occupied by the *White House* in its original position remains unincumbered by any modern improvement. The whole yard,—"*Mother's Yard*" is a place filled with sweet and holy memories. In this enclosure stood the St. Joseph's fixed in the heart,

and familiar in the prayers of Cardinal Cheverus, Archbishops Carroll, Maréchal, Dubourg; Bishops Flaget, David, Dubois, Purcell, Bruté, Rosati, and so many others great and good like themselves. Here Mother Seton lived her life of consecration, and here she died. A line running eighteen feet East from the centre of the church door,—not corridor door,—and twenty-nine feet North marks the North-west corner of the White House. Just in this corner, “near this door, by this fire-place” stood the lowly couch on which our beloved and venerated Mother rendered her last sigh. It was the corner of Rebecca too, and probably of Anina and Cecilia.

It was from this yard, through one of the windows looking South, that Mother saw that light,—that fulfilment of Rebecca's promise in the sky, while she knelt beside the little corpse in the choir. She tells it herself: “She said she would come and see me the next night at eleven. She told Sister Margaret very gaily who was speaking of some one going home, ‘I will be Home to-morrow.’ About a quarter before eleven kneeling by her, surrounded by her night watch in the choir, through the opposite window next the chapel door, I saw in the midst of the blackest sky imaginable, and rolling loud thunder and lightning, with driving wind rattling every thing around us, the purest white

cloud, bright as if near the noonday sun. As it advanced rapidly towards the window I was forced to smile with Cecilia* who knew her promise. For half an hour gazed at it with delight of thousand dearest imaginations, then dropped in the thought of the blessed Reality to be received next morning in the white cloud of sacred veils."

Sister Cecilia Seton died in this yard,—many others too. The Sisters' infirmary was on the second floor in the north east corner of the building,—how many passed to their reward there! Sister Margaret George records one peculiarly sweet death,—that of Sister Isabella Devoy who exclaimed while dying: "Who is that beautiful lady standing at the foot of my bed?" After which her eyes never moved. "We saw no one there," adds Sister Margaret.

"*And O, if you did open that grave, such a nameless mass now!*" The grave was opened in 1846 and the remains placed in the vault of the Mortuary Chapel built to receive them. There were present on the occasion Sister Lucina Simms, then Treasurer of the Community, Mother Xavier, Mistress of Novices, Sister Sally Thompson, Sister John Patientia Higgs, the grave-digger, and a boy or man to assist him. The time chosen was between two and three in the afternoon, an hour observed

* Sister Cecilia O'Conway.

in those days with a solemn and religious silence. A small mahogany coffin had been provided; why small is not known, but it was small. As the grave-digger approached the coffin he proceeded with greater care removing the earth softly, and still more gently as the decayed coffin appeared. Cautiously raising the portion that covered the face and chest, the blackness of the tomb was visible. For one moment was seen the blackened skull, the black, eyeless sockets, in the black skull,—just for one moment, and then all sank into dust at the bottom of the coffin. Mother Xavier had expected to find the remains in a state of preservation. Her disappointment and emotion found expression as the sockets crumbled: "O, those beautiful eyes!" and a heavy silence followed. The lower part of the coffin was found in a better state of preservation but the figure was all gone, and of the bones, only a few remained. The habit lay like sere and dead grass at the bottom of the coffin all black. With reverent care the Sisters gathered every particle, and placed all in a linen cloth, and then in the new coffin. Sister Sally Thompson begged earnestly to be allowed to possess a small fragment of what remained of one who in life had been so dear to her. She took a small bone of one of the toes. The coffin was then closed, and placed in the vault

which had been built for the precious remains, and the Sisters returned in silence to the house.

Years passed and again the remains were exposed to view. In the month of October 1873, Archbishop Bayley came to visit St. Joseph's, and at the tomb of Mother Seton expressed his wishes. A Sister who was present records his words: "It is here I wish to be buried,—here at Mother Seton's feet I would lie; there is room enough. I want no monument, only a slab telling that, 'Here lies a poor old Archbishop.' Then the Sisters must pray for me; surely they must come here often."

It was suggested the inscription should be of greater length.

"No," he said, "Death makes one see great truths. I saw in Spain the tablet that marked the grave of an illustrious Cardinal; it bears the following inscription; 'Dust—Ashes—Nothing.'"

"But Archbishop, you would make your request in your will."

"There is a paper," he replied, "to that effect in my desk now. I want to be here; I want prayers."

"God grant, Archbishop, the hour may be long delayed;" said one of the Sisters, "that it may not be in our life time."

"Yes;" was the reply, "before long...People don't pray enough for us. It is very well to talk

of making a solitude in one's heart, but how difficult to preserve the spirit of recollection in the midst of the world, and distracting cares. We need prayers,—we need them when living, we need them when dead. How easily the dead are forgotten! I know this,—I have studied the truth for years. Look at Archbishop Spalding! a man so genial, amiable, beloved; so winning even with little children! His name now is scarcely mentioned. Who thinks of praying for him? I want prayers;—the prayers of the Sisters for the old Archbishop who lies in the graveyard at St. Joseph's."

After that the Mortuary Chapel was taken down, the foundations cast deeper and stronger, and a vault prepared large enough to receive the remains of Archbishop Bayley with those of Mother Seton. While the process of reconstruction was going on, the remains of Mother Seton were brought to the house and the coffin opened. "There was not much remaining;" says a Sister who assisted on the occasion. "There were two long splinters of bones, a part of the cap of the skull, and then what looked like dark coarse earth,—like *coffee grounds*, but oily,—they had an oily look. A new box of walnut was made to receive them; it stands on iron feet in the vault."

The vault was in readiness not much too soon. In the month of October 1877, a stately funeral

train moved up from Baltimore to Saint Joseph's Valley, and the remains of Archbishop Bayley were laid in the vault of the Mortuary Chapel, beside those of his venerated relative. In November 1886 the vault was again opened and its interior examined. It was in perfect order; the polished lustre of the Archbishop's coffin untarnished, the burnished brightness of its handles undimmed. It rests on an iron stand; between this, and the coffin is a walnut plank. Around the lower part of the coffin where it touched the plank, some mould had gathered. Mother Seton's casket stood just where it had been placed on the other side of the vault; some mould had gathered on it too, more than on the Archbishop's, yet the view was satisfactory, and not a trace of water having entered the vault was to be seen.



Bishop Brute's Last Letter.

Mother Rose,

Suffering near and for the new building Chapel; and the more the sufferer when her holy family is most rejoicing on the great day of the laying of its corner stone, so that the cross may best help the great undertaking. How grate-

ful for that full letter amidst such busy days, the first that you describe to me so *busy* with feeling, and that mixture of highest trials and consolations; for the last you show to have so great, and even so much indeed above the trial of losing that blessed child,* and having to receive the very parents, yet Protestants—ah, they must become Catholics!—near the corpse of their darling. To your account, Mother, I could be but most alive, word by word, as I shared in the same exactly last year at the Sacred Heart of St. Michael, where I was for a little while. (Lo! Mr. Vabret seven weeks restoring his much declining, now better health.) A child indifferently sick the day I arrived with Bishop Blanc; the day after, danger—I gave the alarm. That most amiable child, twelve or thirteen, a Protestant had desired much baptism; expressed it;

* Cornelia Beers, a pupil from Washington, whose symptoms became suddenly alarming, and before her parents could reach St. Joseph's, died, March 10, 1839.

Bishop Blanc baptised her himself the evening; went off for a confirmation at another parish; I remained, saw her repeatedly that day; *death*;—the day after the parents (sent for) arrived. Mother asked me to receive them first in the parlor....coming up...entering.... “How is she?”...So, as required your fortitude and prudence, coming near in the next room, the infirmary...alas! already dressed there, no other sick...Ah! so fine, and angelical the sight, as of yours; but such first wailings and lamentations, both clasping her by turns. I, and Mother, (young cousin of Sister Regina,) there...we tried after a few minutes to part them, composed them so stretched over the child. “Madam, the happy, happy child, just baptized... now so rejoicing in Heaven.” “Ah,” cried the mother, throwing herself the first time on her knees, “she was baptized,—how glad of it! Let us thank GOD!” and on her knees, and he also. I never saw such a revolution of feelings, brought instantly to see their angel in

happiness exceedingly, so as to make even a mother at once resigned in her better returns of thoughts, at least of the child's own case. For poor parents think they suffer for the child; they do for their own terrible wounds, all the roots thus tearing from their own bleeding heart, just as poor Mr. Parson and his poor wife. O, they so truly inconsolable, and want as yet of principles to see rather the side of their happy, so exceedingly happy child. Whilst that mother so full of the faith of baptism and heaven, in place of the fears we had at first in declaring to her that her poor dead daughter had been baptized, and perhaps a burst of additional reproach that they sent her.—No! a sudden, full, incomparable consolation. How wonderful our Lord's own ways! They did wish the young saint remain, and be buried in the Community, the place from which they now saw she had been going to Heaven. I felt much consolation at the beautiful service in the church; but it happened to be such a stormy day as to

admit of only Rev. Mr. Boué,* the chaplain, going with very few all drenched to the graves.

But now I have finished time and paper, and what besides could I tell you your own side that day! Happy Archbishop!—happy Father Hickey!—happy Sisters!—happy suffering Mother! Or what of our own, for now I will carry this paper with your letter, and her share in it, to Sister Benedicta; herself will give her little usual account, now again all a-going; and Aurea's school at its thirty-seven, waiting for three hundred and seventy, as you count and more in New York—Vincennes not a New York!

Now for the last line,—just my most heartfelt gratitude to Margaret Sister after Margaret Shorb above. Pray all for your old, devoted,

† Simon G. Bé., Bp. of Vincennes.

This letter, without date, but written probably sometime during the month of April, is the last

* *Probably Rev. Mr. Bouiller, C. M.*

preserved of good Bishop Bruté. An interval followed and then Sister Benedicta writes to Mother Rose:

“June 27, 1839.

My dear Mother,

At length the sad day has arrived on which we see the diocese of Vincennes deprived of its Bishop, the flock of CHRIST in this far West deprived of its shepherd, the children of the true Church bereft of their common Father, the Western World of one of its most zealous Apostles, and the whole Christian world of one of its brightest lights and ornaments of our holy Religion; and how shall I express the loss sustained by his devoted brethren, his priests, and especially by us,—myself in particular, so long acquainted with him, and for years and years receiving so many tokens of his kindness, but, alas! he is no more; we must submit. He died last night about half past one o'clock in the most edifying manner, perfectly sensible to the last, speaking in the most affecting manner to his priests who surrounded him. We had not the consolation of being present as it happened in the night, though we received his blessing yesterday. We left him dying at seven o'clock yesterday. As he was cared for entirely by Rev. Mr. Vabret, and some other good priests and seminarians, he wanted not our attention, except to prepare some of his nourishment, clothing, etc.,

and send him. We visited him twice a-day since he became so low; he wished to see us that often. He told me yesterday that he was *going home*; that he appointed Rev. Mr. Vabret to act in his place in our regard; of course he meant until he would have a successor. His last words to us yesterday evening were: "God bless you! Pray for me." And he told me to ask you all to pray for him. He was sitting in his chair yesterday nearly all day dying, the sweat running down, and about three o'clock in the afternoon he wrote a letter to some ladies who are Catholics only in name, and do not even go to church. He told them it was the eve of his death; that to-morrow he would be in eternity, and that he thought it his duty to entreat them at his dying hour to return to the true Church, or at least to the practice of their religion. He has been sitting up the greater part of the time of his sickness, and writing more or less every day, although his weakness has been such, that each day,—excepting two or three,—these four weeks past I would not have been at all surprised to see him die. But, his zeal,—his fervor kept up in its full vigor to the last sigh.

When I would go to see him, and ask him something about his health, and wish to do something for him, he would take Kempis, and open a chapter for me to read for him, and after spending a few

minutes with him, he would bid us: "Good bye," and say he wanted to rest. He did so when he was dying; he told all around him to go away, he wanted to rest. He would not, until he got extremely low, permit any one to sleep in his room at night. At eleven o'clock last night even, he sent Rev. Mr. Vabret to bed, saying it was too late for him to be up, as he was not well; he died two hours and a half after. Three other devoted sons were with him, one of whom, the last he ordained, Rev. Mr. Parry, a most zealous priest. I shall try to get some of his hair to send you in this letter; I am sure many in the house will prize it as the relic of a saint, for if he is not one, I know not where we will find one. His whole cry in his sickness was the Will of God. When he told me yesterday he was going home, he raised his hands, and added: "The Will of God is all!" I cried once in his room; I could not hide my tears from him as I was reading for him; I choked. He said: "Do you think I want you here *snubbing* around me!"

He scolded the priests, if any of them cried before him; they often did it. I tried not to let him see I was affected after that.

He looks so placid and pure. They will keep him for several days exposed in the church hoping Bishop Rosati may arrive. My heart is sunk low.

In blessing us, our dear Father added: "And the whole Community."

Rev. Mr. Vabret begs you will let the gentlemen at the Mountain know immediately, and begs Masses, though he says he knows they need not be asked.

Our good Father told the Doctor that he would rest well the last night,—that it would be his last night,—most happy night! He was then dying. The Doctor is not a Catholic, but loved the Bishop much. Our good Father would frequently speak of St. Joseph's, and ask if I had written or received letters. I am sorry I did not get one to tell him. He often made us kneel down and pray for him.

Sister Benedicta.



The Coming Away from Vincennes.

Bishop De la Haillandiére succeeded Bishop Bruté. He loved and respected the Sisters, and they loved and respected their Bishop. But difficulties arose, and in a moment of impetuosity the Sisters were placed at the disposition of their Superiors. Sister Benedicta had been sent elsewhere, and Sister Paulina Kennedy then held the position of Sister Servant in Vincennes. Suddenly a letter

came from Home (1843) dispersing the Sisters. Astonished and grieved at the decision, she took a young Sister with her, and went first to call on Father Martin, the Vicar General, who was the confessor of the Sisters. Establishments were not very grand in those days. They found the future Bishop of Nachitoches at his residence, a log house up along a zig-zag fence where the roads crossed. He was a naturalist, and his room proclaimed it; there were sundry jars of reptiles preserved in alcohol and other strange looking things around. Father Martin lay on the outside of his bed consumed with fever. Sister Paulina made known the object of her visit; she had* come to tell him the Sisters were to leave Vincennes,—she had a letter from Superiors to that effect,—it was a strange, unexpected, and unwelcome summons. The good Father started up: “The Sisters leave Vincennes!—never! It will draw a curse upon the diocese.” Then after a little reflection he told her to go see the Bishop have a talk with him and see if matters could not be adjusted.

Sister Paulina obeyed, keeping her young companion with her. They found Bishop De la Haillandiére not so much surprised, but more deeply moved than Father Martin. He assumed the responsibility of the recall, expressing in broken sen-

tences his regret that his impetuosity should have brought about such a disaster.

"O, it made me feel so badly," continued the witness of the scene, "to see him pacing up and down the floor, and when his back was towards us he seemed to be brushing away the tears from his face. I liked him so much,—he was so good, and was kindness itself! And O, in the confessional—what consolation!... Bishop De la Haillandière was tall, majestic looking,—he looked like a prince! Sister Paulina acted beautifully; she went up to him, and said gently: "O Bishop, on *you* then, rests the responsibility—not on *us*, thank God!"

"So," concluded the Sister, "the Sisters of Providence came in, and we came away. I cooked for them four or five weeks before we could get away. We came away with our trunks, and left pianos and all behind."

But before the Sisters left, they went to bid good bye to Bishop Bruté, and kneeling at his tomb prayed with many tears; then they arose, and sorrowfully came away.

*A Sister gives the following notes of Sister Benedicta.*

SISTER BENEDICTA (Ann Parsons) was born in St. Mary's County, Maryland. Her father died when she was about ten years of age, and her mother four years later, leaving a family of four children, Ann and her three brothers. The care and education of these children was assumed by their relatives, and Ann found a heart's home in the family of her uncle, Mr. John Parsons of Baltimore, who was at that time attached to one of the Balt. Banks, a gentleman honored with the friendship of Archbishop Carroll and alike distinguished for his ability in business matters, and for his faith and earnest piety. He had contracted a Protestant marriage, but by a pious *ruse* brought his wife to the faith. He laid his plans well. A certain book was seen often in his hand, and when called to dinner, at his return from Bank, he suffered the call to be several times repeated, at last laying down his book with evident signs of reluctance. Certainly, what engaged so much the interest of the husband could not be a matter of indifference to the wife. While he was at Bank she examined the subject of his delight; it was a book of solid Catholic instruction. She was a woman and knew how to keep her own secret. Placing herself under instruction she re-

ceived baptism, and was prepared for first Communion before Mr. Parsons knew his wife was interested, or had any intention of entering the Church.

Meanwhile he was slowly, and ostentatiously reading his book. Christmas came; she asked him to permit her to accompany him to church, and when he approached Holy Communion what was his amazement to find his wife kneeling and receiving the Bread of Life at his side.

In this family, little Ann grew to womanhood. Her goodness, amiability, intelligence and personal attractions endeared her to the hearts of her kind uncle and aunt, and she was the ornament of their home. However, at an early age her heart conceived the hope of abandoning the world, and having formed the acquaintance of Father Dubois who had frequent business relations with her uncle, her thoughts of consecration naturally turned towards St. Joseph's Valley. She came; but she had calculated too surely upon the stability of her poor young heart. Unused to hardship, labor or privation, the many sacrifices required in early days at St. Joseph's daunted her courage, and the memory of the home she had left with all its attractions assailed her heart with the force of an irresistible temptation. It required the joint representations of Father Dubois and Mother Seton to keep this young soul firm in her vocation. "What shall I

tell your uncle about his dear Ann?" asked Mother Seton one day, as she paused, pen in hand, over a letter of business she was writing. "Tell him," promptly responded the young girl, "that I am homesick, and if it is a temptation, I am a long time getting over it." Her refuge was in obedience, and the temptation conquered, never returned again.

At the expiration of the usual time she received the holy habit and pronounced her vows. From that time to the end of her long and successful career she was found, when not directing the heroic works of the mission, at the Central House composing one of the Council. If she had been cured miraculously in 1826, it appears it was to some purpose. At one time she was Assistant, and time and again she was elected to the office of Treasurer. Benign and sweet, but of strong and energetic character, she could meet an emergency and master it. An ancient Sister relates a circumstance in which as much promptitude as prudence was required. Without quiver or hesitation, Sister Benedicta faced the danger which was for souls. "I have never forgotten the impression made on me at the moment," says the Sister, witness of the occurrence. "She stood pale and beautiful, the very picture of Virtue reprehending Vice."

Some years previous to her death, age and infirmities confined her to the Central House. Her tall and still stately figure, her gentle and attractive face were seen here and there as she passed religiously and quietly through the house, never by word or manner indicating that she had been a foundation stone in the works of the Community, or that she possessed any consciousness that wherever she passed, it had been in doing good, and that all men spoke well of her. Her edifying life was closed by an edifying death which occurred April 19, 1876.

A short time after her death, a Sister who had been much on mission with her, felt impelled to write to Superiors, a letter from which the following is extracted.

"I was sent to the Infant Asylum, Philadelphia, from the Seminary. The great respect mingled with affection with which Sister Benedicta received me, and she so venerable, impressed on my heart indelibly the immense dignity my holy habit had conferred upon me. After every possible kindness she told me to rest myself until the Sister who had charge of the duty she intended to confide to me should come for me. The next morning, while waiting to be summoned, through an open door I heard little children's voices—I

looked in, and right away a little group gathered around me. I stooped down, and was playing with them, when Sister Benedicta quietly entered. She said nothing to me but passed on to Sister and inquired of her how I came to be there? Sister did not know. Sister Benedicta then took me to another room and gave me a nice instruction, telling me that it had been her intention that I should not see the children until they were in perfect order; and that having received them in this condition she would expect me to keep them in the same—"You are not," she said, "a Sister, because you have not made vows; you have five years to form yourself to the duties of your vocation; begin at once as you wish to end. Your dispositions will be judged of by the manner in which you acquit yourself of the duties confided to you. You are now to have an important duty; the health, and in some manner even the life of these little children is in your hands. We cannot whip or strike them; if you find it necessary to correct them, bring them to me, and I will teach you how it should be done."

Her spirit of faith in their regard was so firm that if the Infant JESUS in the Crib was before her, she could not have treated them more tenderly. Aged and infirm as she was, I have seen her leave her bed on cold winter nights, and with darkened lamp

go her rounds to see that the occupant of each little bed was covered and warm. Every thing that contributed to their health, comfort or happiness she attended to;—food, clothing, playthings. All amongst our dear children had not been deprived by death of their parents. Her tenderness extended to the parents—besides the general visiting day, we had to let them see their children whenever they came, if they could not come on the day for visiting. She said we should be willing to inconvenience ourselves for those poor mothers,—that it was hard enough for them to be separated from their children, without being deprived of the consolation of seeing them.

She was widely known, much beloved, and greatly venerated; this occasioned many calls, even from strangers, yet she could not bear to relinquish any of her duties in the house, one of which was to visit the children every day. Sometimes when over-run with affairs she would say with a smile: “Well! I must go to bed, or I’ll never get these things done,—then you can say I am in bed!”

When I had been a year with the little children, the babies began to die very fast. At each death the wound in dear “Sister Bennie’s” heart opened afresh. She sent for me one day, and after inviting me to sit down, she said: “I am going to give you

a cross, but I will help you.—You succeed very well with the little children, so I think of putting you with the babies. They are dying very fast, and I can endure it no longer. Take the duty and let me know what you need. She sent the next morning to inquire, and from that time every want was supplied,—everything proposed for their comfort provided.

After awhile the measles broke out amongst the children. Many died; and to make matters more disheartening the Sister who had charge of them was discovered to be sick herself. While she could she had concealed her state, but when it was known "Sister Bennie" sent for her, and tenderly reproaching her for her silence sent her to bed, and during her sickness climbed several times a-day three flights of stairs to see her, comfort her, and report to her how her duty, which she had confided temporarily to another, was coming on, adding to the cheering account: "Now you see no one is necessary; God can find some one to do His work." In sickness and in health she was a true mother to her Sisters.

At recreation she would ask each Sister what happened in her duty that would be entertaining for the others to hear, or would relate something herself if she had been out during the day, or had heard anything that would please us. Sometimes

she would have some little thing to read which she knew would be entertaining to all, and she would wait until all were gathered together to hear it. If there was a long delay, a woman was sent to take the Sister's place, and when she came, Sister Bennie would say: "I have something to tell which I thought would interest you, so we have waited for you."

When a child would be brought, she would say to the Sister who was to have charge of it: "This child is not paid for; all you do for it will be pure charity. Be careful; let it want for nothing."—Or, "This child is paid for; what you do for it is justice; it has a right to your services. If you can get any little delicacy for it at any time, it has a right to it." Then she would carefully explain that we should never lose sight of justice, but that justice and charity should be combined in our intercourse with our neighbor. We should look straight to God, respect the poor, and serve them with great compassion. She was tender of the feelings of others, but this did not prevent her from giving a reprimand when merited. She would say what was necessary; then conclude with: "I had to tell you that; it is my duty to tell you, and it is yours to correct."

We had Mass in our little chapel only once every two weeks, consequently we had to go out to Mass,

and infirm as she was, Sister Benedicta never omitted this sacred duty, even in winter when the pavement was covered with sleet. Her manner while assisting at the Holy Sacrifice was so devout, every act bespoke her lively faith. Others might sit around her; I never saw Sister Benedicta sit at her prayers; and when she approached Holy Communion it was with the piety, fervor and adoration she might have brought to the first she ever made. Vespers were so late in the evening we could not attend; she felt this deprivation very much, and to make some amends she would arrange the flowers and lights on the altar herself, then she would come for us to bring the little children to sing some hymn, saying: "My Sisters, do not be discouraged; our Lord will bless you for bearing this sacrifice." After the singing was concluded, she would ask our Lord to bless us from His tabernacle, then bow to receive His benediction. Her faith in the divine Presence often sent a thrill through me on these occasions. If our Lord had appeared personally to give the Benediction it would not have surprised me; it seemed as if such faith must oblige Him to manifest Himself visibly. She looked straight to God herself, and expected her Sisters to acquire the same habit. She used to say, the only thing she regretted in the adoption of the French customs was that the genuflection before the Blessed

Sacrament was not made; for her part she would bow before the world to the earth, if possible.

The children were much crowded, and their health suffered in consequence. Her numerous, and influential friends rendered it an easy undertaking for her to build, and the house was enlarged—"You are building for the Bishop," said some of her friends to her, for the property did not belong to the Community. "No," she replied, "I am building for God and the little children." They said to her too: "Perhaps, after all your trouble, you will not be here a year." She answered, "Well! it is not the first place I have built, and was not there a year after."

Age and infirmities increased. In September, 1863, we had to give her up. It was for me the greatest trial of my Community life; I had felt so happy and privileged to be with one so venerable and holy. I thought then I could never be happy again, or succeed in my duty, forgetting the principle she had tried so hard to inculcate that no one was necessary. I hoped to see her again but this happiness was denied me.....

Sister M***** M*****.

